Alice Daiber Dings

THE LIFE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA .

VOL. II

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Allen W&s Sc

Queen Henrietta Maria

THE LIFE OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA

By I. A. TAYLOR, Author of
"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," etc.

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HENRIETTA MARIA

CHAPTER XV

1644

Henrietta as wife and mother—Her reception in France—"La grande Mademoiselle"—Arrival in Paris—A changed court—Henrietta in middle age—Her life in Paris—Jermyn—Newcastle—Letters to the King.

WHEN Henrietta parted from Charles at Abingdon, and when she fled the kingdom after the birth of her child, she had looked forward, should her life be prolonged, to a speedy reunion. Yet, the fact that she not only consented to put the Channel between herself and her husband and five out of her six children, but was eager to do so, demands explanation; and in the case of a woman of strong affections and no lack of courage the explanation is not at once forthcoming.

It must be remembered in her defence that she was in a condition when nerves and health had been shattered by a prolonged strain of physical and mental suffering. Not her own letters alone bear witness to her entire prostration. Mayerne, the King's physician, gave it as his opinion that "her days would not be many"; and a Cornishman, Sir Francis Barrett, writing to his wife a few days before she set sail from Falmouth, describes as the

woefullest spectacle his eyes ever yet beheld the poor Queen, "the most worn and pitiful creature in the world, shifting for one hour's life longer." In this condition, apparently complicated by hysteria, a woman can scarcely be held accountable for the line of conduct she adopts. It is also clear that, when more competent to form a judgment, she considered that whilst her presence in England might have been a cause of danger to the King, it was urgently necessary in France, in order that his interests should be forwarded in that country.

Yet, when all is said, it cannot be denied that her flight put her at a disadvantage as a wife and a mother, and afforded their opportunity to her enemies. There can, nevertheless, be no doubt that in her passionate devotion to the King she never faltered. From the time when, at Buckingham's death, their hearts were first knit together, her love for Charles, in spite of petulance, disapproval and impatience, was a chief motive power of her life. Passage after passage in the letters belonging to this period indicates her longing to be with him. "Though I am well treated here," she writes from Paris, "that will not prevent me from desiring to return to England. I have there what here I lack—that is, you; and I think I shall never recover my health till I see you again. . . If your affairs do not retain me here, I shall not stay long, for I have no pleasure in things of this world." Or again, a month or two later, "I trust that in spring I shall recover my health entirely, provided that I have the hope of seeing you soon again; for without that there is neither medicine nor air that can cure me. . . . Nothing could please me where you are not." "I thought the air of France would cure me," she says wistfully, "but a little of that of England is needed as well." It is unnecessary to multiply proofs of her loyal and true

affection, nor can there be any question of the genuineness of her professions, mingled as they are with impatience and blame. The absence of pose or pretence, the perfect naturalness with which her passing moods find expression, are amongst Henrietta's most attractive features.

Turning from the King to the children from whom she had separated herself, it is a somewhat different matter. It is impossible to resist the conviction that the thought of them, if not the love for them, had been in a measure temporarily crowded out by the stress of the struggle. It has been seen how limited was the space devoted to them in the letters she addressed to the King from Holland. In those she wrote from France no more than occasional references to her second son occur. Prince Charles' movements are indeed a question for anxious consideration; but the impression is conveyed that it was rather from a political than from a domestic point of view that she regarded them. His safety was not only important to the Royalist cause, but had a distinct bearing upon that of the King. "I need not remember you," she wrote to Hyde in April, 1646, "of what importance to the King and all his party the safety of the Prince's person is"; and upon her son himself she urged his immediate journey to Paris, "for certain your coming hither is the security of the King your father." It was primarily as the King was affected by his movements, and in a secondary degree for his own sake, that she urged upon Charles the necessity of seeking a place of safety.

In the letter of doubtful authenticity quoted in the last chapter the writer dwells, after a fashion natural in one setting himself to fill in from imagination the anxieties of a mother, upon the position of the little daughter in the hands of the Parliament, "the

unfortunate Elizabeth." "Oh, if before my death," the Queen is made to exclaim, "I could see her out of the hands of the traitors, I could die content," enjoining on the elder brother the duty of doing his utmost to withdraw "so dear a part of my own heart, this innocent victim of their fury, your worthy sister, from London."

The outburst has, in its magniloquence, no resemblance to Henrietta's modes of expression, and it fails to strike the reader as genuine. There is nothing of a similar character to be found in the letters she addressed to the King, and it is fair to conclude that other anxieties had, for the time, taken precedence of care for her children.

It was near Brest that Henrietta's landing in France had been effected; and before proceeding further she sent messengers to Paris to announce her arrival to her sister-in-law, the Queen-Regent, and to beg that physicians should be despatched to meet her.

Anne of Austria was wanting neither in generosity nor kindness. The forlorn condition of the fugitive may well have appealed to her compassion, and she sent not only the doctors Henrietta desired, but two special envoys, to greet the involuntary guest and supply her needs. For the sake of her father Henrietta was dear to the French people, and crowds added their spontaneous welcome to that of the Regent's deputies. "I have been everywhere received," the Queen wrote to Charles, "with such honour and affection by all, from the greatest to the least, as could not have been imagined. I think you will be very glad of it."

Anne of Austria's kindness quickly took practical shape; and Jermyn, having proceeded to the capital, returned with a large present in cash, and the promise of 30,000 livres a month, to be paid to his mistress as

a daughter of France. She was by this time on her way to Bourbon, and was able, before the middle of August, to report herself from Amboise as better in health and hoping for still greater relief from the waters. On August 18th she arrived at Tours, where, according to Evelyn, she was "very nobly received by the people and clergy," who went to meet her with the trained bands, the Archbishop entertaining her at his palace.

The reception she was accorded in her native country had not commended itself to her enemies in England, from whence her movements were watched with a jealous eye by the Parliamentary party. "The Queen," says a contemporary chronicle, "as it is certified by letters from Paris, hath not been in that city, but passing by it. Prince d'Harcourt and two doctors were also sent out of Paris to meet her, and to go along with her to the King's house by the Bourbon waters, whither with them she will drink of those waters. But will the Bourbon waters cure her? There are other waters set open for her to drink, in the Protestant Church, the waters of repentance, the waters of the gospel to wash her from Popery. Oh, that she would wash in those waters and be clean!"

Henrietta passed some three months at Bourbon, arriving there in so crippled a condition that she could not walk without being supported on either side, and so weakened in nerves that she was almost always in tears. Before the conclusion of her treatment she was able to report a certain amount of improvement—"I begin to hope I shall not die"—and to look forward to attaining a measure of health which should fit her to labour again in the royal cause. Before leaving Bourbon she received a visit from the first member

of her family, save her mother, whom she had seen since she left France. This was Gaston, the Duc d'Orléans, commonly called Monsieur, though the title belonged of right to his little nephew, Philippe d'Anjou, the boy-King's brother. The next to Henrietta in point of age, it must have been a strange and melancholy meeting for the two who had parted as boy and girl. Monsieur had been twice married in the interval, and his daughter by his first wife, Mademoiselle de Montpensier ("La grande Mademoiselle" of history), was already, in spite of her youth—she was no more than seventeen—fully awake to the importance of her position, not as granddaughter of a king alone but as one of the greatest heiresses of Europe.

When the time came for Henrietta to leave Bourbon she passed some weeks at Nevers, on her way to Paris, receiving there news of the King's successes in Cornwall, and sending him a letter of joyful congratulation. It was during her stay at the provincial town that the tragic farce took place, when little Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf—in spite of his mistress's favour the butt of the royal household—challenged one Crofts, also belonging to her retinue, to single combat, and upon his adversary appearing armed with a squirt, shot him dead.

Henrietta must have been impatient to find herself at Paris, there to press upon the authorities Charles' necessities; and the Regent was determined to leave none of the honours befitting her rank unpaid. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was accordingly despatched in a royal carriage to meet her aunt and bring her on her way. In point of position the Queen's niece was doubtless the proper person to be selected for the purpose; yet one is inclined to indulge in a speculation whether

Henrietta may not have failed to find her brother's daughter—the spoilt child, as she herself had once been, of the French court—wholly sympathetic. There is something hard and uncompromising in the younger woman's account of the fallen Queen, suggesting that the pity she professes was not untouched with contempt. Though her aunt had taken all the pains she could to recover health and strength, observes Mademoiselle, recording her first impressions, so deplorable was her condition as to inspire compassion in those who saw her. The Duc d'Orléans had been Henrietta's travelling companion, and the fugitive was conducted by father and daughter to the outskirts of the capital, where she was met and welcomed near Montrouge by the Regent, her two little sons, and the court. On meeting her the King and Queen left their carriage, and dismounting upon a great carpet spread upon the ground, greeted the fugitive with cordiality and affection; after which they entered the royal coach with her, and all returned to Paris together.

The Cardinal had been absent on this first occasion; but Henrietta received a visit from him on the following day, when she made profession of her interest in what concerned him and doubtless did what she could to enlist on behalf of the cause she represented the sympathy of the powerful minister. Apartments in the Louvre were assigned to the Queen, and on the day after her arrival she was installed in the palace with the honours due to a queen and a daughter of France. Here, with the exception of intervals spent at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, she passed most of her time until her removal, in 1652, to the Palais Royal.

A month before Henrietta's arrival in Paris, the death of her eldest sister, the Queen of Spain, had taken place.

The public announcement of the event was postponed until after her entry into the capital—in order presumably that court mourning should not interfere with the welcome to be accorded to the guest. In those days news travelled slowly, and it is possible that the Queen was ignorant of a loss appealing rather to the imagination than to the practical affections. The funeral service held at Nôtre Dame in commemoration of an almost unknown sister, at which Henrietta was not present, was signalised by a hot dispute between Mademoiselle and the Condés concerning questions of precedence. The affair was characteristic of the atmosphere of petty rivalry into which the fugitive Queen, fresh from her own great sorrows and oppressed by anxiety, was to be plunged. Confronted as she had been with the realities of life, the desperate contention over the trivialities of court etiquette must have presented a vivid contrast to the struggle for life or for death, and for the very existence of the monarchy, going forward across the Channel. But of what she thought of it no record remains. Many other things must likewise have seemed strange to the "reine malheureuse" on her return to the scenes in which her childhood had been passed. So large a portion of Henrietta's life was to be spent in those familiar surroundings, that it is not irrelevant to linger for a moment over the frame supplying the future setting to her figure.

The change both in the spirit of the court and in those who filled the stage must have gone far to render them unrecognisable. She had left her brother king; her mother, if no longer predominant in his councils, had exercised an influence not yet destroyed by that of the man who, raised to power by her means, was to prove her relentless enemy. Anne of Austria, as the

King's unloved and childless wife, had been of small account at her husband's court, and had been the object of Henrietta's own childish malice, finding its support and encouragement in the Queen-Mother's hostility to her daughter-in-law.

All was now different. Louis XIII., with Marie de Medicis, was dead ; and his widow, with the prospect of filling the office of regent during a long minority, had become the most conspicuous figure at court. With rare generosity she had forgotten in her prosperity the slights she had once suffered at Henrietta's hands, and had shown every disposition to befriend her. But if she was the nominal ruler, another and a less kindly power was paramount in the State. Inferior to Richelieu in intellect and calibre as his successor at the helm might be, the influence exercised by Mazarin over the Queen was such as to render his will scarcely less dominant than that of the great dead Cardinal in the past. He had gradually succeeded in removing from about the Regent every person in whom he had discerned an obstacle to his own ambition, replacing them by those upon whom he could count to make no attempt to dispute his sway ; and Henrietta, as she learnt to understand the politics of the court, must have felt that it was through the minister alone that the practical assistance she craved could be obtained. In the first instance, such a conviction would have caused her but little disquiet, for the Cardinal was fair in his professions ; but as time went on she had cause to regret the ascendency he exercised in the councils of the State.

Turning from political to social affairs, the change was scarcely less marked. Twenty years earlier, when the court had been coloured and pervaded by the traditions belonging to the reign of Henri-Quatre, "la

civilité et le respect étoient en règne pour les dames," observes Madame de Motteville regretfully—a civility and respect enjoyed to the full by the youngest daughter of France. But all was altered. The light-hearted merriment of the days when even Anne of Austria, always inclined by nature to take a serious view of life, was learning from Madame de Chevreuse to appreciate mundane delights, had been supplanted by a gravity and decorum reflecting the present attitude of the Regent, no longer young, a widow and fully conscious of the responsibilities of her position. The influence of the late King Louis XIII., as well as of the Cardinal, was perceptible in the manner now adopted towards women, "men holding it almost a shame to show them any courtesy." Such being the spirit of the reconstituted society of Paris, there can have been little to remind Henrietta of her childish days. Madame de Chevreuse, who might have furnished a link with the past, was absent from the court. Recalled from exile by the Regent on her accession to power, the Duchess had triumphantly boasted of her future influence, adding a promise to employ it in favour of the country where she had found a refuge and a welcome during the period of her disgrace. The renewal of intercourse between the old friends had not, however, been attended with success. Time and misfortune had left Madame de Chevreuse much as they had found her, whilst Anne had acquired the seriousness lacking in her former comrade. The counsels she bestowed upon the veteran intriguer, to the effect that she should abstain from her old pastimes, lead a quiet life, and enjoy the peace and repose placed within her reach, were not received by the Duchess in good part. It might be only too true, as Anne represented to her, that it was time to "take pleasure in retirement and to regulate

From a contemporary engraving.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF LOUIS XIII.

life upon thoughts of the other world," but it is proverbially a difficult matter to beat swords into ploughshares. It became quickly evident that Madame de Chevreuse's residence at court would in no wise conduce to its peace ; and the experiment of a resuscitated friendship ended with the recommendation on the part of the Regent that the Duchess should withdraw elsewhere.

She was, therefore, practically in disgrace when Henrietta reached France ; and though to a request preferred by the latter, to be permitted to invite the Duchess to Bourbon, Anne had replied that her sister-in-law was at liberty to indulge a natural inclination, it was privately intimated to her that the Regent would take it amiss if she acted upon the permission, and she wisely abstained from doing so. Bassompierre, her father's friend and her own good counseller in her early days of marriage, died shortly after her arrival, having outlived his popularity and being regretted by few. The men of the day had grown impatient of the survival of the representatives of past traditions. Inordinate ambition and love of money had supplanted the lighter follies of an earlier generation.

If Henrietta, looking around her, will have been acutely aware of the changes she saw, she must have been also conscious, more painfully, of the alteration in herself wrought by time and sorrow and care. She was accustomed, Madame de Motteville observes, to maintain that the beauty of a woman is inevitably lost with her twenty-second year ; nor is the further suggestion that the judgment might have been a generalisation from personal experience too far-fetched. She had scarcely reached middle age at the time of her flight from Exeter ; yet it is plain that her beauty was a thing of the past. Her friend sorrowfully admitted that few traces of it remained. Her eyes were still beautiful, her

complexion good; but she was thin and wasted, her figure spoilt, whilst the emaciation of her face rendered the mouth disproportionately large.

But if Henrietta's beauty was gone, she retained, though worn by suffering and grief, more lasting attractions than those due to colour and form. There was a charm about her winning love from all with whom she was not brought into collision, a brilliant wit, and a remains of the brightness characterising her when, in her earlier happy days, she had been the central figure at Whitehall. Living on familiar terms with those around her, she took her share in daily life, so naturally inclined to gaiety that, in the midst of her tears, she could be moved to laughter when occasion offered. Such was Henrietta when, at thirty-five, she came to take her place in the atmosphere of intrigue, of cabal and of petty jealousy in which her lot was to be cast.

When she first took up her residence at the Louvre it was as a queen. Then, and for some months afterwards, she kept up the semblance of a court, with its officials, its ladies-in-waiting, maids-of-honour, guards, footmen, coaches. But little by little her expenses were curtailed, in order that all available money should be sent to England, "so that shortly afterwards," says her niece, "nothing could be further from her dignity than her train and her manner of life." Again one suspects in the description a touch of contempt. Mademoiselle, at this time, was the last person to consider the world well lost for love or for any of those intangible goods not to be expressed either in pounds, shillings and pence or in consideration; and the ultimate result of the struggle in England may have seemed to her too doubtful to justify the sacrifice of a proper establishment in

Paris. To Henrietta, conscious of the eyes of the court upon her, hostile, indifferent, or compassionate, it may have cost something to set public opinion at defiance. She cannot, however, have had much attention to spare for the opinions of her critics.

During the years preceding that January day when the final scene at Whitehall took place, she must have lived a singularly dual life. On the one hand she will have taken part in all that was going forward in Paris; will have watched, with the added interest due to a kindred experience, the disputes between court and Parliament; and will have thrown herself keenly into the incidents of every day. Henrietta had neither the loftiness of mind to despise the trivialities of ordinary occurrence nor the insincerity to feign an indifference she did not feel. Yet who can question that all the while, ever present, beyond and behind the scenes actually before her eyes, must have been the sombre background furnished by the tragedy drawing towards its close on the other side of the narrow seas: the constant, wearing anxiety; the alternations of hope and fear; the struggle to obtain the wherewithal to carry on a losing fight; the perpetual watch for the messengers who, fitfully and as opportunity offered, came bearing letters from the King,—letters manly, tender and devoted, and for the most part uncomplaining; yet with sentences here and there wrung from him in his loneliness and desolation, and striking a note of poignant appeal for sympathy and comfort that must have gone far to deafen the ears of the woman who loved him to all other sounds. To understand Henrietta, perhaps to make allowances for her, the constant strain of those years, dating from the autumn of 1644, must be borne in mind.

Before concluding a general survey of this section

of her history one subject should not be ignored. The slanders linking her name with Henry Jermyn's have been already noticed. They have been too often repeated to be cursorily dismissed. The relationship between Henrietta and the man who, whatever his faults, had been her loyal and faithful servant, in prosperity and adversity, for close upon twenty years, was one easily misconstrued or misrepresented by those eager to blacken her reputation. Attached to her service soon after her arrival in England, he had attended her ever since, and, in her present reduced establishment, united in his own person many posts. He supervised her household, controlled her expenditure, and managed her finances. He likewise acted as her secretary, putting her letters to the King into cipher at such times as health and strength did not admit of her performing personally the arduous task. He was, in fact, the confidential servant of husband and wife, and constant references to him in the King's letters indicate entire trust. "Tell Jermyn," he once writes, "that I will make him know the eminent service he hath done me . . . as soon as it shall please God to enable me to reward honest men." But if to Charles he was a valued and faithful servant, to Henrietta he was more; and when she found herself alone, a stranger amongst strangers in the land of her birth, she will have turned to him with the relief afforded by the sight of a familiar face where all else is new and unaccustomed. Those of her own blood and race, by whom she was surrounded, might treat her with kindness and affection; but it would not have been possible for her to forget, during the mournful years when life itself hung in the balance, that they were affected by the doom darkening over the country of her adoption in no other way than as lookers-on are affected by a

coming catastrophe in no wise touching their fortunes. Jermyn's interests, on the contrary, though differing in degree and intensity, were identical with her own. He, like herself, was watching the issue of events with the genuine and personal anxiety to be counterfeited neither by courtesy nor by sympathy. Under these circumstances it may be that he acquired a hold over his mistress disproportionate to his merits and his deserts. By the sequel this is indeed rendered certain. But whilst so much may be freely granted, it must be remembered that, save in the venomous accusations of her enemies, there is nowhere apparent a trace of any sentiment on her part other than that called forth by the affection and service of a loyal friend. Prudent Henrietta had never been; but it would be difficult, reading her letters at this period, to admit the possibility of her having failed by so much as a thought in her faith to the King.

Of Jermyn as he appeared in these days Madame de Motteville gives an account. The Queen's favourite, as she terms him, was in her opinion a sufficiently honest man, limited in capacity, fitter for small than for great things, yet faithful. She goes on to add that, though placing overmuch confidence in him, Henrietta was not ruled by him completely, but remained her own mistress, carrying out her will in spite of Lord Jermyn, as she carried it out in spite of other advisers—a condition of things presenting, it may be observed, a marked contrast to the subservience of the Queen-Regent to her minister.

If Henrietta was well served, she deserved it. She was a staunch friend, and a letter, written soon after her arrival in Paris to the Marquis of Newcastle, shows a spirit of generosity calculated to attach men to her

service. In July, immediately after the defeat of Marston Moor, Newcastle had thrown up his command and quitted the country. On the face of it, the act was an abandonment of the royal cause, nor were those wanting who taxed him with treason. He had served the King well; his courage was unquestionable, and his loyalty had never faltered. But he was a courtier rather than a soldier; and, conspicuously gallant in action, he had nothing but dislike for the dull routine of a campaign. Jealous, besides, of Rupert's interference, and "utterly wearied," says Clarendon, "with a condition and employment so contrary to his humour, nature, and education," he acted upon the impulse of the moment and left his post. It would have been easy to brand him as a deserter; but no trace of a like charge appears in the Queen's letter. That he had been unfortunate was in itself sufficient to range her upon his side, and a reason that she should hasten to make known to him her undiminished confidence. Already, at Bourbon, she had received and answered a letter from the Marquis, and in November she wrote again from Paris, "to assure you of the continuance of my esteem, not being so unjust as to forget past services upon a present misfortune. And therefore believe that I shall always continue to give proof of what I say, letting me know wherein I may be of use to you, when you shall see how I shall act, and with what truth I am your very good and affectionate friend, Henrietta Maria R."

It will presently be seen that the Queen's confidence was not misplaced. Meantime, she was recovering from the shattered condition of nerves in which she had reached France; and her first letter to Charles after her arrival in Paris indicates an improvement in health and spirits. It may be that the little triumph of the royal

reception accorded to her had raised her hopes of assistance ; and though an English newspaper, describing her entry and the honours she had received, speaks of her as "like one in a deep consumption," she had evidently regained her courage, and, though admitting that her health is not yet "quite good," expresses her anticipations of complete recovery. Passing on to practical affairs, she informed the King that Mazarin had been sick but that Jermyn was to visit him on the following day, and was confident that powder, arms, and money would be at once forthcoming. "There is nothing so certain," she adds, "as that I do take all pains I can imaginable to procure you assistance, and am incapable of taking any delight or being pleased with being here—though I have all kinds of contentments—but as I hope it may enable me to send you help. . . . I know not what need you may have, nor can say what will here be had, only this be assured of—there is not, nor shall be ever, any diligence omitted, nor delight admitted from any earthly thing, but the serving to the supplies of your wants ; assure yourself of this."

A few days later she begs him not to believe that she is to blame if letters do not reach him oftener, "for it is a punishment severe enough to me not to be able to write, which is the greatest satisfaction I now have."

Money was at present the one thing needful, and the different means of raising it are constantly detailed in the business communications sent by Jermyn in the Queen's name, or as her secretary. Mazarin was profuse in the matter of promises—promises costing nothing ; and at this early stage, Henrietta, letting her hopes colour her anticipations, seems to have believed she had found a good friend in the Cardinal. He had used her marvellously well ; had suggested an application

for troops to the Duke of Lorraine, France undertaking the payment of the army to be sent ; an appeal to the French clergy was to be permitted ; and Charles must be careful to use great civility in addressing the all-powerful minister. "You must call him 'My cousin,' and at the bottom 'Your affectionate cousin.'" Both Queen and Cardinal had testified the greatest affection for Charles, and all promised well.

On the whole, affairs appeared in a not unhopeful condition when first Henrietta took up her work in Paris. It was, nevertheless, necessarily attended with difficulties, and towards the end of December insufficient information from England was furnishing her with a special grievance. Few letters had been received from Charles, and besides her own consequent anxiety, any neglect displayed towards her would prejudice her efforts on his behalf. "When they see that I am so ignorant of what is doing in England, it makes them think that there is no desire for me to know it." Although adding that she herself is too well satisfied with the love borne her by Charles—as, indeed, she might be—to indulge these fancies, it is evident that she was sore at her lack of direct information. The King, for his part, brushed the idea of deliberate concealment aside with a touch of impatience. "It is such a folly," he wrote, "that I shall not believe that any can think it, though he say it."

Thus the year 1644, so sorrowfully eventful for the Queen, drew to an end, not without a promise of better things. Though the royal successes in the west had been followed by the defeat at the second battle of Newbury, Charles had been permitted to regain Oxford. At Paris the Parliamentary agent had received orders to leave the kingdom, and, to crown all, the Queen and the Cardinal are "so kind that they could not be more so."

And yet, in spite of all—of work, of endeavour, of kindness received and help promised—the bitterness of absence and the stress of anxiety finds expression. "You should take more care of yourself. You risk yourself too much. That makes me die when I hear of it. . . . If not for love of yourself, for love of me, preserve yourself." And again, "Let me have news of you as often as possible, since I have no joy in the world but that."

CHAPTER XVI

1645—1646

The King at Oxford—Henrietta at work in Paris—Her court—The Nuncio at Paris—Percy and Wilmot—Marriage projects for the Prince of Wales—The King's letters—Henrietta's illness—Naseby—The King's policy and character—Hopes of help from Rome—Surrender of Bristol—Charles' correspondence.

WHEN the year opened the King was at Oxford. Negotiations were proceeding at Uxbridge between the Royalist and Parliamentary parties, and the secret intrigues with the Irish Catholics which, chiefly conducted through Glamorgan, had been carried on for several months, were in full progress.

Up to the present time Charles had kept his son with him; but the precarious condition of his affairs drove him early in the year to the conclusion that it would be well that they should separate, so that, should evil fortune overtake him, his heir would not be involved in the disaster. In March, therefore, he sent the Prince to take up a position in the west, where his presence formed a second centre for the same rivalries and jealousies rife at the King's own court.

A council of trusted servants of the Crown accompanied the boy, Lord Berkshire attending him as governor. His nomination to this office had been one of the unfortunate arrangements made at the time of the Queen's visit to Oxford; and the choice of a man whose incapacity to fill the post with credit was an open secret

had apparently been made under no delusion as to his fitness for the trust. The appointment was a matter of little consequence, Jermyn had observed easily when the astonishing nature of the selection was under discussion, since it was the intention of the King and Queen themselves to act as governors to the lad, never permitting him to be absent from both together. In Lord Berkshire's charge the Prince was to remain until he joined his mother in Paris. With his father the parting was final.

Henrietta, meanwhile, was continuing her labours at the French court, cheered by hopes of success. Charles was less sanguine as to the result of her endeavours to enlist upon his behalf the practical sympathy of France. Warning her, in a letter of January, that the Speaker, Lenthall, bragged of the intelligence existing between himself and Mazarin, he added that, though he would not swear that Lenthall spoke the truth, it was fit that she should hear of his assertion. With regard to Sabran, sent to England for purposes of mediation, he felt no doubt that either his instructions had not been framed in the royal interests or that he had failed to act upon them. Henrietta, he admitted, might indeed cure this "coldness of friendship," but the way to do so was, in Charles' opinion, not so much to be sought by means of the Cardinal as by a personal friendship with the Queen-Regent. "Excuse me to tell thee in earnest," he says, with a clear perception of the weariness begotten from the importunities of a constant petitioner, "that it is no wonder that mere statesmen should desire to be rid of thee." The suggestion of personal recourse to the Regent indicates the King's ignorance of the nature of the relationship between Queen and minister at Paris.

In March, when the treaty of Uxbridge had ended in failure, he wrote to Henrietta offering, in notable language, fresh concessions to the Catholics. "I have thought of one means more to furnish thee with for my assistance than hitherto thou hast had. It is that I give thee power to promise in my name (to whom thou thinkest most fit) that I will take away all the penal laws against the Roman Catholics as soon as God shall enable me to do it; so as by their means, or in their favours, I may have so powerful assistance as may deserve so great a favour, and enable me to do it. . . . I need not tell thee what secrecy this business requires; yet this I will say, that this is the greatest point of confidence I can express to thee; for it is no thanks to me to trust thee in anything else but in this, which is the only thing of difference in opinion betwixt us. And yet I know thou wilt make as good a bargain for me, even in this, I trusting thee (though it concern religion) as if thou wert a Protestant, the visible good of my affairs so much depending on it."

At the end of March he further sent Henrietta word of a curious suggestion made by one of the most considerable of the "London rebels," that since the Uxbridge treaty had come to nought, and neither party could resume it without too great an appearance of yielding, it should be renewed on a motion of the Queen's, with a pre-assurance that the rebels would listen to reason. "The answer that I permitted my servant to make was that thou art the much fittest person to be the means of so happy and glorious a work as the peace of this kingdom; but that upon no terms thy name was to be profaned"—therefore, that pledges must be given that the rebels would be ready to yield before she should be brought into the matter. "This I believe

will come to nothing," added the King, as well he might. It was not likely that the authorities at Westminster would look to Henrietta to facilitate a pacification on terms they would accept.

How many a wild and hopeless scheme was discussed at the little court collected round the Queen at the Louvre none can tell. To her vicinity would naturally resort men of different kinds and for different reasons. There would be her own permanent household, with Jermyn at its head, and his secretary, Cowley the poet, whose literary labours had given place to the duty of putting into cipher or deciphering such portions of the royal correspondence as were not too private to be entrusted to his knowledge. There was the Queen's old servant, Goring, now created Earl of Norwich, whose son—described by Clarendon as wanting nothing but industry to have been as eminent and successful in the highest attempt of wickedness as any man in the age he lived in or before—was carrying on the war in the western counties on the King's behalf and his own, and threatening that, though his father was not well treated by the Queen at Paris, King and Queen would shortly find it reasonable to deal better with father and son alike. There would be the knot of refugees, such as the secretary, Windebank—men who had been forced to fly from England at an earlier date, and had drifted sooner or later to Paris ; and others who, not unwilling to find an excuse to withdraw from personal participation in the struggle, had exchanged active service for such as could be rendered from a safe distance. A later comer, Newcastle, had found his way to the Louvre—with, no doubt, explanations to offer of his abandonment of his post, but ready, should his presence there be thought desirable, to return to England and take up

arms once more ; and meantime, one imagines, like the "very fine gentleman" he is called by Clarendon, contemptuously tolerant of the motley crew collected round the Queen.

Prominent amongst the outer circle or hangers-on at her court must have been the group of Irish adventurers who had been already carrying on their schemes in Paris before her arrival. A joint committee of Catholics, English and Irish, had been formed, and its members would naturally look to Henrietta for assistance in gaining the objects they had in view. Of these objects, some were avowed, others secret ; and whilst a certain number of the men at work were anxious both to serve the King and to establish matters of religion upon a more satisfactory footing, others were merely seeking to turn the royal necessities to their own profit. The Queen can scarcely be blamed if, on her first arrival, she found it difficult to distinguish between the two classes. A Jesuit named O'Hartegan, stigmatised later on by Charles as an arrant knave, seems to have been successful in gaining her confidence, though she was subsequently converted to the King's opinion, assuring Digby that he need not be uneasy with regard to Hartegan and would shortly hear that she had spoken to him according to his deserts.

One of the more eminent Catholics at Paris was Sir Kenelm Digby, who, released from his London prison through the mediation of Anne of Austria, did not consider himself debarred by his promise to carry on no practices prejudicial to the Parliament from conducting negotiations with the Vatican. To Rome he was accordingly to be despatched, his mission being carefully limited in a contemporary letter to that of "a high messenger of honour" bearing the Queen's congratulations to the

From the picture by William Dobson in the National Portrait Gallery.

Photo by Emery Walker.

MOUNTJOY BLOUNT, EARL OF NEWPORT, AND GEORGE, LORD GORING.

new Pope, "not of an ambassador as the vulgar give out," that title being reserved for the envoys of reigning sovereigns. It was necessary to insist on the distinction, owing to the tendency mentioned by the same writer "to cry [Henrietta] up for Queen-Regent of England as her sister is of France"; but the absence of the title will have been no obstacle to the exercise by Digby of the functions of an ambassador at a juncture when the presence of a practised diplomatist at the papal court was of special value.

The influence of Rome and the question of the fashion after which it would be exerted was of the greater moment to the Royalist party owing to the condition of Ireland and the hopes entertained with regard to it. In the month of May Rinuccini was sent as Nuncio to that country, with instructions to pass through Paris, visit Henrietta, and assure her that his mission was purely religious, and included no design of infringing the rights of the Crown. The Nuncio was also directed to use all available means to prevent the Queen from resorting to Ireland. That an explanation amounting to little more than a promise of neutrality should have been offered indicates that little assistance was to be expected from the Pope. It may have been the conviction that this was the case that inspired the Queen with unusual discretion. When Rinuccini upon his arrival in Paris expressed his desire to present himself at the Louvre, she declined to accord him a formal audience, on the grounds that it would appear that he had been sent to her from Rome, and would thus furnish fresh cause for calumny. To her offer to receive the Nuncio privately, he, in his turn, replied by a refusal, and the envoy proceeded on his mission without an interview. His subsequent conduct proved that no good would have been likely to result from a meeting.

Besides the other heterogeneous elements forming Henrietta's court, there were included in it men whose presence at the Louvre was due to the fact that, of two evils, the King had considered it the least, and had thought them safest out of England. Such were Henry Percy, whose brother Northumberland had lately "taken the protection" of the two royal children left in London, and Lord Wilmot, afterwards Earl of Rochester. Deprived of high posts in the army on suspicion of mutinous tendencies, the two had been placed under arrest, being afterwards set at liberty on condition that they quitted the country. In announcing to the Queen that Percy had started for Paris —Wilmot having preceded him—Charles gave frank expression to his opinion of the pair.

"But that I know thou carest not for a little trouble to free me from greater inconvenience, yet I must tell thee that if I knew not the perfect steadiness of thy love to me, I might reasonably apprehend that their repair to thee would rather prove a change than an end to their villainies, and I cannot deny that my confidence in thee was some cause for this permission."

On the whole it appears from the sequel that, though they continued unpopular and were distrusted by the sager amongst the cavaliers, Percy and Wilmot remained faithful in future to the losing cause of royalism. But at the present time it must have been a grave addition to Henrietta's cares that men should have been included amongst those around her whose good faith was open to question, and who might be suspected of playing the part of spies in her household. The difficulty of so regulating her conduct towards these doubtful adherents as to avoid a further alienation of their sympathies, whilst withholding a display of favour

in no wise merited by their past behaviour, is to be inferred from a letter addressed by Henrietta to Lord Digby, now secretary to the King, in answer to some expression of surprise on his part that Wilmot should have been well received. If he had been well received, the Queen replied, it was by the King's directions, and Digby's own. She added, however, that by his good carriage in Paris he had merited this entertainment; and noted, as a point in his favour, that Percy and he were less good friends than had been thought. In announcing Percy's arrival to the secretary Jermyn wrote that he had waited on the Queen, Henrietta having inferred from a warning sent her by the King as to the untrustworthiness of the reports he might be expected to make that it was not Charles' pleasure that she should refuse him an audience.

If the *Mercurius Britannicus* is to be trusted Henrietta had, a little later, her own counter-warnings to send across the Channel. According to this authority, "Rupert himself (after all his merciful service) is not to be trusted, for our sovereign she-saint sends a scolding epistle out of France (she knows how to do it) to the King her husband, wherein . . . she signifies her displeasure for making Rupert General." Her caution, if it had been sent, may have been the repetition of the warning she had given before, not unjustified by the event.

During part of the spring Henrietta's labours had been perforce intermitted by reason of her condition of health. She had, Jermyn reported to Digby in April, been sick of an ague, adding his belief that danger was then over. In a letter from the King belonging to the same month, he left it to Jermyn's discretion how far it would be well to refrain from troubling the invalid with

business. Her health was to be the first thing cared for; then the King's affairs. "In your next," he wrote, "let me know particularly how my wife is. Though [her health] be not as I would have it, yet the perfect knowledge will hinder me to imagine her worse than she is. If well, then every word will please me."

Amongst the questions of most importance occupying Henrietta at this time was the suggested marriage of her son to the Prince of Orange's daughter; and letters between Paris and the Hague on the subject were constantly passing, money and practical support being the conditions of the proposed arrangement. But the consideration of this scheme did not prevent the Queen from seeking to pave the way, in case of necessity, for another alliance, and one more to her own taste.

The year, according to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, had been uneventful in Paris. The dissensions between the court and the representatives of the people, soon afterwards to take such serious developments, were having their beginnings, but had not reached so acute a stage as to take precedence in Mademoiselle's eyes, could that in any case have been possible, of her private concerns. At eighteen her own future was the subject of her serious consideration, and she was weighing the possibility of a marriage with the new-made widower, the King of Spain. Dazzled by the contemplation of this brilliant match, the attentions she bestowed upon her ill-starred aunt assumed somewhat of the character of a condescension; nor was she inclined to view with favour the design she suspected upon Henrietta's part of securing for her son, with his doubtful prospects, the hand of the greatest heiress in Europe.

"I visited the Queen of England with assiduity," she says. "Unhappy as she was, she did not fail to

take pleasure in exaggerating her past prosperity; the sweetness of the life she had led in England; the beauty and the friendliness [*bonté*] of the country; the pastimes she had had there; and above all the good qualities of her son, the Prince of Wales. She displayed a desire that I should see him. From this I formed my own conjectures as to her intentions; and it will be seen by the sequel that I was not mistaken."

But whilst projects vague and definite, of various degrees of importance, were filling the Queen's mind, it is in her letters to the King, and perhaps scarcely less in the King's replies, that the hopes and fears distracting her true inner life are to be discovered. It is evident that she was haunted by the dread that by some change of purpose, some display of irresolution, Charles might discredit himself and her, and alienate the sympathies of those from whom she was labouring to obtain assistance. As early as December, 1644, she had given vent to her annoyance at some lack of correspondence between the facts and the expectations she had raised in Paris. "It will make me henceforth learn to say nothing," she wrote, "since you are not resolute in your designs; for the thing of all others that has already most injured you here was your having this reputation, which I tried with all my might to remove. . . . Take care of your honour, which is to remain constant in the resolutions that you have taken, and in comparison with that think of no one. This is all I desire." Again and again the counsels to stand firm by his own resolutions, and by those who have been true to him, betray his wife's lurking fears of a relinquishment of the position he had taken up. "Above all," she reiterated, "have a care not to abandon those who have served you, as well the bishops as the

poor Catholics"; and once more, when the treaty at Uxbridge had been in progress, "I have long ago recommended the bishops to you, and those who are your servants, who have suffered for you."

She had no reason to fear that, in the matter of the bishops, at least, or of his loyal friends, the King would prove weak. With regard to the first it was not long before she would have willingly found him less resolute. He was, for the rest, anxious, eager, to convince her that her counsels and wishes, save on the one point of religion, were weighty in deciding his course. "I pray thee consider," he wrote in April, "since I love thee above all earthly things, and that my contentment is unseparably conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee?" In this same letter occurs one of those comparatively rare complaints giving so pathetic a picture of his loneliness. "If thou knew what a life I lead . . . even in point of conversation, which in my mind is the chief joy or vexation of one's life, I dare say thou would pity me; for some are too wise, others too foolish, some too busy, others too reserved, many fantastic. . . . I confess," he adds, in tender flattery, "thy company hath perhaps made me in this hard to be pleased, but not less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this disease. The end of all this is to desire thee to comfort me as often as thou can with thy letters; and dost not thou think that to know particulars of thy health, and how thou spendest the time, are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, Sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart as thy assistance is for my affairs."

In May the King's affairs had assumed a more hopeful aspect than for some time previously, and writing on

the march he communicated his sanguine anticipations to the Queen. Henrietta, too, had recovered from her late malady, and, able to use her hand again, wrote to give the King news of herself in terms which must have been grateful to him.

"My dear heart, this letter is only to assure you that God has still been pleased to leave me in this world to do you some service. . . . The physicians give me hope that the spring will cure me perfectly; which I the rather wish that I may see you again before I die than for any love I have for the world, for all that troubled me during my illness was that I was dying far from you; otherwise I did not greatly care about it. I hope He will yet give me this joy, [for which I wait] with much impatience."

On May 31st Charles wrote again to communicate his continued success. By the middle of June he had sustained the decisive and crushing defeat at Naseby, when the royal papers, including Charles' letters to Henrietta, and hers to him, with more compromising documents still, fell into the hands of the enemy. This last was a disaster the effect of which can scarcely be exaggerated; yet, writing to his secretary, Nicholas, when all had been printed and laid before the nation, Charles' language proves his incapacity to measure and calculate the sentiments likely to be aroused by the revelation of his secret thoughts, plans, and designs. "So that one clause be rightly understood" —the term "mongrel Parliament" applied to that held at Oxford—"I care not much though the rest take their fortunes," he wrote, after stating that, though he could have wished his foes had spared themselves the trouble of printing, yet he would neither deny what was set out in his name, nor, as a good Protestant

and honest man, blush for the papers. "As a discreet man," he admitted, "I will not justify myself; and yet I would fain know him who would be willing that the freedom of all his private letters were publicly seen, as now mine have been."

The regret thus expressed, not without dignity, was incompatible with any true sense of the irreparable injury inflicted on the royal cause by the revelation of the pledges given to Catholics, the negotiations with the Irish, and the endeavours to obtain armed assistance from foreign mercenaries. Charles laboured under the special disadvantage peculiar to kings. If, as it has been pointed out, he belonged but by a fraction of his blood to the people over whom he was set, it was no greater disability than attaches to all royal houses, inevitably of mixed race, belonging to no single nationality, but combining in themselves the traditions of many alien stocks. An accident of birth places a German, a Dane, an Italian, upon the throne; and only by a convenient conventional fiction can he be regarded as other than a foreigner. Of men of like descent it is vain to demand, and unfair to expect, the instinctive apprehension of national prejudices and national sentiment to be looked for in the old families whose roots have been for centuries struck into the native soil.

If Charles' sense of the damage caused by the capture of the incriminating documents were incommensurate with its extreme importance, he did not blind himself to the extent of the actual blow he had received at Naseby, and the thought of Henrietta's participation in the disaster gave it added bitterness. "We live here in great disquiet," wrote Lord Digby to the Queen on July 10th, "till we hear how your Majesty hath digested our late misfortune. God be thanked, we have lost

already the sharp sense of it." Digby had a special aptitude for a rapid loss of the sharp sense of disaster. He also thanked God, deploring the loss of the King's papers, that his own were safe, not guessing how quickly he was in this respect to be in the King's case; that a copy of the very letter he was now writing would be amongst those captured at Sherburn; and that the assurance with which he concludes, to the effect that whilst the Queen shows the reliance she has hitherto done "upon my entire dedication of myself to your Majesty, no worldly accident can make me unhappy," would be shortly in the hands of his enemies.

By August 9th Digby was writing to Jermyn that it was a prediction of good fortune that the Queen bore the royal misfortunes with moderation, and was characteristically pointing out that the King's ill-success would have the advantage of enlisting the assistance of France, the interest of that country being to "balance things here." Henrietta's courage may have risen to meet disaster, and she may only have been spurred on by it to fresh energy. Sir Dudley Wyatt, writing to inform Digby of his arrival at Saint-Germain on July 12th and of the audience he had had with the Queen, said that she had received all the letters and messages of which he was the bearer with satisfaction, "except in one particular, which was concerning his Majesty's hazarding his own sacred person, which for no reason of gallantry or necessity her Majesty would grant to be well done, and this I desire you to let the King know."

France, as usual, was lavish in the matter of protestation. On the last day of July the Queen-Regent supped with Henrietta at Saint-Germain, returning to Paris the same night, and the Cardinal promised a visit two days

later. "He is full of professions of desire to serve the Queen importantly," wrote Jermyn to Digby, "which now I observe for that they are renewed on his part since the necessities on ours." Taught by experience not to place overmuch faith in the minister's promises, Jermyn added that what took away his pain is that vain expectations were never less dangerous, "for if we had none in the world I see no way open to treat in the condition we are in." Naseby had marked the extinction of many hopes. In spite of Montrose's brilliant victories, and of gleams of success attending the King's own arms, the royal cause was steadily declining. By the end of July Rupert himself was counselling peace. Charles refused to listen. He had made concession after concession; had raised more hopes than he would ever have been likely to satisfy. But he was approaching a limit which conscience—that strange and incalculable arbiter of human destiny, would not allow him to over-step. And as that limit was approached there came in sight the final defeat which was to mean, to the monarchy and the church, ultimate victory. So long as he drew breath the strain of vacillation, and of something that, if not conscious insincerity, was a radical want of candour and of straightforward dealing in his character, would have lent strength to his opponents. His death vindicated to the nation alike himself and his cause. "One service alone, a service beyond price, could Charles offer to the church, and that was to die for it."[1] This service he must have been becoming aware, in spite of his strangely sanguine spirit, that he might be called upon to pay.

He was surrounded by those who would fain have had him sacrifice conscience to expediency, or at the least would have urged him to hold out anticipations of a like

[1] S. R. Gardiner, *History of the Great Civil War*, vol. ii. p. 258.

sacrifice. "Unless we allow the Scots," wrote Digby to Jermyn, "without engagement, to hope that the King may possibly be brought in time to hearken unto such a change of [church] government, at least by referring it to a synod, there is no hope that ever they will be brought so much as to a parley with us, wherein if once skilfully engaged by letting them promise themselves what the King will never promise them, we shall find means so to entangle them as that it shall be impossible for them ever to get off again." But Charles stood firm. He would neither yield nor so much as hold out hopes of yielding.

Of Henrietta at this time little is to be known. Of the difficulties with which she had to contend in her ill-assorted household a letter of October from Sir Robert Honeywood, the Queen of Bohemia's agent in London, to Sir Harry Vane gives a glimpse. News had come from France, he tells his correspondent, of another scuffle in the Queen's ante-chamber, between Wilmot and Percy on the one side and Lord Jermyn and Captain Watts on the other. The quarrel had had to do with money, and had reached such a height that swords had been drawn and the Queen herself obliged to come out of her chamber to put an end to it.

For the rest, there is no doubt that she was pursuing the old weary task of soliciting help wherever there might be a chance, howsoever remote, of obtaining it. In July a new envoy, Montreuil, was despatched by Mazarin to England, with the object of acting as mediator between the belligerents, and, if possible, arranging a settlement of the differences between them. The great obstacle to the alliance between Charles and the Scotch favoured by the Cardinal was the determination of the northern leaders to force Presbyterianism on England, and the fixed resolve of

the King to maintain episcopacy there. For the question of principle Mazarin cared not a jot, and his sentiments were probably expressed by his envoy when he wrote that the King should prefer the preservation of his crown to that of all the mitres in the world. But upon this point Henrietta at first sided with her husband. When Sir Robert Moray was sent, as a preliminary step, to obtain her influence in favour of the scheme, he found her distinctly hostile to any plan involving the abandonment of the bishops. It was only reluctantly that she gave way at length to Mazarin's representations and threw her weight into the scales in favour of the suggested concession. That, when her influence was thus brought to bear upon Charles, it utterly failed to shake his determination to refuse to purchase the support of the northern kingdom at the cost of a surrender of principle, should go far to atone for his former weakness and compliance. Three things he would not do, so he wrote to Nicholas in August. He would not yield up the Church to the government of Papists, Presbyterians, or Independents; he would not injure his successors by lessening the Crown in respect of its powers, military and ecclesiastical; nor would he forsake his friends. It was the first of the three points at issue that was, during the next few months, of most practical importance, and a letter written in the ensuing February reflects the attitude the Queen had then been induced to take up with regard to it.

"I am grieved to differ with thee in opinion," wrote the King, "though I am confident that my judgment, not love, is censured by thee for it. But I hope, whatsoever thou mayest wish, thou wilt not blame me at all, if thou rightly understand the state of the question. For I assure thee I put little or no difference between

setting up the Presbyterian government or submitting to the Church of Rome. Therefore make the case thine own. With what patience would thou give ear to him who should persuade thee, for worldly respects, to leave the communion of the Roman church for any other? Indeed, Sweetheart, this is my case." Then, going on to give vent to the ever-haunting remorse for his acquiescence in the death of Strafford, he pursues: "I must confess to my shame and grief, that heretofore I have for public respects (yet I believe, if thy personal safety had not been at stake, I might have hazarded the rest) yielded unto those things which were no less against my conscience than this, for which I have been so deservedly punished that a relapse now would be insufferable." But he is resolved for the future against any such "mean submission." "Let not this sad discourse trouble thee," he ends, "(for, as thou art free from my faults, so doubtless God hath blessings in store for thee), it being only a necessary freedom to show thee that no slight cause can make me deny to do what thou desirest."

Part of Henrietta's earlier reluctance to lend her support to a scheme pledging Charles to co-operation with the Scots has been attributed to the efforts she was still making to obtain aid from foreign Catholics, and to a conviction that their sympathies might be alienated by the suggested alliance. Sir Kenelm Digby had at first been full of hope as to the assistance to be expected from Innocent II., and had sent encouraging reports from Rome. Writing to Lord Digby in June, Jermyn announced that his namesake had had audience of the Pope, who had given him the best reception that the first visit was capable of—"that is, the fairest promises in general that can be wished." If Digby might be relied upon, there were good hopes of money; "but you know

he is of a sanguine family, and himself yet the melancholiest of it."

The King and his friends must have been growing weary of fair promises in general; and it soon appeared that those made by Pope Innocent were not to be reduced to the concrete, or to result in more practical assistance than the lavish professions of Mazarin. When it transpired that Sir Kenelm had no warrant for the assurances he had been ready to give of the ultimate submission of Charles to the Holy See, zeal on his behalf speedily flagged; whilst the proceedings of the Nuncio in Ireland made it quickly apparent that he had the interests of the Church more at heart than the reduction of the country to obedience.

Thus that anxious autumn and winter wore themselves out. In September the defeat of Philiphaugh had followed upon Montrose's victories, and in England the prospect was no less dark. Bristol had been delivered up by Rupert to the enemy, the capitulation rousing indignation bitter and deep in the King towards his favourite nephew: "Tell my son," he wrote to Nicholas, "that I shall less grieve to hear that he is knocked on the head than that he should do so mean an action as is the surrendering of Bristol upon the terms it was." To Rupert he wrote summarily dismissing him from his service; and it is reported in a contemporary letter that Henrietta had given it out at Paris that the Prince had sold the town for money. Although the King's anger may not have been wholly justified, the consequent estrangement must have added appreciably to his loneliness. Though his nephew ultimately returned to his side, and it will be seen that Charles cancelled his harsh judgment, the King is said never again to have bestowed upon him the same degree of confidence as formerly.

After the picture by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Emery Walker.

PRINCE RUPERT, K.G.

By November Charles was once more at Oxford, conscious of the gloom of the outlook—conscious also that, in his determination to continue the war rather than accept any terms of peace likely to be offered, he was standing well-nigh alone.

Had a peace, indeed, been concluded at this time it must inevitably have worn the aspect of a surrender. Much had happened in the latter part of the year to deepen the distrust felt for the King by those opposed to him. In October the *coup-de-grâce* was given to any lingering faith in his resistance to Catholic demands by the discovery of the pledges given by Glamorgan to the confederate Irish. Into the question to what extent Charles was responsible for these promises it is impossible to enter, any more than into the details of the mission so disastrously affecting his prospects. That such promises had been made by his agent and in his name was sufficient to damn him in the eyes of those comparatively moderate in opposition to the Papacy. The public mind was further inflamed by the news that at Rome Kenelm Digby had engaged on Henrietta's behalf that the penal laws, in England as well as in Ireland, should be abolished ; that the French clergy were meditating a large contribution towards the expenses of an expedition, thus accentuating the fact that Henrietta's cause was identified abroad with that of Catholicism ; that Emery, Mazarin's comptroller of finance, was hot in the Queen's cause and one of her chief advisers ; and that a project was on foot to marry the Prince of Wales to Mademoiselle de Montpensier. More startling still was the report that Henrietta was in communication with the Scotch commissioners. The disavowals of Charles on the one hand, and the Scotch on the other, did little towards

allaying the excitement prevailing at the opening of the year 1646.

The series of Charles' letters of this year, mostly addressed to the Queen, furnish an accurate index to his history at this period. Here the story is told of his failing hopes; of the motives leading him to place himself in the hands of the Scotch army; of his negotiations with one party and another, his intrigues with all. Not a few passages in the correspondence throw a reflected light upon Henrietta's own proceedings, and may, therefore, fitly find a place here.

These letters are cited by their editor as proof conclusive that the distrust entertained for the King was justified to the full, all the qualities attributed to him by his enemies being found therein displayed. The contention is not unjust. It is true that in cases where, not his sense of honour alone but his conscience, was touched, Charles could not only refuse to yield, but could refuse to give false hopes of ultimate submission. But these questions were comparatively few; and with regard to others, to leave himself a loophole of escape from a pledge, to devise a form of words susceptible of a double interpretation, and to turn to his advantage a verbal quibble, was offensive neither to his sense of honour nor to his conscience. Were the secrets of most diplomatic negotiations disclosed it would probably be found that he does not stand alone in disingenuousness. But with a man known, or reasonably suspected, to be capable of subterfuges of the kind, it was impossible to treat with any sense of security; nor can it be denied that the letters in question indicate an absence of that veracity which, not contenting itself with technical accuracy, extends as well to spirit and intention.

Proving this, however, the correspondence proves no less the lovable nature of the man whose affection Henrietta returned so devotedly. It also bears witness to his gallantry in fighting, almost single-handed, a losing battle, and to his unfaltering courage. Nor, especially in view of the sin towards Strafford which pressed so heavily on his heart, should the steadfastness be overlooked displayed by him in refusing to make terms disadvantageous to his friends or to principles he regarded as essential. It was part of the tragedy of his fate that his virtues and his failings alike contributed to lead him to the scaffold. His word, in its literal sense, was not to be relied upon; whilst the points upon which conscience made its stand and refused to permit to him even the appearance of yielding were precisely those upon which his opponents were determined to insist as a necessary condition of pacification.

CHAPTER XVII

1646—1647

The Prince of Wales in Jersey—Digby's schemes—Henrietta summons him to Paris—Distrust of Jermyn and the Queen—Prince of Wales at Paris—Mademoiselle—Charles' position—His letters—Arrival in France of Henriette-Anne—A ball in Paris—Charles' plans—Rumoured journey of the Queen and Prince to Ireland—Lady Derby and her family.

DURING the opening months of the year 1646, whilst the King was carrying on from Oxford the negotiations which ended in his taking the fatal step of placing himself in the hands of the Scots, Henrietta was much concerned with the movements of her eldest son.

If, in her desire to bring him to Paris—a plan strongly deprecated by the members of the Prince's council—she may have been partly actuated by selfish motives, it should be remembered that Charles was no less anxious than she that the boy should be placed in his mother's hands. Again and again, during the time of his darkening fortunes, he had enjoined upon him, as well as upon those about him, that, in case of any apparent danger of his falling into the power of the enemy, he was to leave the kingdom and convey himself to France, there to remain under the care of his mother, who was to have absolute control over him, save—the exception is always emphatically made—in matters of religion, in which she was "not to meddle at all."

It was, nevertheless, not till March that the situation appeared to the Prince's council such as to warrant a step so decided as the removal from the country of the heir to the throne. He was first taken to Scilly, and upon that island being judged unqualified for defence, was carried on to await the course of events at Jersey. The Queen, for her part, was urgent in her demands that her son should join her in Paris. To the eagerness with which she looked forward to his coming a letter to her sister Christine, the constant confidante of her hopes and fears, gave expression. "I think," she wrote, "he will soon be here. It is not a little affliction to see him driven out of his country, but a consolation if God gives him back to me in a place of safety, his person being of so much importance to me that so long as I have him safe I shall never despair of our affairs. Besides," she adds candidly, "I must confess that he is my favourite." [1]

To those in charge of the boy she wrote whilst he was still in Scilly that, as long as he remained there, so ill satisfied was she of his safety that she could not sleep in quiet; and though it appeared at first that his removal to Jersey would content her, her orders soon became peremptory that he should proceed to France. The majority of the Prince's advisers were strongly opposed to the step; but when, added to her "very passionate commands," he received a letter from his father expressing a hope that it would find him with the Queen, the boy showed a disposition to act upon the wishes thus expressed by both his parents; and it was only by the persuasions of his council that he was induced to delay doing this until messengers should have

[1] This letter is dated, in the collection edited by M. Hermann Ferrero, September 1646. This is a manifest error.

repaired once more to France to reason with the impatient Queen.

Henrietta was found by those sent "much troubled," and, as might have been expected, inaccessible to any arguments designed to lead her to acquiesce in the wisdom of the Prince's continuance at Jersey. She consented, nevertheless, upon the representations of the envoys, to rescind her positive commands for the Prince's instant removal, reserving a final decision until further news should be received from the King, by this time with the Scottish army.

At Jersey, meanwhile, fresh complications had arisen, owing to the arrival upon the scene of Lord Digby, full of new schemes and projects. It has been already seen, by his attitude after the crushing defeat of Naseby, that his manner of meeting disaster must have made him an invaluable adherent to a losing cause. "He was," says Clarendon, "a person of so rare a composition, by nature and by art (for nature alone could never have reached to it), that he was so far from being dismayed upon any misfortune (and greater variety of misfortunes never befel any man) that he quickly recollected himself, so vigorously that he did really believe his condition to be improved by that ill accident, and that he had an opportunity thereby to gain a new stock of reputation and honour." The times were, beyond dispute, apt for the display of this inextinguishable energy, and Digby was, perhaps, in these days of misfortune, one of the servants highest in the King's confidence, as he was one of those most hated by the greater portion of the Royalist party. When he had been forced in the preceding autumn to make his escape to the Isle of Man, a fierce attack had been made upon him by Rupert, then in disgrace with the King. Digby, the Prince

had declared, was the man who had raised distractions between himself and Charles. "They are all rogues and rascals that say so," answered the King hotly, "and in effect traitors that seek to dishonour my best subjects."

Digby's passionate loyalty and personal devotion, combined with his reckless courage and imperishable hopefulness, were sufficient to account for the affection of King and Queen. But Charles did not blind himself to the unreliable nature of his friend's expectations. When, in January, he had written to Henrietta that Digby, being at the time in Ireland, was hopeful of assistance from thence, he had added a caution, "knowing my author to be most sanguine," against placing overmuch confidence in the realisation of his anticipations. Those anticipations lacked fulfilment; but Digby's spirits were proof against disappointment, and he suddenly appeared at Jersey with a couple of frigates and a certain number of men, imbued with the conviction that nothing was wanting but the presence of the heir-apparent in Ireland to transform the situation there and to reduce the nation to submission. To his suggestion that the Prince should lose no time in crossing the Irish Channel, the boy replied that he was awaiting the return of the envoys sent to the Queen, but Digby was so far from acquiescence in delay in acting on his scheme, that he made the singular suggestion—no doubt to Hyde himself—that the Prince should be invited on board a ship, that it should then set sail, and that he should be conveyed, with or without his own consent, to Ireland. When his confidant, not unnaturally, declined to countenance so wild a scheme, Digby, having "a most pregnant fancy," at once started another. He himself would hasten to Paris, convert the Queen from her desire that the Prince should seek shelter in France,

and return to Jersey, armed with her approbation of the Irish project, as well as provided with funds to enable him to carry it to a successful conclusion.

If it argued some presumption on Digby's part that he should have been confident of turning the Queen from her declared purpose, he had reason to count upon his influence with Henrietta. Besides the fact that he was her own convert to the King's cause, his hot-headed enthusiasm and his sanguine temperament must have been much to her liking. In a letter of the preceding year, after reproaching him for silence, she had added that not for that reason would she forbear from writing to him, though it were only to tell him that she feared he was as inconstant to his friends as men to their mistresses. "For my part, I have only this fault, to be a good friend," she added; "and I believe you know it." Doubtless Digby did know it; and, knowing it, he may have failed to take into account another characteristic, not less marked, in the Queen—namely, her strong will. When he appeared at Paris, full of his project, she declined to be convinced of its wisdom. Ready to do all in her power for Ireland, she was not to be shaken in her determination to insist upon the Prince's presence in Paris; and considering that, both in the King's eyes and her own, Charles' safety depended upon that of his heir, she can scarcely be blamed for refusing to lend an ear to Digby's plan of transporting him to so disturbed a country.

From the Queen he proceeded to pay his respects to the Cardinal, who, acquainted with the man with whom he had to deal, was so adroit in his manipulation of him, so lavish of his flattery and profuse in promises, that the less astute Englishman was won over to a firm belief in the minister's good intentions, and allowed himself

to be persuaded of the absolute necessity that the Prince should resort to Paris. When the lad should be on French soil, the Cardinal undertook that an ambassador, to be nominated by Henrietta herself—from whom he was to receive his instructions—should proceed to England, present an ultimatum to the rebel Government, and, upon its rejection, declare war ; an army worthy of the Prince being forthwith placed at his disposal.

This was the programme designed to dazzle Digby and cause him to accept it in place of his own. It fully answered its purpose. Passing with characteristic rapidity from one plan to another, Digby now assured Henrietta that he would convert all the Prince's counsellors to approval of his removal to France, undertook that Charles should at once obey her commands, and not only gave her his advice as to the choice of an ambassador, but lent his hand to the preparation of the envoy's instructions. Bellièvre was selected to play the part of the belligerent intermediary; a sum of money —less, indeed, than had been anticipated, but acceptable enough—was placed by the Cardinal in Digby's hands ; and to make all secure and quicken the Queen's anxiety to have her son in her own care, the minister revealed, in a letter to the Prince de Condé certain to be communicated to Henrietta, news of a bogus plot hatching at Jersey with the object of delivering the Prince into the hands of the enemy.

Such is the account given by Clarendon of Digby's visit to Paris—an account he must have received at first hand from Digby, who hastened back to urge the Prince's immediate departure for France.

The news anxiously awaited from the north had been bad. It was abundantly clear that the step

taken by the King in placing himself in the hands of the Scottish army had proved a failure, and by May he was, according to his own account of the matter, no better than a prisoner. In the letter giving an account of his position he also distinctly expressed his opinion that it was unsafe for the Prince to remain in Jersey, and directed his wife to send for him to Paris with all speed, "and in God's name let him stay with thee till it be seen what ply my business will take, and for my sake let the world see that the Queen seeks not to alter his conscience."

With her hands strengthened by this command, no fault can be found with Henrietta for evincing a more fixed resolve than before to carry her point. Jermyn, with a numerous train, was despatched to fetch the Prince, carrying her positive orders in a letter to her son and given in the King's name, that he should join her without further delay. Even under these circumstances the Prince was not allowed to leave the island without hot debate amongst the members of his council; and when the boy had shown his determination to yield obedience to the Queen's demands, all but one of them declined to accompany him to Paris, the rest remaining for the most part in Jersey and watching from thence the course of events.

The distrust with which these men—some of the King's most loyal supporters—regarded not only the French Government, but Jermyn himself, and by implication the Queen, is proved by a document preserved amongst the Clarendon papers, containing "articles of association" between Hyde himself, Hopton, Capel, and Carteret, for the defence of Jersey against a supposed design entertained by Jermyn to surrender it for a certain sum of money to France, a French dukedom being the

reward allotted to the intermediary. That Jermyn should have been credited with the scheme, upon the report of "a worthy lady at Saint-Germain," and "a discreet and knowing gentleman in Paris," is evidence sufficient of the estimation in which he was held, and explains the extreme reluctance displayed in obeying the explicit commands of King and Queen and permitting their charge to join his mother. But the matter had been taken out of their hands, and by the end of June Henrietta and her son were together at the Louvre.

If Clarendon is to be believed, the Prince was received with but scant courtesy on the part of his hosts. It is possible that, though it had been important in Mazarin's eyes that the heir to the English throne should seek shelter on French soil rather than elsewhere, he was not unwilling to conciliate public opinion in England by testifying some lack of cordiality towards the refugee. Charles had, at all events, been in Paris two months before he was accorded a reception at court, the interval being apparently spent in discussions upon the ceremonial to be observed on the occasion. "It can hardly be believed," asserts Clarendon, "with how little respect they treated him." On the other hand, since it appears that Henrietta, founding her extravagant demand upon the etiquette observed on the visit of his father to Spain, had desired that her son should take precedence of King Louis himself, it will be seen that some difficulty might be experienced in satisfying her expectations.

At Fontainebleau the Prince was at length presented to the Queen-Regent and the King. All that was possible had been done to conciliate Henrietta, and on his first visit of ceremony he was given, according to the arrangements agreed upon between the two Queens, the honour of a *fauteuil*. Dignity having been thus

satisfied, a compromise was effected, and on future occasions both Charles and his little cousin occupied *petits siéges*. Despite the difficulties connected with etiquette, the three days' visit to the French court must have presented a pleasant contrast to the life Charles had lately led. He was at this time a tall, well-grown lad of fifteen, dark-complexioned, black-haired, and dark-eyed. His mouth, like his mother's, was bad, but his head finely shaped, and his gravity of demeanour impressed beholders. "Il paroist estre fort serieux," observed d'Ormesson in his journal. On the whole the Prince appears to have produced a favourable impression at court, in spite of his inability—a singular one when his mother's nationality is taken into account—either to understand the French language or to make himself understood in it. During the days spent at Fontainebleau all that was possible was done for his entertainment. A ball was given in his honour and that of his mother, and the presence of his cousin, Mademoiselle, will have supplied an additional element of interest. The marriage negotiations with Holland had collapsed; and though Henrietta seems to have had at this time no less than three possible brides in view, there can be little doubt that, in point of fortune, Mademoiselle would have been the most eligible. The Queen had prepared the way by despatching a portrait of her niece to Charles in Jersey, and she lost no time, now that he was at hand, in pushing forward the affair.

"I perceived," wrote Mademoiselle, "that the Queen of England would have liked to persuade me that he was in love with me; that he talked of it incessantly; that, had she not prevented it, he would have come to my apartment at all hours; that he found me entirely to his taste, and was in despair at the Empress's death,

being extremely apprehensive that they would marry me to the Emperor. I received what she said as I ought to do," adds Mademoiselle, "and did not put all the faith in it that she would perhaps have desired. . . . I do not know what would have been the result had he himself spoken. I know well that I should not make great account of what I was told on behalf of a man who could say nothing for himself."

Considering that the man in question was a boy of sixteen, labouring under the disadvantage of an entire ignorance of her language, it will be confessed that the contempt his cousin displayed at his failure to plead his own cause shows overmuch severity.

Into the comedy of scenes such as these and others, with their petty vanities and ambitions and rivalries, the letters constantly reaching Henrietta from the King must have broken like importunate tragedy. "Albeit thou dost hear that I am strangely and barbarously threatened," wrote Charles towards the end of July, "for God's sake be not disheartened ; for I do not believe that the Scots dare do what they say, for already they begin to be more calm. And though the worst should come, yet I conjure thee to turn thy grief into a just revenge upon mine enemies, and the re-possessing of Prince Charles into his just inheritance." The King's longing for the approval of the woman he loved is repeated again and again in tones which would have come near to making many in her position forswear their true opinions. "Indeed, it would have broken my heart," he wrote in August, "if thou hadst thought me wilful, as every one here doth." Again, on the last day of the same month, he makes a passionate protest against further pressure being brought to induce him to abandon what to him was a matter of conscience. "The Queen will break

my heart," he writes, using, as he sometimes does, the third person in addressing her, "if she any more undertake to obtain my consent for Presbyterian government. For if she once should openly condemn me for wilfulness, but in one point, I should not be able to support my daily miseries." In yet another letter he explains, patiently and at length, the reasons forbidding him to yield on the question at issue, hoping that, by convincing her, he will have "this comfort, that I shall not be in any kind lessened in thy opinion, which is the only thing that can make him truly miserable who is eternally thine."

It is easy to discern weakness in the craving displayed for his wife's approbation, as well as in the eagerness shown to defer to her lightest wishes in matters, great or small, in which he was able to do so without an abandonment of principle. But it has another and a pathetic side, when his position at the time—in the enemy's camp, surrounded by foes, misjudged by many friends, and practically alone—is taken into account. To incur the condemnation of the one person whose approval or blame meant more to him than that of all the world beside, added the last drop of bitterness to his cup. Nor can it be doubted, reading the few letters of Henrietta's of this period preserved, that in spite of her love for him, the frank and unsparing expression of her opinions must have not seldom contributed to that end. Concessions were wrung from Charles regarded by the Queen as fatal to ultimate success, and she did not fail to tell him so. "I know the pains you are suffering," she wrote, when the possibility of such compliance was in question, "and so great is my compassion that it causes me suffering no less than your own. But since we have thus

suffered, we must resolve to go through with it with honour."

It is only necessary to be acquainted with the provisions contained in the instructions drawn up by the Queen and Digby for Bellièvre—instructions practically superseded by Mazarin's own—to understand the impossibility of reconciling the course advocated by Henrietta with Charles' views of right and wrong. Presbyterianism, according to this memorandum, was to be conceded, with the object of throwing the concession as an apple of discord between those professing that creed, English and Scotch, and the party of Independents. Control of the militia was to be temporarily ceded. The Act preventing the dissolution of the existing Parliament was to be exchanged for a Triennial Act. The Scots were to be induced to join with Montrose and to endorse the Irish treaty. Charles' conscience and opinions alike would have barred the way to an accommodation based on these foundations. "If I know anything of the King's heart and nature," wrote Hyde, alluding to the plan by conceding a principle to produce dissension in the enemy's camp, "he will not redeem the lives of his wife and children at the price." And the Chancellor was right.

The policy actually pursued by Charles, wavering and uncertain and disconnected, could not but rouse Henrietta, determined and resolute, to irritation; and, in particular, his ultimate offer to surrender the moot-point of Church government for three years was characterised by her as too little or too much—too much were it indeed against his conscience, too little to satisfy his enemies. Under these circumstances the Queen's letters must not unfrequently have added to the bitterness of Charles' position. Yet the suggestion of a possibility

that she might cease from interference in his affairs elicited more than once from him an impassioned protest. "For God's sake," he wrote to her on one occasion, "leave off threatening me with thy desire to meddle no more with business; and albeit I am confident thou dost not really intend, because I am sure thou canst not in any kind forsake me (of which this were a sort) or leave to love me, as thou lovest me give me so much comfort (and God knows I have little enough and that little must come from thee) as to assure me that thou wilt think no more of any such thing otherwise than to reject it."

But it is in a letter addressed to Jermyn, Culpepper, and Ashburnham that the most vivid picture is to be found of the King's condition of mind at this time, and that the sharpest note of anguish is sounded. These men, like the Queen, were urging upon him a course which conscience forbade him to adopt. In replying to them he practises no economy of truth.

"Instruct yourselves better," he wrote sternly, "and undeceive those ye have misinformed, for believe me there is need . . . . Only one particular I must mention, wherewith Davenant hath threatened me, which is [the Queen's] retiring from all business into a monastery. This, if it fell out (which God forbid) is so destructive to all my affairs—I say no more of it; my heart is too big. . . . In another way I have mentioned this to [the Queen] (my grief being the only thing I desire to conceal from her, with which I am as full now as I can be without bursting), commanding you to remember her, to answer me, and to help to conceal my sorrow from her as much as may be; which will be some ease to it, that of itself is so great as were not to be borne but for the great cordial of her daily expressions of

kindness to me, and that in this way I find some vent for it."

In after days, when her son and his advisers were jealous of the suspicion that Henrietta's influence was still dominant, she must have looked back with bitterness to the time when the mere dread of her withdrawal from public affairs could call forth so impassioned a protest. There was, in truth, no real reason to apprehend that vexation, irritation, or weariness would cause her to cease from labouring in the King's service. Nor were there wanting passages in her letters calculated to afford him gleams of consolation in the surrounding darkness. "Thy love," he writes, in reply to one of these—"thy love preserves my life, and I tell thee that those words of thine, 'tout ira bien à la fin' and 'nous encore,' did extremely cheer me, because I hope the Queen had some reason to write it, besides her desire of comforting me."

Whatever Henrietta's hopes may have been, it must have been a melancholy summer and autumn. The one bright spot in it, besides the presence of her son, was the arrival from England in July of the baby daughter left behind two years ago at Exeter. The child's governess, Lady Dalkeith, was a woman of courage and resource; and disguising herself and her charge in beggar's rags, she had succeeded in gaining the sea-coast and crossing from Dover to Calais, the identity of little "Peter" with the King's youngest daughter remaining unsuspected. When she was once on French soil the child was safe, and was speedily placed in the hands of her mother; who, says her attendant Capuchin, Père Cyprian de Gamache, regarding her as "un enfant de bénédiction," resolved forthwith to use all her efforts to gain the King's consent to bring her up as a Catholic. There is no indication

that his consent was obtained, but, if it were not, Henrietta appears to have decided to dispense with it. The same writer presently records that the Queen led the child to the chapel at the Louvre, where he was engaged in giving instruction to the children, liking the catechising so well that she was overheard to observe that she should herself attend it for the future. This resolution, remarks Père Cyprian with a touch of acrimony, was not carried out, being set aside by persons who had neither her zeal nor her humility.

Besides the distraction afforded by the society of her little daughter, Henrietta was finding occupation in her plans for her son's future. The season was a gay one in Paris, and at the Palais Royal, where the French court was held at the time, frequent dramatic performances, attended both by Prince Charles and by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, supplied opportunities for constant intercourse between the cousins, Charles showing no lack of willingness to do what in him lay to secure the heiress and her fortune. It was a certain ball, given in honour of Mademoiselle herself, that seems to have left the most vivid impression on Mademoiselle's mind. On this occasion Henrietta had devoted herself personally to the adornment of her niece, going so far as to visit her apartment in order to arrange her hair with her own hands ; whilst the Prince, wearing his cousin's colours of black, white, and pink, held a torch to light his mother at her labour of love. Nor was this all ; for when the Regent, aware of what was going on, had sent for Mademoiselle in order that she might inspect the result of Henrietta's skill, the Prince of Wales took the opportunity to steal a march upon his cousin, and, arriving first at the ball, was found awaiting her there and ready to hand her from her coach.

"Before entering the assembly," pursues Mademoiselle, "I delayed in a room to re-arrange my hair before the mirror, and it was again he who held the torch" ; adding, with a natural touch of scepticism, that, according to his cousin, Prince Robert, who served as interpreter, the Prince, in spite of his ignorance of the French language, understood all that fell from her lips.

The "Robert" present at this scene, and evidently engaged in furthering his cousin's suit, was Rupert, who now, like so many others, had found his way to Paris, forgiven by the King and commended by him to Henrietta's favour ; "for albeit his passions may sometimes make him mistake," said Charles, "yet I am confident of his honest constancy and courage." He might well be confident of it. Rupert's steadfastness in adhering to a declining cause shone the more in contrast with the self-seeking of his elder brother, who, having taken the Covenant, was now high in favour with the Parliamentary army.

As Henrietta played with her name-child, or strove to further her boy's suit, she must have been sore enough at heart. At Newcastle the hopes of an agreement with the Scots were becoming less and less, and Charles' prospects were darkening in proportion. His future plans were subjects of anxious discussion at the Louvre. In December Henrietta sent him her advice concerning them in a letter from Jermyn and Culpepper, she herself being disabled by toothache from writing. Should the Scotch forsake him, it was her opinion and the Cardinal's that, if Parliament would not guarantee his safety in London, he should either cross the border with the Scotch, or, if that were to be refused him, should repair to Ireland, the Highlands, or Jersey, only leaving his own dominions at the last extremity. It did

not yet seem to have occurred to Charles' counsellors that this last alternative might not be open to him. By January a letter from the King must have made them aware of the true state of the case. He then wrote to tell his wife that he was now declared to be, what he had been in fact ever since he had placed himself in the hands of the Scottish army, a prisoner—the principal difference being that escape, before easy enough, would be difficult, if not impossible.

The presence of the King in Ireland being out of the question, the inquiry appears to have been raised whether it would not be well for the Queen and her son to visit that portion of the kingdom. The project was probably only entertained one week to be rejected the next, but it finds mention in a letter from Hyde to the Lord Treasurer, Cottington. He heard, the Chancellor wrote, that the Queen sometimes spoke of a journey to Ireland, sometimes of a monastery—which would be far the better choice of the two. As for the Prince, he could only interpret the desire expressed by Cottington that the lad should accompany his mother, should she make the journey, as due to the wish that he should at all costs be removed from France. If the explanation was the true one, the Lord Treasurer's desire was fully shared by the Chancellor. Though finding some comfort in the conviction that the heir-apparent had "a sweetness of nature not easy to be corrupted," his longing that the boy should be removed from Paris equalled the reluctance he had displayed that he should be permitted to join his mother there. The reported project of a marriage with his cousin added to the uneasiness with which his residence at the Louvre was regarded. Fears of such a scheme had been felt before the Prince left Jersey; but when Hyde had

talked sadly with my Lord Jermyn on the subject, he had been met by the assurance that there was no such thought, and that, should the match be attempted, Jermyn himself would publicly oppose it. By March, however, he confessed himself by no means certain that the rumours concerning it might not be true. It has been seen that he was right.

It must have taxed all Henrietta's powers to keep the peace amongst the quarrelsome and turbulent spirits at her court. The brawl reported to have taken place in her very ante-chamber has been mentioned. Again, notwithstanding a solemn reconciliation a year earlier, Digby and Wilmot are to meet in a duel. And whilst this meeting is pending, Digby receives a second challenge, and eager to "receive that honour unto which Prince Rupert had so generously called him,"—of fighting a prince of the blood royal—falls out with Jermyn for attempting to interpose. In the end, principals and seconds are arrested by the Queen's guard, and the quarrel is ended without bloodshed, Wilmot, fighting Digby in his turn, escaping with no more serious mishap than a wound in his hand.

If Henrietta exerted herself to maintain peace at the Louvre, certain proceedings of her own were likely to have an opposite effect. In the present condition of public affairs, not to speak of her own domestic cares, it might have been imagined that she had her hands full. It was, nevertheless, about this time that she was risking the alienation of an important adherent by interference in a matter she would more prudently have left to be decided by lawyers. This was the succession to the property of a dead brother of Lady Derby's. Lady Derby was a countrywoman of Henrietta's own, belonging to the great Huguenot house of Trémoille; and upon the death of

her brother, the Comte de Laval, a lady connected with the Queen's nurse came forward, on the grounds of an alleged marriage, to lay claim to the inheritance. The dispute was clearly one to be legally settled, and the services rendered by Lord Derby to the Royalist cause, as well as the fact that a dependant of her own was interested in the decision, should have been sufficient to deter the Queen from seeking to interfere with the course of justice. Yet she openly espoused the cause of the claimant in opposition to the Stanley family. The letters in which Lady Derby gave an account of the affair furnish a curious picture of Henrietta's high-handed mode of precedure on a similar occasion in the past, and the terms in which so ardent a loyalist permits herself to allude to the King's wife bear witness to the bitterness roused by her present action.

"It is with great astonishment that I have read the proceedings of the Queen of England in connection with our law-suit," wrote Lady Derby. "By what I can see, she has done more harm to herself than to us, and every one is ashamed of her." "Her Majesty does not remember," she says again, "how by her own authority she annulled a marriage that had been contracted by the sister of La Harpe and one of the nephews of her nurse, and how she threatened an Irish priest with hanging for having officiated in such an affair." Notwithstanding Henrietta's intervention, the law decided against the claims of her protégée, and the affair would only have had the result of creating or increasing a feeling of distrust towards the Queen amongst those connected with the powerful house of Stanley.

It was not a time when it was well to ride rough-shod over the susceptibilities of the King's loyal servants. The general outlook must have seemed dark indeed to

Royalist eyes. The King was a prisoner. His second son, James, left behind by his father at Oxford, had fallen into the hands of the enemy. And in London the Princess Elizabeth was a captive, as well as her little brother, the Duke of Gloucester, of whom it was at one time reported that Parliament intended to make a provisional king, pending the establishment of a republic.

CHAPTER XVIII

1647—1649

Charles handed over to the Parliament—Difficulty of communication—Affairs in Paris—The Prince's position there—Improvement in the King's condition—Paris—The Prince of Wales and his cousins—An expedition planned—Disturbances in Paris—Collapse of the Royalist rising—Hyde and the Queen—Charles in the Isle of Wight—The Queen's appeal—His execution.

BY the end of January, 1647, the Scottish bargain with the Parliament had been concluded, and Charles had been handed over to the custody of the English commissioners, in whose keeping he remained until the army gained possession of his person in June. During the interval he remained, closely guarded, at Holmby House, so strictly secluded from communication with his friends that a scheme of pacification, devised by the Presbyterian peers in January and sent to the Queen, to be forwarded with her approbation of Charles, did not reach him till April.

Henrietta probably thought less of the chances of the settlement thus suggested than of plans and hopes of her own by which her mind was at the moment occupied. A necessary preliminary to any effective assistance to be supplied by France was the conclusion of the war being carried on upon the Continent, and the Queen was therefore exerting herself to the utmost to induce the Regent to make peace. A letter written by her in May to Pope Innocent X. is illustrative of the energy

she displayed in enlisting the sympathy of allies, spiritual as well as terrestrial, on the Royalist side. Certain kings of England, she told his Holiness, had held in special veneration Father Robert d'Abruissel, consulting him on matters of importance to the Crown : "I therefore hold it to be incumbent on me to do everything in my power to procure that all the faithful should acknowledge him as a saint." She accordingly urged the Pope to proceed to the canonisation of this trusty counsellor, "in the hope that, having contributed my endeavours to render him important on earth after his death, he may obtain in heaven, where his soul reposes, some favours for the kingdom which he served with so much fidelity during his life."

Meantime, ways and means had been found of keeping up fitful communication with the King. A Colonel Bamfield had been the medium through whom Charles had been at length made acquainted with the propositions of the Presbyterian lords ; and in May Major Bosvile was arrested on the charge of conveying letters from the Queen to her husband. Interrogated as to their contents, he gave an account palpably intended to propitiate public opinion. The Queen, he said, had desired her husband to seek his rights and privileges, and to secure a peace, even though she herself might never return to England. She had likewise expressed detestation of the war proclaimed by the Irish ; had craved permission for the Prince of Wales to accompany her brother and the other nobles belonging to the French court to the war ; and had described a ball where her son, dancing with Mademoiselle, had "exceeded all the other gallants."

The King, questioned as to the nature of the papers he had received, answered with spirit that he was

not called upon to give a reply to any man living; whilst a letter subsequently discovered—the messenger being in this case "a handsome lady and wondrous bold"—unlike others "of which my Lord of Southampton said that all the business was in words and the love in figures," was entirely in cipher, and yielded little information to those who captured it.

At Paris and Fontainebleau the usual round of gaieties was going on, in which Henrietta, however much she may have been, in heart and spirit, with the prisoner at Holmby House, was bound to play her part. They will at least have afforded her opportunities of furthering what might by courtesy be termed her son's love-affair. One might have imagined that the result of her daughter's premature marriage would have acted as a warning against another such sacrifice to state-craft. Although on her husband's death, some few years later, Mary appears to have loyally mourned him, the match at the present time did not promise to prove successful. Writing to Lord Conway from Norgowe and giving a description of the Prince's failings, Sir John Conyers added that "the people stick not to say publicly that he cares not a whit for his wife . . . and 'tis pity our Princess hath not better counsel about him." It was scarcely to be expected that a child not yet fifteen should steer her course with wisdom; but experience of the dangers threatening one young marriage in no wise deterred Henrietta from doing her best to effect another.

Though Anne of Austria had been tormented by scruples—instilled by the curé of Saint-Germain—as to the lawfulness of theatrical representations, her doubts had been removed by a reference to the doctors of the Sorbonne, and the dramatic entertainments went merrily

forward. An affair of the kind, marked by unusual magnificence, took place on the Monday before Lent, when Henrietta contributed to her niece's adornment by the loan of such of her jewels as still remained unsold and out of pawn. Though diamonds and pearls belonging to the crown jewels of France had been added by the Queen-Regent, Mademoiselle recorded with complacency that those were not wanting who told her, "assez à propos," that, in spite of the magnificence of her ornaments, her natural advantages—her beautiful figure, her white skin, and the brightness of her fair hair—were no less decorative than the jewels she wore.

She enjoyed a veritable triumph. A species of throne, reached by steps, had been erected on the stage; and the eight-year-old King, declining out of courtesy to his guest, the Prince of Wales, to occupy it, caused his cousin to take possession of the seat, he himself, with Charles, sitting on the steps at her feet. The position thus accorded her was thoroughly to Mademoiselle's taste, and her ease and composure in filling it were such that it was predicted, she says, by those who looked on, that a time would come when she would be seated upon a permanent and not a temporary throne. It was not a moment to incline her to regard with favour the suit of the boyish exile, and she adds that, filled with the thought of wedding the Emperor, her heart, as well as her eyes, looked down "de haut en bas" upon the Prince, considering him merely in the light of an object of compassion.

Notwithstanding his cousin's contempt, Charles seems to have been popular at the French court, and when, later in the year, he paid a visit to Fontainebleau, the improvement in his appearance was noticed with approval. His manners were probably good. Henrietta, according

to Burnet, in training her boys, had paid particular attention to this point. Having, the Bishop says, observed the great defects of her husband's breeding, "and the stiff roughness that was in him, by which he disobliged very many, and did often prejudice his affairs very much," she had set herself to prevent a similar disadvantage from attaching to her sons, and had given strict orders that they should be trained to a "wonderful civility"; with the result that the elder, when he came to be King, was civil rather to an excess, with a softness and gentleness in air and expression that had a charm in it. The results of his mother's care will have been appreciated at court. With regard to intelligence it was a different matter; and so partial a witness as Madame de Motteville admits that at this date the Prince was not otherwise than dull—"son esprit ne brilloit pas." His position was partly to blame, and may also have been the reason that, in spite of Louis' careful courtesy, the elder and younger lads were ill at ease together. Notwithstanding Charles' careless and *débonnaire* temper, the contrast between his fortunes and his cousin's could scarcely fail to strike him with a certain bitterness, and their intercourse was marked by constraint and embarrassment. Young though he was, Louis appears to have been sufficiently alive to the dangers of speech to prefer silence; and the Prince—aided, perhaps, by his imperfect mastery of the French language—followed his example.

In more ways than one, difficulties must have attached to Charles' residence in Paris. According to Clarendon, he was kept in a state of subjection to his mother and discouraged from meddling in public affairs. In matters of finance he had no separate income. An addition had been made on his arrival to the allowance granted

to Henrietta by the French court ; but upon the grounds that it was inconsistent with the dignity of the heir to the English throne to be a pensioner of France, the money intended for his support was included in the sum paid to his mother, and was employed as she thought fit, passing through the hands of Lord Jermyn, as comptroller of all her expenditure. A condition of things was thus produced certain to be unfavourable to good feeling between the members of the Queen's household and the Prince's servants, and resulting in the withdrawal of many of the last from Paris.

Whilst Henrietta was labouring ceaselessly in the endeavour to obtain assistance for the King, events in England had assumed a more encouraging aspect. Charles' transference to the custody of the army had been followed by substantial amelioration in his position. He was no longer debarred from the society of those of his friends who cared to resort to him, and was permitted the ministrations of his chaplains ; and Fairfax's demeanour raised hopes of a conciliatory disposition on the part of the military leaders. Under these circumstances Henrietta decided to accept an offer made by Sir John Berkeley, late governor of Exeter, to proceed to England and attach himself to Charles' service, in the hope of employing, on his master's behalf, the credit he believed himself to possess with the rebel officers. Carrying with him a recommendation from the Queen, Berkeley repaired to Charles, and obtained without difficulty permission to attend upon him. It was, indeed, a singular coincidence, that Cromwell and Fairfax, casting about for a fitting intermediary between themselves and the King, had determined to invite Berkeley to fill that post at the very time that Henrietta was despatching him from Paris. About the same

date Jack Ashburnham, who had accompanied Charles to the Scotch camp and had thence been dismissed by the authorities, gained permission to resume his attendance upon his master. These two men, with one other, were the King's companions when, some months afterwards, he effected his escape from Hampton Court, incurring the suspicion of treachery by the blunder they committed in consigning him to the keeping of Colonel Hammond.

It would be impossible to follow, even in outline, the progress and the fluctuations of the negotiations carried on through the ensuing months between Charles, the Parliament, the army, and the Scotch, each opposed to each, and each in turn anxious to make terms with the King. It cannot be doubted that at this period, Cromwell, soon to be supreme arbiter of the destinies of England, was honestly desirous of securing a settlement retaining the monarchy, safe-guarded and controlled, as a part of the constitution. Again and again his influence was opposed to more violent councils. But Charles was incapable of grasping the situation or of gauging the limits of the possibilities remaining open to him. The history of the summer and autumn is the history of the realisation by all parties of the impracticability of arriving at a solid and lasting agreement, based upon the monarchical principle represented by him. Meantime he continued to be treated with consideration and respect; and above all, he was before long permitted the pleasure of frequent intercourse with the three children who had remained in the hands of the Parliament, and were now brought by their custodian, the Earl of Northumberland, to his own house in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, where at present the King was residing.

Upon each of the three Charles impressed the lessons he conceived it desirable that they should learn. To the elder boy, James, he gave directions that, should his father's fortunes take a turn for the worse, he should endeavour by any means in his power to make his escape beyond seas. He enjoined upon Elizabeth, a thoughtful child of twelve, should ill befall him, never to consent to be bestowed in marriage without the approbation of her mother and eldest brother ; to yield her mother obedience in all things save religion, and on that subject never to listen to her counsels. To little Gloucester, not more than seven years old, and to whom father and mother must have been hitherto scarcely more than a name, he gave strong injunctions, repeated at their last interview and afterwards shown to have sunk deep into the child's mind, never to abjure the faith in which he had been bred, nor to permit himself to be placed upon the throne so long as either of his elder brothers were alive.

The renewal of intercourse with his children, the society of his friends and servants, and the hopes, uncertain though they might be, roused by the demeanour of the army, must have given the King one of his last breathing spaces before the doom of his destiny closed finally around him. To Henrietta's sanguine spirit what had been already gained may have seemed the presage of a brighter future ; and even when hope had been overcast by the King's flight, with its disastrous sequel, affairs in England remained in a condition to stimulate her to fresh efforts. If it was true that all endeavours made by either Presbyterians or Independents to arrive at a satisfactory arrangement with the King had, so far, ended in failure, it was also certain that, when 1648 opened, a strong and growing Royalist re-action was

affecting not the country alone, but the city ; whilst the dissensions separating the various bodies in the State rendered the issue of a struggle in which the Scotch should join hands with English Royalists increasingly doubtful. Under these circumstances Cromwell continued anxious to come to terms with the royal house ; and it is considered probable that, during January, negotiations had been opened with the Queen and her son with the object of placing the Prince upon the throne. Upon Charles himself there was a paralysing impossibility of relying. The initial likelihood, common to all such cases, that pledges wrested by necessity from him who gives them will not be held binding, is said to have been confirmed by intercepted letters. But this evidence was not needed ; the day when Charles might have won trust was over. The scheme of substituting the son for the father would, however, have been difficult to carry into effect. Charles' loyal supporters would not have acquiesced in it, and Cromwell would have found it hard, at this stage, to impose the Prince upon his comrades. Nor had the lad any inclination to entertain the suggestion.

By February rumours were afloat that an expedition, to be led by the Prince, was in preparation ; and pressure was brought to bear upon the States-General to induce them to refuse aid or facilities for borrowing money to the Queen and her son. Edinburgh, now a chief centre of agitation, was thronged by the King's adherents ; and by the end of March it had been announced that the Prince would be ready, on receiving the assurance that the Scotch would take up arms, to repair to Scotland. As early as January it had been determined that he should proceed to Calais, to be at hand in case of need ; but delays intervened, and it was not till June that he actually left Paris.

It must have been a time of intense excitement at Saint-Germain, where Henrietta then was. Counsellors of various kinds had collected round her. The King's loyal servant, the Marquis of Ormond, was in Paris, eager to push forward Irish schemes, and, like others, learning the exact value of the Cardinal's promises. Digby was likewise at hand, as he was certain to be when adventurous enterprises were in question ; and, by April, Hyde had been in personal communication with the Queen. Applying himself to his literary labours in Jersey, he had been taking no part in public affairs, recognising, so far, the uselessness of his presence in Paris. In a despondent letter to Lady Dalkeith he had expressed his conviction that, were he at hand, the Prince would not follow his counsels. He may have been right. But he had, nevertheless, kept a watchful eye upon what was going forward, anxious if possible to regain the place in his mistress's favour forfeited by his strenuous endeavours to prevent her from obtaining possession of her son. Was he the only man living, he wrote to Digby, that was never to be pardoned ? Let his friend tell him how he might free himself from the insupportable burden of the Queen's displeasure.

Later on he learnt to bear that burden with a fair amount of equanimity. But whilst the Royalist hopes centred in the restoration to power of a king devoted, body and soul, to his wife, her favour was not to be lightly foregone. Even had it been otherwise, now that, with active schemes on foot, the Prince was in need of the assistance and advice of his father's faithful servants, Hyde was not the man to allow personal resentment to stand in the way of his duty. In a letter addressed to Henrietta, he gave expression, in the exaggerated terms then in use, to his sense of her displeasure.

The fear of it, he said, had caused him more affliction than all the calamities of those times. To give her, willingly, offence he would always think too great a price to save his life.

Henrietta was possibly softened by the Chancellor's abject appeal. She was, at any rate, too acute not to recognise the value of his honesty and faithfulness, and in June Digby was able to write that he should before then have received a kind and earnest invitation from Jermyn to Paris, there to wait upon the Prince—adding that he would now do better to hasten to Rouen, as the Prince would already have started on the way to Calais. Hyde for his part returned thanks, through Jermyn, to Queen and Prince for the great favour of their commands, adding that he would obey the summons as soon as he had boots to put on. The quarrel between Queen and Chancellor was, for the time, at an end.

Whilst these affairs were in progress abroad, there had followed upon Charles' unsuccessful endeavour to effect his escape from Carisbrooke another attempt at an agreement on the Independents' part. Whatever may have been the terms offered, it has been believed that they were accompanied by an intimation that a refusal would be followed by his deposition and the proclamation as king of his second son. In any case, it was undesirable that James should remain in the hands of his father's enemies; and on April 21st, the boy, dressed in woman's clothes, and making, it is said, a very pretty girl, effected his escape from St. James' Palace. By the 23rd he was safe on Dutch soil, and had received a joyful welcome from his sister. It was a significant fact that at St. James' his flight was followed by the augmentation of the household of the little brother he

From the picture by Honthorst at Hampton Court.

JAMES II. AS DUKE OF YORK.

had left behind him, the only one of the King's sons remaining in the power of his opponents.

Meantime the hopes of the Royalists were rising. On May 1st a formal invitation was sent to the Prince of Wales to repair to Scotland. Before the end of the month a portion of the fleet had declared for the King; Carlisle and Berwick were in the hands of his partisans; Wales was in arms; and unorganised and spontaneous risings were taking place in other parts of the country, the spirit of Kent in particular being displayed in the enthusiastic reception given at Sandwich to an impostor masquerading as the Prince of Wales.

The zeal of the Kentish men carried them on too fast, and by the first days of June the forces prematurely gathered together under the Earl of Norwich had been dispersed by Fairfax. On the other hand, Essex had risen, and Fairfax's troops in their turn experienced a reverse. When the Prince of Wales quitted Saint-Germain on June 25th, with the intention of making his way, *viâ* Calais, to Holland, Colchester was blockaded by the Independent forces, and the siege was proceeding.

The Prince—as usual when it was a question of the fulfilment of promises made by Mazarin—had been disappointed of money to be contributed by France towards the expenses of his journey, and had started more thinly attended than would otherwise have been the case. All the available privy councillors had, nevertheless, received orders to repair to Calais, and the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Bristol, and the secretary, Nicholas, were on their way thither. A fortnight later Jermyn followed, Newcastle also leaving Paris for Holland. Thirty thousand pounds had been raised by the Queen upon jewels still unsold; and, thus supplied with the necessary funds,

Ormond was preparing to start for Ireland, there to attempt to carry out his plans.

In Paris Henrietta remained, lonely and anxious concerning the enterprise upon which her boy had set forth. Other and more sordid cares oppressed her. "Our court wants money," wrote Sir Richard Browne, British Resident in Paris, at the end of July, "and lives very quietly at Saint-Germain." It did want money, badly. Some three weeks after the parting of mother and son, Madame de Motteville, with a friend, visited Henrietta at the Carmelite convent to which she had temporarily withdrawn. The Queen was found alone, busily engaged in writing and fastening up her letters for England. When this had been done, she turned to her guests, expressing her misgivings as to the success of the Prince's expedition. Then she spoke of her own condition, left almost without means of subsistence. A little golden cup from which she drank was, she told them, the only gold in her possession ; and when her son's servants had come, on his departure, to ask for money, she had had none wherewith to satisfy their claims. To other troubles inseparable from her position was added the menace of actual want.

That the Queen was reduced to these straits was in part owing to the condition of French affairs. At the Palais Royal money was scarce. Dissensions between the court and the Parliament were becoming daily more violent, and Anne of Austria and her minister to a greater degree objects of aversion. To Henrietta, taught by experience the length to which disaffection may be carried, the struggle appeared a prelude to a convulsion such as that which had taken place in England ; and she was eager and anxious to act as peace-maker, and to convince the Queen-Regent—as stubborn in her resistance to the

popular demands as Henrietta herself at an earlier date—of the necessity of a policy of conciliation. So far, however, her sister-in-law had proved deaf to her counsels, and not long after Charles' departure she had taken the bold step of arresting Broussel, the popular idol, with two of his parliamentary colleagues.

The most important of the prisoners had been taken to Saint-Germain, where Henrietta was then living, and had there been lodged on his way to a more distant place of captivity. On hearing of his arrival it occurred to the Queen that she might use the opportunity to intervene. She therefore visited him in the room in which he was confined, and addressing him graciously with a promise to intercede on his behalf with the Regent, proceeded to reproach him with language he had used, and, so to speak, to deliver a sermon upon the text furnished by the present condition of England. Let Broussel save her native land and his from a like fate. The prisoner's reply is not recorded. He was before long to be in a position to profit, were he so minded, by her exhortations. Paris was clamorously demanding his liberation, barricades were set up, the city was in tumult, but the Regent remained obstinate in her resistance. Again Henrietta threw her weight into the scales in favour of peace.

Molé, the President, with twenty colleagues, had been introduced by Orléans himself into the *petite chambre grise* where Anne sat, surrounded by the princesses of the blood—Henrietta, who, it would seem, had hurried up from Saint-Germain, being also present.

The petition was presented, Orléans imploring his sister-in-law to relent. And still the Regent, proud and indignant, rejected both his counsels of peace and the entreaties of the princesses. Then Henrietta, laying

her hand upon the Queen's, as it hung over her chair, added her supplications to the rest, enforcing them with the old cogent argument afforded by personal experience. At the first not even in England had the foment been so great. "Yield, Madame," she urged, "listen to our prayer." It is said that at this moment the King's laughter rang out in the garden below where he was at play. Molé seized his opportunity.

"Mon Dieu!" he said, "whilst that child is playing he is losing his crown."

Whether or not it was the boy's laugh that gave the prisoners their liberty, Anne submitted to necessity. The popular leaders were released, and an armistice between the contending parties was arranged.

If Henrietta had done her best to promote a policy of conciliation, she was not given credit for it. A contemporary letter from a Royalist in Paris mentions that the fact that Broussel had been confined in the chamber of Crofts, Henrietta's captain of the guard, together with the subsequent visit she paid to the Queen-Regent, had damaged her in the eyes of the populace. It was reported that, so far from her visit having been paid in the interests of peace, her object had been to urge resistance upon her sister-in-law, and to advise her to take warning by the ill success following upon compliance in England. "I wish," added the writer of the letter, "the visit had been spared, and that some other place had been his prison."

Serious as was the situation in Paris, Henrietta can have spared but a fitful interest to French affairs. News from England was discouraging. A grave error had been committed in the appointment of Holland, at long last returned to his allegiance, to the supreme command of the rising intended to coincide with a Scottish

After the picture by Van Dyck.

LUCY PERCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

descent upon the country. The arrangement had been mainly due to Lady Carlisle, who, it might have been supposed, had sufficiently proved her untrustworthiness as an adviser; and when the Earl, having "a mind to redeem his former faults by a new and thorough engagement," offered his services, the Queen determined to accept them. His old friendship with Jermyn had been renewed, and the post conferred upon him was an earnest of the forgiveness he had won. His present pledges were redeemed, and he was shortly to pay for his tardy loyalty on the scaffold. It was a time when pardon might be politic; Holland would have found it difficult, with the best will in the world, to change sides again, and self-interest might be trusted to safeguard his faith. But he was not the less unfitted for the office he was to fill. In a business demanding the utmost secrecy, his movements were matters of public report, and when on July 4th he took the field, the fortunes of the enterprise were decided in a week. By the 10th he was himself a prisoner; his master of the Horse, the young Duke of Buckingham, had made his escape to Holland; and Buckingham's brother, Lord Francis Villiers, had lost his life. If the absolute collapse of the attempt had done no more, it had proved that the English Royalists were wholly incapable, unless supplemented by aid from Scotland or abroad, of coping with the Parliamentary troops.

Of the necessary assistance there was at present little hope. Not long after the south-country rising had been crushed, the Scottish expedition arranged to coincide with it ended in failure no less complete, and the Prince, on his arrival at the Downs, was met with the news of Hamilton's capitulation at Uttoxeter. Before the end of August Colchester had fallen. Deal was soon to follow;

and, separated from the enemy's fleet when preparing for battle, it only remained for Charles, denuded of all necessaries, to put back to Holland. The net result of the venture, so far as the Prince was concerned, was the proof he had given, by accepting the terms proposed by Lauderdale on behalf of the Scotch, that whatever might be the case with his father, he would not permit scruples of conscience to stand between himself and his heritage. He had consented to go to Scotland unaccompanied by those of his followers who had been proscribed ; and, though not without some difficulty, had been induced to undertake to conform, whilst in the Scotch camp, to Presbyterian worship. The light in which these concessions were likely to strike some of the warmest adherents of the Royalist cause is reflected in a letter addressed by Hyde to the Queen from the Hague, when there was still a question of Charles' repairing to Scotland.

After reporting that he and Cottington had had audience of the Prince, he expressed his deep regret that he had not seen Henrietta and learnt her wishes. The failure to do so had been his first and greatest misfortune, the presage of all that had followed. He then proceeded to make a less courtier-like confession of his religious and political faith. Had he had an interview with her, he would have told her that he had changed in nothing since he had first kissed her hands. His devotion to the Church of England was such that he would consent to nought that would destroy or change it. He would also resist all attempts, were they of King or Queen themselves, to lessen the power of the Crown. He therefore begged her to consider how unfitted he was to take part in the present transaction ; and trusted that he would not lose her favour if he prayed for some

service other than that of accompanying the Prince to Scotland.

It must soon have been clear that nothing was to be gained at the moment by Charles' presence in the northern kingdom, and Jermyn told Hyde that, though unconvinced by his arguments, the Scotch scheme was no longer in question. "The Queen," he added, "makes you no answer by this occasion." The fact that Charles' fleet was blockaded at Helvoetsluys would in any case have made the expedition impossible. Henrietta, however, undaunted by disappointment, was still at work, refusing to abandon hopes of carrying on the struggle. The Duke of Lorraine might supply troops, Venice money; whilst the conclusion of the French war with Germany seemed to render aid from France more possible than before. But it was to Ireland that, Scotland having proved a broken reed, the eyes of the Royalist party were chiefly turning.

In the Isle of Wight, the spot where the interests of the King's faithful servants were above all centred, the treaty of Newport was in progress, though it must have been patent from the first that little good was likely to come of it. Charles' virtues and his faults continued to bar the way to a genuine understanding. He was distrusted, and he was distrusted with reason. He made concessions with the deliberate intention, by some sleight of language or moral sophistry, of evading them. On the other hand, he refused to give way on points which were amongst the necessary preliminaries to any settlement. Conscience is an incalculable quantity. It is difficult to comprehend the frame of mind permitting a man to enter into one set of engagements with the purpose of breaking them, whilst principle keeps him firm in declining to give other pledges. Yet this was

Charles' case. "Lest the rumour of my concessions concerning Ireland should prejudice my affairs there," he wrote to the Queen, "I send the enclosed letter to the Marquis of Ormond, the sum of which is to obey your command, and to refuse mine till I certify him I am a free man." "Be not startled at my great concessions concerning Ireland," he wrote to Ormond himself, "for that they will come to nothing." It would be difficult to produce evidence more conclusive of the impossibility of building a secure edifice upon the shifting foundation of the King's word. And yet—here comes in the curious caprice of a conscience at once elastic and scrupulous—there were vital points, such as the old question of church government, upon which he was as firm as ever in declining to treat. Upon some matters he would not so much as appear to yield; upon others he yielded, deliberately intending to break the engagements made; whilst in the case of a third class it may be believed that he meant in honesty to redeem his promises. Remembering besides that he had left himself a loophole for escape should he be entangled in the network of compromise, by the stipulation that no pledges should be held binding unless a complete understanding upon every point should be reached, it can scarcely have failed to be clear that the negotiations, on the King's part, were scarcely more than a device to gain time.

Schemes of effecting an escape had not been wanting; and Charles had been long intending to avail himself for that purpose of the comparative liberty afforded by the exchange of Carisbrooke Castle for a lodging in Newport. His parole, it was true, had been given, but excuses had appeared to justify, in contemplation, its breach. Brought face to face with the opportunity of flight, the step wore a different aspect; and he could not bring himself to break

After the picture by Van Dyck at Dresden.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

the given pledge. On the following day, December 1st, his removal to Hurst Castle put an end to the chances of evasion. By the 15th he was at Windsor; and five weeks later he stood for the first time before his judges.

However long such a development had been preparing, the shock will have been none the less when Henrietta learnt that the King was to be tried for his life. In a letter of an earlier date, quoted in an old biography, Charles appears to have striven to prepare her for the coming blow. He was, he told her, thinking rather of death than of keeping the fight up any longer. Let her think no more of saving him, since it would be useless. Reading this letter, the biographer adds, the Queen was so unhappy that she seemed almost to be dying, and the Regent was summoned. Arriving in a few hours, Anne had comforted her sister-in-law with her presence. Such comfort can have been but of little avail; and now that the end was more plainly imminent Henrietta wrote, on January 6th, an urgent appeal to be permitted to join the King. "Struck to the heart," says Clarendon, "with amazement and confusion upon the report of what the Parliament intended," she sent to the French agent in London, de Grignan, letters addressed to the "Speakers" of both Houses, desiring a pass to enable her to go to London, and offering to use her influence to induce Charles to satisfy Parliament. Should her interposition be declined, she begged to be permitted to be at hand in his extremity. Urgent as was her pleading, she feared a refusal. "I dare not promise myself," she told Grignan, in sending her enclosures, "that they will give me leave to go. I desire it too greatly to count upon it at a time when my wishes so rarely find fulfilment."

Her forebodings proved true. The petitions were laid aside unopened, nor was any answer made.

In a letter to Charles[1] she told him that she wished to die for him, or at least with him ; that she could not live without hopes of being restored to him ; that she had done her utmost, and still hoped to help him.

Such hopes were quickly to end. On January 27th sentence of death had been passed upon the King. The night after, says the *Moderate Intelligencer*, he commanded his dogs to be taken away and to be sent to the Queen, unwilling to have anything present that might take him off from serious consideration of himself. The next day witnessed a more bitter parting. On the 29th he took leave of his children. To Elizabeth, just thirteen, he gave his last message to the wife he was to see no more, bidding her let her mother know " that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last." To little Gloucester, not yet ten, he reiterated his injunctions never to permit himself to be made king in his brother's place, the child giving his well-known promise, " I will sooner be torn in pieces first."

The scene familiar to all followed. Through the grave and gate of death, Charles, vanquished and defeated, passed out a victor. In the eyes of the mass of his people he was quickly to become, from the representative of a lost cause, a martyr and a saint.

[1] Quoted in an early biography.

CHAPTER XIX

1649

Paris in 1649—The Queen's poverty—Her reception of the news of the King's death—Charles II. and his mother—His marriage with Mademoiselle again in question—Charles in France—Disputes with the Queen—Hyde's intervention—A visit from Mademoiselle—Charles leaves France.

WHEN the news of the tragedy at Whitehall reached France, Henrietta was at the Louvre, deprived of what comfort and consolation she might have found in the presence of her constant friend, the Queen-Regent, by the absence of the latter from Paris.

The preceding weeks had been a time of riot and disorder. The smouldering animosities of court and Parliament had burst into open flame, and recourse had been had to arms. Upon the eve of the Epiphany the Regent had determined upon the important step of quitting Paris secretly, taking with her the King; to proceed to Saint-Germain, and thence to lay siege to the capital. In the small hours of January 6th messengers from the Palais Royal apprised those belonging to the court of her intention, and bade them rise and accompany her without delay. There were some who made excuses, but the majority obeyed, and Paris awoke in the morning to find itself abandoned by Regent, King, minister, and court.

All that day the city was in tumult. Some courtiers who had been left behind followed the court to Saint-

Germain ; others quitted Paris for reasons of their own, or to escape from the reigning confusion.

Henrietta had not been amongst those who had joined in the general exodus. She was pre-occupied by interests nearer home than even the breaking out of a civil war under her eyes. On the very day that the crowd of princes and nobles and ladies of the court had taken the road to Saint-Germain, her appeal to the Parliament sitting at Westminster had been written ; and, with the thought of what was going forward in England, it is likely that she had as little attention to spare for the noisy demonstrations of the Parisian mob as politicians more immediately concerned in the matter had for her. She was not, however, wholly forgotten. Five or six days before the court left Paris, the Cardinal de Retz, leader of the Fronde, had paid a visit to the Louvre, and has left upon record the condition in which he found the exiled Queen of England and her little child.

It was in the room of the four-year-old Henriette-Anne, still in bed, that Henrietta received her guest.

"You see I am here to keep Henriette company," she told him. "The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire."

On inquiry it transpired that the pension paid to her by Mazarin was six months in arrear, that she was unable to obtain credit, and that not a bundle of wood remained available in the palace.

"You will do me the justice to believe," adds the Cardinal, "that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the following day, for lack of a faggot." So strongly did he represent Henrietta's needs to Parliament that she shortly afterwards received a grant of 40,000 livres from that body.

Remembering that, not a week later,[1] the Queen was to receive news of the urgent peril in which her husband stood, and to send her appeal for permission to share it, cold and hunger may well have been the least of the troubles she had to bear. Nor was it Henrietta's habit to lay stress upon physical discomfort. When forced, now or later, for want of fuel to spend the afternoons in the heated galleries of the Louvre, she was accustomed to speak of her necessities as a thing "où il sembloit qu'elle n'eust aucune part," nor was she ever heard to complain. It is stated in a manuscript of the day[2] that, whilst any other queen would have been abandoned by her attendants, owing to the distress in her household at the time of the Fronde, Henrietta's servants endured astonishing privations before quitting her in search of food. "She shares them with us," they said, "and what suffices her, suffices us." The comforts denied to her dependants, she preferred to dispense with.

Yet, however heroically met, the fact that cold and hunger were staring Henrietta in the face was a singular feature of the times, and de Retz was justified in his assertion that posterity would hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter of Henri-Quatre, had wanted a faggot in the Louvre, in the month of January and in the sight of the French court.

The insinuation, natural enough in the mouth of the leader of the Fronde, that Henrietta had suffered neglect at the hands of those bound by every obligation of blood and race to minister to her necessities, is not altogether fair. In the stress of the present crisis her

[1] Henrietta's letter is dated January 6th, N.S. It was laid aside on January 3rd, O.S., at Westminster.

[2] Quoted by Miss Strickland.

condition may, indeed, have been overlooked; but, so long as Anne had been in a position to make it so, her conduct towards her unfortunate sister-in-law had been marked by consistent liberality. The days were at hand when the Regent was to find it no easy matter to supply the necessaries of life to her own court.

Personally, Henrietta had little to fear from the stormy condition of Paris. The Condés, some of whom had already thrown the weight of their great position into the scales in favour of the Fronde, were her friends; nor was it forgotten by others besides the Cardinal de Retz that she was the daughter of a king of whom the nation was justly proud. In spite of her penury, she was able to afford protection to those who needed it; and Madame de Motteville, on her own confession far from *vaillante*, and terrified at the state of the city, sought and obtained, for herself and her sister, shelter at the Louvre.

Open warfare had begun and the town was blockaded by the Queen-Regent's troops. The Seine was in flood, and Paris inundated, traffic being carried on in some parts of the town by means of boats. It was a dreary January. Personal cares, however, take precedence of public disaster, and to Henrietta the increased difficulty in maintaining regular communication with England will have appeared the most serious result of the siege. Little news reached the beleaguered city, and to the condition of public affairs in France the Queen attributed Charles' silence, due in reality to the strictness of the guard kept upon the prisoner.

So the month wore away till the final scene took place at Whitehall. The end had already come when false tidings reached the Queen, telling how Charles had been led from prison to the scaffold, and how,

before the execution could be carried out, the people had intervened to save him. If, as it was surmised, the tale had been deliberately invented by Jermyn to pave the way for what he had no doubt was soon to follow, he miscalculated his mistress's sanguine spirit; for, relating the story with tears to her friends, Henrietta drew from it fresh hope for the future.

It was not until ten days after the event that the fatal truth at length reached her. On the preceding afternoon her second son, James, in possession of the facts, had made his way to Paris; but it seems to have been determined to leave the unhappy Queen in ignorance of her calamity for another four-and-twenty hours; and at dinner next day she was anxiously awaiting the return of a messenger who had been sent to obtain news from Saint-Germain.[1]

Having pronounced the grace, her attendant Capuchin, Père Cyprian de Gamache, who afterwards wrote an account of the scene, had been about to withdraw, when he received an intimation that he would do well to remain at his post, in order that he might be at hand when his mistress should receive tidings of the death of her husband. An hour passed and nothing was heard. As ordinary conversation was carried on, the Queen's uneasiness at the delay of her messenger grew. Why was he so long in coming? she questioned. Jermyn answered, making use of the opportunity to prepare her for what was to follow. The gentleman sent, he said, was so faithful and so prompt that, had the news been favourable, he would not have failed to reach her sooner.

[1] In an early French biography, anonymously published, but attributed to C. Cotolendi, Henrietta is stated to have received the news at a Carmelite convent. But de Gamache's account is manifestly the true one.

"What, then, is it?" asked the Queen. "I perceive plainly that you know."

Jermyn did know. Not even now at once, but gradually, he made the necessary announcement. All hope was over; the King was dead.

The shock was overwhelming. Strange though it may seem, in the Capuchin's word Henrietta "had not expected anything of the kind," and the blow found her—as such blows commonly do—wholly unprepared. For long she sat, silent, motionless, "like a statue," deaf to what was said, insensible to the efforts made to rouse her. It was only when night was falling that her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Vendôme, herself in tears, succeeded in awakening her from the species of stupor in which she was wrapped.

That February day marked the culminating point of Henrietta's misfortunes. The goal towards which the efforts, the labours, the longings of years had been directed, was no longer attainable. Never again in this life would she look upon Charles' melancholy face; never again, whatever might befall, would her King enjoy his own. Her happiness lay in ruins around her, nor was any reconstruction of it possible.

Her friend, Madame de Motteville, at once open-eyed and affectionate, and who enjoyed exceptional opportunities of forming a judgment, has left her conviction upon record that, in her heart as well as outwardly, Henrietta wore henceforth perpetual mourning. "With her the King had shared his greatness and his riches; it was just that she should taste largely of the bitterness of his lot; and that, he having died once, she should die daily." Later on, indeed, she would wake to life again. She was not forty. Her children remained, outcasts like herself from the land where their father had reigned as

king; for them work was to be done, rights regained. There was, besides, a buoyancy and elasticity about her character which would reassert itself. But, for the time, the blow must have come near to be paralysing.

Two days later she was, nevertheless, in a condition to take thought for others. Madame de Motteville, having obtained a pass enabling her to rejoin the court at Saint-Germain, came to take leave of her protectress, and, kneeling by the Queen's bedside, listened to the messages, broken by sobs, sent by Henrietta to the Regent. "She commanded me to let the Queen know of her condition, and to tell her that her Lord the King, whose death was to render her the most unhappy woman in the world, had been lost because he had never known the truth; that she counselled her not to exasperate her subjects unless she had strength to subdue them entirely; that the people is a savage beast, never to be tamed; that her Lord the King had made proof of it; and that she prayed God that there might be more happiness in France than in England. But above all she counselled her to listen to those who should speak the truth, to labour to discover it, and to believe that the greatest evil of which kings were capable, and which alone could prove destructive to their kingdoms, was to be ignorant of it."

Proceeding to deal with matters bearing more directly upon her personal interests, she demanded that no time should be lost in recognising the Prince of Wales as king, and the young Duke of York as heir to the throne. Then, once more overcome with a passion of grief, she recurred to her own irrecoverable loss, the loss of a king, a husband, and a friend, and to the undying sorrow he had bequeathed her.

In this interview Henrietta is very like herself, equally

in her passionate regrets, her desire to impress upon her sister-in-law the lessons life had taught her, and the instant measures she took to assert her children's rights.

In the first violence of her grief she took the step of retiring for a time into the Carmelite convent in the Faubourg-Saint-Jacques, leaving, says Père Cyprian, the care of the morals of the four-year-old Henriette-Anne to Lady Dalkeith—now become Lady Morton—and her instruction to himself. The affairs of her son were not, however, in a condition to dispense with her attention, and she had not been long in her place of retreat when the Capuchin was sent to point out the desirability of a return to the Louvre. It was, accordingly, at the palace that she was found by Mademoiselle when, two months later, she profited by the conclusion of a temporary peace with the insurgents to come from Saint-Germain to pay her aunt a visit of condolence.

To turn from the narratives of those who loved Henrietta and made her sorrows their own, to that of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, is a transition from tragedy to comedy. It was not two months since the Queen had reached the climax of her misfortunes. The event filling all Royalists with horror and rage was new, and their grief finding expression in strange and almost blasphemous language.

"Even the crucifying of our blessed Saviour," wrote Digby to Ormond in his first vehemence of sorrow and wrath, "if we consider Him only in His human nature, did nothing equal this, His kingdom being not of this world, and He, though as unjustly condemned, yet judged at a lawful tribunal. May all tears for his Majesty be dried up in such an indignation as may inflame all honest hearts to a noble vengeance of so innocent a suffering."

Whilst this was the spirit breathed by the dead King's servants, Henrietta would not be less moved; and Clarendon, who had little liking for her, acknowledges "the great agony she was in, which without doubt was as great a passion of sorrow as she was able to sustain." Mademoiselle took a different view; nor did she consider her aunt as much concerned as she might have been at her bereavement. "For my part," adds the niece, indulgently if inconsistently, "I believe it was through strength of mind that she appeared thus." It may rather have been owing to an instinct warning Henrietta that sympathy was not to be expected from her shrewd, hard-headed visitor.

It was on this occasion that Mademoiselle made acquaintance with her young cousin, the Duke of York, who appears to have been the one member of the English royal family she thoroughly approved. He was, she says, a very pretty boy, well made and with a handsome face. He also spoke French well, which gave him a great advantage over his brother, the King. His conversation was well chosen, and his cousin expressed herself in every way pleased with her new companion. During her stay in Paris she visited Henrietta daily, and was accustomed to take the boy out, thus affording him a welcome diversion from the sadness prevailing at the Louvre.

Though her second son had obeyed Henrietta's summons to Paris, the new-made King lingered in Holland, by no means desirous, according to Clarendon, of returning to France and his mother's vicinity. His disinclination will have been strengthened and encouraged by those about him. It was true that, at the first, minor differences had been sunk in the sense of an overwhelming and common calamity. The rough draught of an unsent letter from Charles to his mother,

whether emanating from himself or from Hyde, indicates the attitude then assumed by the King. He there begs her not to yield to a destroying sorrow, which would rob him of his only comfort and blessing; entreats that she will assist and guide him by her counsels; and assures her that, as never son had greater obligations and bonds of duty and gratitude towards a mother, so no mother ever received a fuller and more entire submission and obedience from a son.

It was, perhaps, well that professions to which conduct was soon to offer a signal contradiction remained unmade. But the letter reflects with sufficient truth the state of feeling at the Hague immediately consequent upon the King's execution. In April Hyde gave expression, writing to Sir John Berkeley in his own person, to his sentiments. "My duty," he said, "to the Queen is a part of my religion, and I shall as soon take the Covenant as commit any fault willingly against her." The oath—the strongest of which the Chancellor was capable—was probably perfectly sincere. Loyalty was to him an article of his faith; and Henrietta had the further claim upon him of being the wife of a master he had loved devotedly.

In the first keenness of her sorrow the Queen, too, had evinced a disposition to bury the hatchet, and had shown herself favourably inclined towards her husband's old and faithful servants. Her state of feeling is described in the letters of Lord Hatton—an English refugee at this time, though not afterwards, in much favour at the Louvre—to his friend Sir Edward Nicholas. The good Queen, Hatton wrote, had "expressed her content that such honest men should be about her son," adding that "if any strangeness had been, it was through mistaking of her." Hatton believed in her sincerity,

and was confident that her heart dictated to her tongue. A few days later, when just come from the presence of "our good and sad Queen," the same writer was again able to report that she was resolved to abide by Ormond's advice—advice certain to be in harmony with the views of Hyde and Nicholas—and to shun the rocks upon which earlier designs had split. Should money be lacking to enable the King to proceed to Ireland —the project promising most success at the moment— she would be ready to sacrifice the jewels in pawn in Holland rather than allow financial difficulties to hinder his journey. It is plain that, in Hatton's opinion, had Henrietta been left to herself, Charles and his advisers would have had no cause of complaint. On the other hand, not Nicholas nor Hyde themselves could have surpassed him in distrust of Jermyn and his "vast and exorbitant power," and so long as this counsellor retained his influence it was impossible that the men who represented a party opposed to him should feel confidence either in the Queen's wisdom and discretion, or in her attitude towards themselves.

Charles had lost no time in causing the members of his father's Council to be sworn of his own. This had been done before a letter from his mother reached him, not only expressing her desire that he would at once repair to France, but urging him to admit no person to be member of the Privy Council till she should have conferred with him on the subject. Lord Hatton, it is true, explained her request as a mere wish to acquaint the new King with his father's will; but he was careful to add that Jermyn had no share in the Queen's goodness and noble ends, and that, in his belief, neither Hyde nor Cottington would retain their posts could he compass their removal.

Hatton also told Secretary Nicholas, in his ear, that he had a very, very great jealousy that Lord Digby would be likewise left in the lurch. In the sequel it would seem that Hatton's jealousy on this point was not unfounded; but for the present Henrietta was doing her best to secure for Digby her son's favour; since in a letter to the late King's secretary Charles informed him that his mother took all his concernments very much to heart, and that he had given her his word that, when better times should come, Digby should have a place as near his own person and trust as he could desire. Hyde indeed feared that, in his confidence of the Queen's favour and Jermyn's friendship, his unwise friend would again "put himself too much upon the stage." "What this madness may produce, who knows?" sighed the Chancellor, ever sighting perils ahead.

Whilst Digby was ready to put faith in the Queen's goodwill, the view taken by Hatton of the manner in which Jermyn's influence would be asserted with regard to the King's present advisers was not such as to lessen their disinclination that he should return to France. The saddest thing in their business, Hyde told Nicholas, was that those about the Queen had learnt to dissemble so much that they knew not whom to trust. As for the King, nothing had been left unsaid to him concerning both his father's and his mother's counsellors, and he heartily loved all honest men. In other words, all had been done that man could do to inspire him with confidence in the first and distrust for the last. Yet the Chancellor predicted another short reign for Jermyn, Goring, and Percy before matters should go right.

Other reasons were not wanting to render Hyde and his friends unwilling that the King should betake himself

to Paris. It was held that he had been badly treated at his coming thence, and distrust was felt in some quarters as to the use that the possession of his person might prove to the Fronde in trafficking with the Parliament at Westminster. It was, at all events, not till the summer that the meeting to which Henrietta looked forward with so much eagerness took place ; and Jermyn had been despatched to the Hague to enforce her wishes before her son yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him and proceeded to France.

The Queen had not spent the interval in idleness, and had in particular been pursuing her efforts to obtain for Charles a wealthy bride. Whilst he was lingering in Holland, she had once more set on foot negotiations designed to realise her dream of a marriage with his cousin. At first it seemed not improbable that her endeavours would be crowned with success. Charles' position had undergone a change since he had sat at Mademoiselle's feet at the ball. In theory at least, and in name, he was a reigning sovereign, and, according to his mother's anticipations, not without good hope of turning his titular kingship into a reality. "The King my son is still in Holland," she wrote to her sister in May, "but I am daily expecting to hear of his departure to come hither on his way to Ireland, where he is awaited with the utmost impatience, all that country being reduced to obedience, with the exception of two towns, one of them being the capital of the kingdom, called Dublin, which is held by the Parliamentarians. We hope to take it soon ; it is now besieged by the Viceroy. If it is taken the other will not hold out. All Ireland is quiet, and the King will have an army of 25,000 good men to dispose of as he pleases."

Nor was Henrietta's forecast unduly sanguine. The

King's execution had raised a formidable volume of public indignation, at home and abroad. The Czar dismissed the English envoy. France withdrew her ambassador. The States-General of Holland recognised Charles as King, and refused to receive the envoys from England. In Scotland the new King had been proclaimed, and he himself invited to repair thither. Ireland, under Ormond, was said to be, three-fourths of it, loyal. Dissension was present in the camp of his opponents. Under such circumstances a restoration might well appear to lie in the near future.

Mademoiselle was not insensible to the advantages of a union offering many possibilities, besides the right to take precedence of the Queen-Regent in her own court, a privilege specially dazzling to an aspirant of the temper of Anne of Austria's niece. When she was, therefore, approached on the subject by her father, she was found to be in a mood of unusual docility. He was a better judge than herself, she declared, of what was for her welfare; she was prepared to yield him obedience in all things, and his will should be hers. Mazarin appeared favourably disposed towards the project, making more of the "gaudy promises"—to use Clarendon's phrase—of which he was lavish; and the Regent set herself to plead the cause of Henrietta's son, rallying Mademoiselle so mercilessly, in Jermyn's presence, that the victim wishes us to believe that she was put to the blush. Reflection availed to show the wary heiress that there was another side to the question. She had been used to riches and pleasure, and she was too shrewd to be blind to the contingency that, in the event of a marriage with her cousin, all her vast possessions might prove insufficient to restore to him his throne. Determining, therefore, to follow a non-committing policy, she

discovered an obstacle to the match having the additional merit of reflecting credit upon herself. For her aunt's sake, she told Jermyn, who was acting as intermediary, she would have been ready to overlook its material disadvantages, but religion presented an insuperable hindrance, which it was for Charles to remove. Jermyn made the natural reply that to declare himself a Catholic would be wholly destructive to her cousin's chances of regaining his kingdom, and the marriage question remained, as Mademoiselle had probably intended, in abeyance.

Thus matters stood when Charles' long-deferred journey to France was made. The French court, at the time of his arrival, was at Compiègne, where he paid a passing visit before proceeding to join his mother at Saint-Germain.

The result of his meeting with Mademoiselle was awaited with an interest and curiosity fully shared by his cousin. She would have liked the King, she frankly admitted, to make love to her—"qu'il me dise des douceurs"—since it was what no one else had dared to do. This singular fact she ascribed, not to her rank—queens of her acquaintance not having lacked lovers—but to her own want of coquetry. "Without, however, being a coquette, I could well listen to love-making from a king to whom they would marry me. So I wish very much that he would do it."

Mademoiselle's wish was not fulfilled. As she entered the royal carriage to go to meet the guest, the Queen noticed her curled hair, and mocked at the unusual care displayed in its arrangement. One could easily see, she said, when gallants were expected. It was upon Mademoiselle's lips to reply that those who had possessed them were in a position to judge; but

she repressed the insolent inuendo, and the party proceeded on their way to welcome the visitor.

Charles produced, at the first, a favourable impression upon the heiress. "Perhaps," she admits, "he might now have found favour with me." But before the palace was reached she had changed her mind. King Louis entertained his guest with talk of dogs, horses, Holland, and the Prince of Orange, Charles making due reply. When, however, the Queen would have questioned him on more important matters, he became strangely ignorant of the French language, excusing himself on that score from answering her inquiries. It may be that the policy of reserve he was afterwards to adopt towards his mother had been the cause of his sudden want of conversancy with the Regent's tongue; but Mademoiselle interpreted it after another fashion. From that moment, she says, she decided against the marriage. To be a king, and to display so little knowledge of his own affairs, had condemned her suitor in her eyes.

The evening that followed was not a social success. Left alone with his cousin, Charles permitted a quarter of an hour to pass in dead silence. After which it was vain for Monsieur's favourite to tell her that the King had never removed his eyes from her during dinner or since. The sole attempt made by Charles at arriving at an understanding with his proposed bride was when, at parting, he observed lamely that Lord Jermyn, who spoke French better than himself, would have explained his sentiments and plans, concluding by the assurance that he was her very obedient servant. Mademoiselle made fitting response, and thus the visit ended.

The King spent the rest of his stay in France—

some three months—with his mother at Saint-Germain, lent to the English exiles as a place of quiet and retirement during their time of mourning, and little further intercourse took place between the cousins. The French court was chiefly resident at Paris; and those belonging to it seldom cared to find their way to a habitation offering so few attractions as Henrietta's, and where, above all, "le malheur étoit de la partie."

To the Queen her son's eagerly expected visit was far from proving as satisfactory as she had hoped. The King, fresh from the admonitions of the Chancellor and his friends, showed a strong inclination to keep his own counsel in matters of business; and, upon his mother reproaching him with his reticence, made no secret of his intention of acting upon his own judgment, "and did as good as desire her not to trouble herself in his affairs."[1] The declaration of independence, perhaps due in part to boyish bravado and a wish to prove his emancipation from maternal control, must have presented to the Queen a painful contrast to his father's eager deference and vehement repudiation of the very suggestion that she should withdraw from matters of state policy; nor was she a woman to disguise her resentment. The natural result followed. "Finding her passions strong, [the King] frequently retired from her with some abruptness, and seemed not to desire to be so much in her company as she expected."[2]

A further subject of contention was furnished by one Thomas Elliot, groom of the bedchamber. Distrusted both by Charles I. and Henrietta, the new King had always cherished a liking for him that he was now able to indulge; and Elliot, aspiring to the post of favourite, had made his influence over the lad unfortunately felt

[1] Clarendon. [2] *Ibid.*

in the exclusion of the Earl of Bristol and his son, Digby, from the council board, and in the further refusal of the King to continue the latter in his former post of Secretary of State, a *quasi* promise having been obtained from Charles that he should be replaced by Elliot's own father-in-law, Windham, a man of no capacity and totally unfitted for the proposed responsibility.

The one point upon which Elliot and Charles' wiser counsellors were agreed was the necessity of instilling into his mind a dread of the injury to be suffered by his cause should the suspicion be entertained that he was governed by his mother; and bearing in mind the statement made by Hyde to Nicholas a few months earlier, to the effect that the King had as ill an opinion of Jermyn, "the greatest flatterer living," as his correspondent, it will be seen that the elements at the court of Saint-Germain were not likely to coalesce. It was in this condition that matters were found by Hyde when he and Lord Cottington, deputed to proceed on a mission to the court of Madrid, arrived in France shortly after the King. The Chancellor was quickly made the confidant of both parties. Charles lost no time in lodging with him complaints of his mother's ill-humour, using in making them "a more exalted dialect" than formerly. A private and confidential interview with the Queen followed, when the newcomer was, in turn, duly acquainted with her grievances, with the King's unkindness, Elliot's credit with him, and his rudeness to herself. Adding professions of goodwill towards the Chancellor, she expressed her willingness that he should act as intermediary between the belligerent parties, and do what he could to restore peace. Though little love might be lost between the Queen and her husband's old servant, she knew him

to be trusty and true, and at the present juncture was glad to make use of his hold upon the King to counteract the mischievous influence of the upstart Elliot.

Charles, taken to task by his monitor, was plausible in his defence. He was genuinely fond of his mother, though impatient of her dictation and, not unreasonably, afraid of affording grounds for the belief that he was ruled by her. With regard to Elliot he was disposed to hold his ground. He knew the man to be honest, he said, and loved him well ; and though denying that he was actually pledged to make his father-in-law Secretary, he admitted that such was his intention.[1]

A second question at issue between the Queen and her son was that of the religion of his youngest sister. When Charles attempted to argue the point with her, she not unnaturally evinced a determination to continue to bring the child up in her own faith ; and Charles, having failed to turn her from her purpose, desired the Chancellor to try what he could do. The office of intermediary is not a grateful one, and Hyde must have known that his chances of success were small. He nevertheless obeyed, speaking, to use his own words, as well as if it had been to save his life, and using all the arguments most calculated to carry weight—the suspicion which would fall upon the King, the damage to Henrietta in the eyes of the English people, and, finally, the " irrecoverable ruin to the lady " of five years old.

Henrietta, as might have been expected, proved stubborn. She urged the articles of her marriage treaty,

[1] This intention was afterwards frustrated by a jest of Lord Cottington, who gravely requested the King to make a falconer, old and in poverty, his chaplain, on the grounds that he was no less qualified for the post than Windham to be Secretary.

declared herself to have had the late King's consent, and showed herself fully resolved to continue her child's education as she had begun it. It was clear that nothing could be done in the matter, and both Charles and the Chancellor had no alternative but to allow the Queen her own way.

It is curious to contrast the rose-coloured account given by Henrietta of her relations with her son with the description of them furnished by the Chancellor. Whatever might be her private grounds of dissatisfaction, she was not inclined to make them public. "I think you will not be sorry," she wrote to her sister in July, "when I tell you that the King lives with me in the greatest affection that is possible. You, who have a son who treats you in the same manner, can judge what this is to a mother."

The difficulties that had arisen may have contributed to lessen Henrietta's regret at the conclusion of the King's visit. His presence in France was desired neither by court nor minister, and though the news from Ireland and Cromwell's arrival in that country had caused him to abandon his intention of proceeding thither, it was decided that he should await the course of events in Jersey rather than prolong his stay in a country where he was an unwelcome guest.

When the time of his departure drew near, it occurred to Mademoiselle that it was but fitting that she should pay her respects to the mother and take leave of the son, in whom she probably continued to feel the interest attaching to a possible lover. An event had, however, occurred since their meeting at Compiègne carrying with it the downfall of any hopes that might have been cherished by Henrietta. The Emperor was once more a widower, and Mademoiselle's eyes were

again turned in his direction. A dignified silence upon the subject of her disappointment was not likely to be observed by the Queen ; and her references to the designs she shrewdly surmised to exist on the part of her niece were marked by both temper and bad taste.

" I must congratulate you," she told her visitor, " upon the death of the Empress. If the affair came to nothing before, it has every appearance of being now brought to a successful conclusion."

Mademoiselle made the inevitable reply that the arrangement to which her aunt's words pointed had no place in her thoughts. But Henrietta refused to be silenced. Here was a man, she said—Charles being present—who was persuaded that a king of eighteen was better worth having than an emperor of fifty, with four children. Her son, however, was too much of a beggar and too wretched for Mademoiselle. Then, pointing out an English lady, she added that Charles was in love with her : " He is afraid that you should know it. See how ashamed he is that you should meet her, lest I should tell you."

If the words were prompted by a desire to rouse the heiress to jealousy, the attempt was a failure, and Henrietta changed her tactics. The King having by this time withdrawn, she took her niece into a room apart, and spoke to her with greater seriousness. Her son, she said, had begged her to ask her pardon if the proposal made at Compiègne had displeased her. He was pursued by the thought, and it was causing him despair. For her own part, she would not have charged herself with the message had not his entreaties rendered it impossible for her to refuse. She was of her niece's own opinion. Had Mademoiselle shared his evil fortune, she would have been miserable. All Henrietta desired was that

his present journey should prosper, and that in future days his cousin should wish him well.

Mademoiselle made due acknowledgments, and the visit might here have concluded. But when it appeared that Mademoiselle was proceeding to a convent at Poissy, to visit her half-sisters, both the Duke of York and his elder brother offered to escort her thither. Their cousin demurred. The Duke, it was true, was no more than a little boy, but Charles came under a different category; and in the end her scruples were only removed when the King had induced his mother to be of the party.

Conversation during the ensuing drive was eminently personal. Henrietta enlarged upon the affection the King would entertain for the woman who should become his wife. She alone would absorb his love, predicted the mother; whilst Charles, endorsing all she said, piously declared himself unable to understand how a man possessing a reasonable wife could ever love another woman. Whatever sentiments of the kind he might entertain beforehand, from the moment that he was a married man they would end. "I believed (and it was likely enough)," adds Mademoiselle, "that all this discourse was not without an object. I remained but a short time at Poissy, for it was late. I took leave of the Queen, who stayed there. The King led me to my carriage and made me the necessary compliments, but without any *douceurs*. They would in any case have been useless. I was already thinking of nothing but the empire."

Thus Charles took leave of Mademoiselle and started to seek his fortune afresh.

CHAPTER XX

1649—1651

Chaillot—The Christmas of 1649—Opposition to the Queen amongst Royalists—Its causes—Jermyn—Hyde's correspondence—Meeting of Queen and King at Beauvais—Henrietta's indignation at Charles' compact with the Scotch—Disorders in Paris—Death of Princess Elizabeth—Quarrels with the Duke of York—Death of the Prince of Orange—Nicholas and Ormond—Lord Digby—Religious ministrations to the English refugees—Walter Montagu's influence—Return of the Duke of York—Worcester.

IT was not until the following spring that Charles left Jersey to make his way to Scotland. The descent upon Ireland originally planned having been rendered impossible, Henrietta was, on the whole, in favour of substituting the northern kingdom as a basis of operations.

Her own winter must have been a dreary one. On the King's departure she had quitted Saint-Germain, to return to her old quarters at the Louvre; and, with the exception of some weeks spent at Bourbon, autumn and winter had been passed at Paris. In poverty, separated from her son, and with little to alleviate the hardships of her lot, she now began, according to Clarendon, to entertain the idea of that conventual retirement "which from this time she practised by degrees."

The thought had not been absent from her at an earlier date. "I own," she wrote to her sister some three months after the King's execution, "that my inclination is to retire to the Carmelites; and if I find

the King has no need of me, I shall do so; for after my loss I can have no moment of any joy."

That she should withdraw altogether from the world was not possible. Had no other motive barred the way, the little hands of Henriette-Anne would probably have availed to hold her back. But a place of occasional retreat seemed a necessity, and she was already considering the alternatives open to her. At the Carmelites her visits were inevitably a cause of disturbance to the nuns; whilst she declined the offer of a refuge made by the convent of Port Royal. It was at Chaillot, in a house that had belonged to Bassompierre, her father's friend, that she eventually established herself; founding there, not without opposition, a convent of the order of the Visitation, and retaining in it apartments, overlooking the Seine and Paris, ready to receive her at such times as she desired to resort thither.

In this retreat, now the site of the Trocadéro, no small portion of Henrietta's latter years were spent; and she grew to love the place. "Without professing to be *dévote*," says Madame de Motteville, "she was so to a high degree." Her religious feelings, often imprudently displayed, had ever been strong and genuine. Headstrong in such matters, as in everything else, her piety showed the defects of its qualities. If it was like a child's in its simplicity, it was liable to be marred by childish puerilities; if it was the dominating principle of her life, her zeal was far from being according to knowledge. Yet she loved God, if not altogether wisely, well. Her faith was no mere adhesion to doctrine, nor practice of outward formalities, but animated and informed her life; and the misfortunes that had wrecked her happiness had driven her more and more to seek in religion the comfort and consolation she was denied

elsewhere. To the quiet precincts where the echoes of tumult and dissension penetrated but faintly, and the sound of jarring voices was unheard, she turned with growing relief.

At Chaillot as years went by she received visits from the Queen-Mother, who would come accompanied by her son, leaving him to walk in the convent garden whilst she herself conversed with Henrietta within. A graphic description of one of these visits is furnished in a memoir drawn in part from material supplied by the nuns. On this occasion, Louis, apparently wearying of conventual tranquillity, had conceived a desire to introduce his *calèche* within the walls. To gratify this wish his young companions broke down the door; a crowd rushed in, overrunning every part of the enclosure to which access was possible, and an end was only put to the scene of confusion by the appearance on the balcony above of the Queen-Mother, doubtless advertised by the unusual noise that something untoward was in progress. Her commands to Louis to stop the disorder were promptly obeyed. Reduced at once to penitence, and not content with expelling the intruders without delay, the little King inquired of the Bishop of Puy a method of repairing his transgression; the gift of a sum of thirty pistoles was named, and quiet and peace was restored.

Henriette-Anne, as time went on, was accustomed to accompany her mother on her visits to Chaillot, taking her share, after the custom of the day and as a lesson in humility, in attendance on the nuns; so that her frequent presence at the convent was construed by watchful critics as indicating an intention on the Queen's part to make a nun of the child—a project of which mother and daughter were equally innocent. Another and

possibly more reluctant guest was Charles himself, who, it is said, was at one time taken by the Queen no less than thrice weekly to Chaillot, that he might assist at conferences there held by the persons of most ability she could gather together.

At Christmastide of the sorrowful year of 1649 Chaillot was not yet available as a place of retreat, and it was at another convent that Henrietta spent the season.

"I believe," she wrote to her sister on the eve of the festival, "you will receive my thanks better from the place whence I write—which is the Carmelites—than from the world. Here dissimulation does not reign, and it is also a place where I can render you some service by prayer to God. Although very unworthy, I think myself happy that I can do this in the thing that most concerns us. If I were good enough, you would soon see the effects of it. I think," she added, "that being here makes me write irrelevantly to the subject of my letter," which was to return thanks for a gift.

Another Christmas present, and a strange one, had been received by the Queen. The elder Princesse de Condé—the latest object of her father's devotion—had sent her "an extraordinary fat mutton . . . and in the belly of the sheep were two thousand crowns."

The temporary respite to be enjoyed in her retreat from the jealousy, intrigue, and backbiting natural to the atmosphere of a court must have been welcome to Henrietta. Such an atmosphere was accentuated by the existence of the rival factions into which the Royalist party was divided; and by the fact, mentioned by Sir John Berkeley, that so strong was the feeling against Henrietta entertained by a large number of her son's adherents, that opposition to her imaginary power over the King was the chief link by which they were united.

For some of this prejudice the Queen was responsible. Her friendship for Jermyn was to the last degree unfortunate. Allowing for the animosity almost invariably aroused by the favouritism of a sovereign, the consensus of opinion against him amongst trustworthy judges is conclusive as to his unfitness to occupy the post of the Queen's confidant and counsellor. But it must be borne in mind, in her defence, that, unlike many others, his faithfulness in misfortune as well as in prosperity had been unwavering ; and the consciousness of the hatred of which he was the object will have gone far to enlist in a greater and greater measure on his side the sympathies of a high-spirited and generous woman. Amongst the multiplicity of charges against him some were probably true ; but the exaggeration of others would discredit in Henrietta's eyes the good faith of those responsible for them. It was a time when no sin was too black to be laid to the charge of an opponent—witness the accusations brought later on against Hyde himself, including intrigues with Cromwell ; and a palpable gossip-monger like Lord Hatton was always ready, in the pleasant news-letters he sent from Paris, to stir up fresh suspicion against the favourite. In October he was writing, with regard to an alleged attempt to make mischief for him with the Queen, that it was Jermyn's design and that of another unpopular person, Long, the King's secretary, to engage her to espouse Jermyn's quarrels as her own. And when the pawning or selling of jewels was in question, he did not hesitate to assert that the business would be found a " notable juggle " ; that Jermyn was author of it ; and that, so long as he could shelter himself behind the Queen, nothing but trickery was to be expected. Darker hints of worse things than dishonesty were not wanting in the insinuation

that designs entertained at the Louvre were over-well known at Westminster.

That Jermyn was in possession of ample means, when most of the refugee English were in abject poverty, excused, if not justified, a certain amount of suspicion on the part of men to whom he was an object of dislike; and Hatton did not scruple to suggest that his aim was to possess himself of all the Queen was worth. It is, however, asserted by others that, having invested in good time large sums of money abroad, he was not only able to live in comfort himself, but to supplement on occasion Henrietta's slender income from his private resources. On the whole, taking the circumstances into consideration, and the intimacy and friendship between the Queen and her servant being what it was, it is no wonder that, at a period when a union of the kind would have been in no wise without precedent, it was asserted at the time, and has been constantly repeated since, that a secret marriage bond existed between Henrietta and the man who filled so many posts in her reduced household. But the evidence in support of this hypothesis is of the slenderest nature, whilst not a few considerations make it improbable that the story is founded on fact. The question, however, must be pronounced one of those undetermined by history.[1]

Whatever may have been the true nature of the relations between Henrietta and her favourite, there can be no question that the bond, whether of friendship or of something stronger than friendship, coupled with the distrust for Jermyn felt by the wisest and most loyal of the King's advisers, was largely the cause of a reserve practised towards Henrietta, and adding much

[1] See Appendix for evidence for and against the Queen's marriage with Jermyn.

to the anxiety and uneasiness inseparable from her position. It was taken for granted that Jermyn was also acquainted with what the Queen knew, and there were not a few Royalists, ready to risk life and fortune in Charles' cause, who would have wholly declined to place them in the hands of his mother's favourite. The King can, therefore, scarcely be blamed if he deferred to the advice of those by whom he was surrounded, and continued in Jersey the system of reticence inaugurated at Saint-Germain. But to his mother the exclusion from his counsels was the cause of much bitterness.

"I entreat you," she wrote to her sister, referring to an envoy sent from Jersey to Savoy, "to tell him that you wish to let me know what he has to say before making any reply. You will oblige me extremely. It must seem a little strange to you that I know nothing of his commission." The confession must have cost Henrietta no small amount of humiliation, more especially after the boast she had made of her son's affection; and the suspicion that plans were laid and decisions taken of which she was deliberately kept in ignorance, will have added appreciably to the restless disquietude of her situation.

It might possibly have been a source of consolation had she known that others besides herself had cause to complain of ignorance of the King's plans. Nicholas, it was true, was with him in Jersey, but Hyde and Cottington were still in Spain, detained there on Charles' business, and the Chancellor himself was complaining that for four months past no word had reached him from Jersey, nor any information as to the King's plans. Had he been at Constantinople he would have known more.

He was at the time ill content with the world in general, and a budget of letters despatched in March reflects not only the condition of his own mind and temper, but the prevailing disunion amongst Royalists. A cloud had evidently risen even between his old friend Nicholas and himself, so that he was compelled to rebut the charge of having deceived and abandoned the Secretary by persuading him to remain behind when Hyde had left the court for Madrid. He regretted to hear that Berkeley, governor to the Duke of York, had been taking the liberty of censuring living and dead, and had moreover been so led away by vain and shallow persons as to join with the false and dishonest Jermyn in doing the honest Secretary ill offices with the Queen. That Lord Percy should have been made Governor of Guernsey by the King was a great discouragement and vexation to Hyde, "for always when I spake to him of that man he seemed to understand him as well as I did." As to Jermyn, who was probably considered responsible for the appointment, the King knew him to be vain, shallow, and false; but it was Charles' weakness not to give public proof of his private sentiments. If the Chancellor did not hope that he would outgrow this infirmity, it would break his heart. Hyde had, strangely enough, fallen under the suspicion of having courted favour from the Queen. He deals with the charge with unusual violence. He could as easily turn witch, he said, and give himself to the devil, as descend to any little vile arts and tricks to gain any one's favour. He was beginning to think that, taking into account the prejudices felt against him, he might do well to retire for a time from public affairs. In the meantime, he wonders exceedingly—this in a letter to Lady Morton

—what the King meant by saying that it had been he who made him give way in the matter of the Princess's religion; unless it were that, seeing the Queen's passion and resolution, he could not advise him what to do, having no place whither he could remove his sister, or means of supporting her had he done so.

In brief, it is clear that, in the Chancellor's estimation, things in general were going ill; and that the scanty information which reached him did not conduce to his peace of mind.

In the very month that Hyde was making his complaints of lack of news, Charles had decided—acting in this instance with his mother's knowledge and approval—upon meeting the Scotch commissioners, with a view to an arrangement enabling him to repair to Scotland in person. Writing to urge upon him this course, Henrietta offered to meet the King on his way to Holland, in order that consultation might be held upon his future plans.

The suggested conference took place at Beauvais, where Charles remained nearly a fortnight. Henrietta's advice was that he should neither take the Covenant, abandon the Irish, nor give up his own adherents. At the time he may have intended to act upon it. But his attitude towards religion bore more resemblance to his Béarnois grandfather's than to that of his father or mother; and when he left Holland he had signed the treaty of Breda, pledging him, should it be required by the Scotch Parliament, to accept the Covenant.

Henrietta's grief and indignation were great. The bias of the Queen's court had been believed to be in favour of concessions to Presbyterianism; and Hatton had, some months earlier, made allusion to the "Louvre

Presbyter and Scot design." But it was evident that any such design had not included Charles' present action. To himself his mother wrote that though continuing to love him as a son, she would never again be his political adviser. To her friends at the convent she spoke with tears of his "condescensions" to the Scotch, adding that he had renounced and deserted his own religion, engaged himself to persecute hers, and thus not only exasperated Catholic princes, but disabled her from doing him service. Upon Lady Boyle boldly observing that the Queen was believed to be responsible for the King's present agreement with the Scotch, Henrietta vehemently denied the charge. "God forbid," she said, "that I should have had a hand in persuading him to sacrifice his honour or conscience."

On her return from Beauvais, Henrietta appears to have conversed with Mademoiselle rather upon personal than upon political matters. She had, she told her niece, found the King incorrigible. He loved his cousin more than ever; whilst she added—it is difficult to see why—that she had chidden him severely on that account. It was nevertheless plain that she was doing her best to keep up the heiress's interest in the wanderer. "Often," says Mademoiselle, "did she talk to me of him." When it is remembered that in selecting a third wife the Emperor's choice had not fallen upon Henrietta's niece, it may be believed that she listened the more willingly to the mother's discourse.

Amongst the items of intelligence imparted by Henrietta, it would be curious to learn whether she included the arrival of a messenger early in the following year, charged with the expression of her son's hopes that the Queen would bestow her approval upon an alliance with Lady Anne Campbell, daughter to the Duke

of Argyle. Henrietta gave her voice against the match, and may have kept her own council concerning the plan.

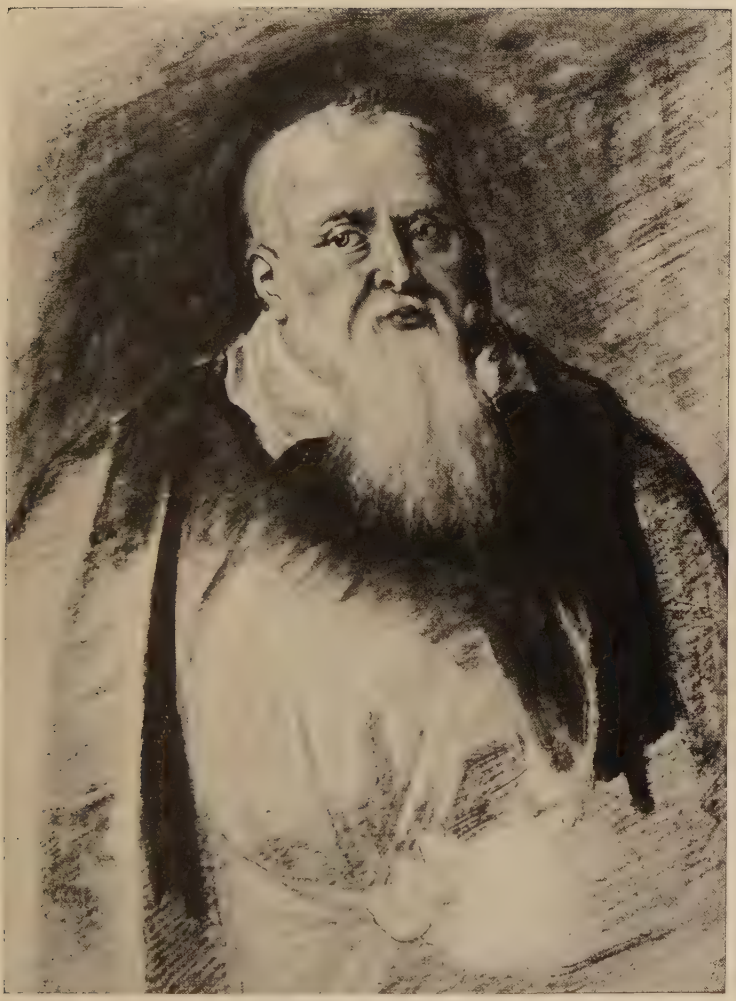
Not till eighteen months after the parting at Beauvais was the Queen to see her son again. Meantime, disorders and dissensions in Paris had not diminished; and in January 1650 the Regent had ventured upon the bold stroke of arresting the Princes of Condé and Conti, with their brother-in-law the Duc de Longueville. The necessitous condition of the French court was reflected in the state of Henrietta's finances; and a month after her return from Beauvais she was writing to her sister from the Carmelites that she found herself compelled to retrench her expenditure and to live like a poor *damoiselle* upon the sixty thousand francs a year allowed her by the Queen Regent. It was much for France to give, she added, in the present condition of affairs, though little for her own needs. "But I am so much accustomed to miseries, so great and so irremediable, that this is nothing."

There was both courage and dignity in Henrietta's manner of meeting comparative poverty; and, later on, Madame de Motteville describes her at Chaillot as taking charge, without repugnance or grief, of her expenses, at that time very small, and keeping her accounts, to use her own words, like a poor *damoiselle*.

Whilst the disturbances in France threatened to deprive Henrietta of an income, they appeared to her not unlikely to rob her nephew of his crown. Looking sadly on and remembering her past, she anxiously awaited the issue of the struggle taking place before her eyes. "For me," she wrote in August, "who have seen the beginnings in England altogether similar to these, you may judge in what trouble I am. I hope God will take care of the poor little King." Besides less personal anxieties,

she had sorrows and cares of her own to occupy her during the summer and autumn of 1650. In September the battle of Dunbar resulted in Cromwell's complete mastery in Scotland; and on the 8th of the same month the Princess Elizabeth died at Carisbrooke, "of a malignant fever," according to Mayerne, the royal physician, "which constantly increased, despite medicine and remedies." Henrietta gave a different account. "It has pleased God," she wrote to her sister, "to send me another affliction—the death of my daughter Elizabeth. Although, for her part, she is very happy to be out of the hands of those traitors in which she was, I cannot help grieving greatly, nature having at the first more power than reason. She died from grief at finding herself brought to the same castle where her father had been a prisoner, and in a place where she had no assistance in her malady—a fever of which she died on the tenth day. I am very sorry to write you so melancholy a letter, but since you are good enough to desire news of me it can be but sad."

Close upon this trouble followed another. None of her children were destined to be a source of unmixed satisfaction to the Queen. Her intercourse with Charles had been attended with much disappointment; and the Duke of York was to occasion her more. At his departure from Scotland, Charles, following his father's example, had directed his brother to conform in all things, save religion, to the Queen's will. It was a precept the young King had not found easy to observe; and though in James' position the dictates of filial piety and duty were, as Clarendon observes, supplemented by his absolute dependence upon his mother in material matters, the younger brother was no more inclined to submit to her authority than her eldest son. She had



From a drawing by Peter Paul Rubens in the British Museum.

SIR THEODORE MAYERNE.

once again played her cards ill. Not only had she failed to render life in Paris pleasant to the Duke, but had used the same "austere carriage" towards him as to Charles himself, with a like result. A letter of Lord Hatton's to Nicholas gives a graphic description of the relations at this juncture between mother and son. It is true that Hyde warned Nicholas that his noble friend was liable, in his news-letters, to be guilty of "mistakes," and that all discontented persons were accustomed to resort to him; yet his gossip in this case, corroborated by the evidence supplied by the Duke's conduct, had probably an element of truth in it. Henrietta, he said, omitted no opportunity of expressing her undervalue of the Duke, where she thought she could do it secretly; and had lately told a lady that the boy had said that, in his opinion, his mother loved and valued Lord Jermyn more than all her children. When her confidante begged her not to give ear to these tales, she answered that it was to the King himself that the Duke had made the offensive observation, and that Charles, who was of better nature than his brother, had repeated it to her. With much more of great bitterness. "All which being reported again to the Duke of York, I leave you to consider what impressions these things may [make] in each of them." According to Nicholas, writing some months later, causeless jealousies had been raised between the boy and his elder brother; the Duke did not conceive that the Queen or any about her esteemed or had much kindness for him; and if he continued to be misrepresented, and his person "by the Queen and her sycophants rendered contemptible in their table discourses," trouble might come of it.

Nicholas' letter was written at a date, April 1651,

when the Duke had had time to repent at leisure of the step he had taken to put an end to the conditions attaching to his life in Paris. In the autumn of the preceding year, dislike of those conditions had combined with a spirit of adventure to render the lad eager to seek his fortune elsewhere; and on a certain day he made the sudden and startling announcement to his mother that it was his intention to start at once for Belgium and there to visit the Duke of Lorraine, who he had reason to believe might put him in the way of action. When it further transpired that the counsellors who had instigated the act of defiance were provided with money to enable him to carry it into effect, Henrietta was powerless to interpose. It only remained to make the best of a bad business, which she accordingly proceeded to do. Her own account of the affair is given in an explanatory letter to Mazarin. By this it appears that the alternative of serving in the armies of France had been offered to the boy, and that his mother would have gladly had him accept it. But again she has to admit her own impotence: "I must confess how little power I have over him. He insisted on going to Flanders, and without telling me of his plans, saying that he was bound by oath not to do so. He has, however, promised me to take no employment against France. I ought to be ashamed of avowing this affair between me and the Duke of York, but I wish to use the candour with you concerning all my business of which I have always made profession, and I protest that it is much against my will that he has gone to Flanders."

There is something pathetic, when Henrietta's personal griefs and anxieties are borne in mind, in the eager sympathy she displays in the more cheerful events

occurring in her sister's family. A daughter of the Duchess of Savoy was to be married, and already, in October, Henrietta had placed "her little knowledge" in matters of dress at the service of the Savoyard Comptroller-General, charged with the purchase of wedding garments in Paris. In November she wrote to assure the Duchess of the beauty of the gowns provided for the bride, adding that her pleasure in them was as great as if they were for her own daughter. She was intending to talk on the subject to Mademoiselle —that other unsatisfactory niece—who believed that nothing was beautiful out of Paris, or except in being empress.

Henrietta's interest in Adelaide of Savoy's marriage was no more than a short interlude in the quick sequence of her sorrows. In Holland, as elsewhere, the evil destiny overshadowing the house of Stuart had made itself felt. The young Prince of Orange had been cut off by an attack of small-pox, leaving his nineteen-year-old wife daily expecting the birth of her first child, and carrying with him to the grave many of the hopes still remaining to the Royalist cause.

By Henrietta the disaster was bitterly felt. "It seems," she wrote, "that God wishes to show me that I should detach myself altogether from this world, by taking from me those who would lead me to think of it. The loss of my son-in-law makes me see this, for in him were placed all my hopes for my son's restoration." His wife, she added, had been passionately attached to the Prince, and her mother could only trust that the child just born might comfort her. "For her I hope much from him. For myself, I am too old to see him grow up."

In December Henrietta must have been disquieted

by the report that the Duke of Lorraine was contemplating handing over eight regiments to the Duke of York, to be used in the service of the King of Spain or the Emperor, a proceeding which would have seriously complicated her own relations with France. The plan, if it had ever been entertained, died still-born, and, disappointed in his hopes of obtaining assistance in Flanders, James turned his thoughts towards Holland. On his way thither he was, however, met by a messenger from his sister, instructed to represent to him that his presence at the Hague would be prejudicial at the moment to her interests, and to induce him to seek shelter at a house belonging to the Queen of Bohemia, "Which unkindness," said Nicholas, "these Boores do wonder at. . . . but the good Princess doth but as she hath been advised from the Louvre, which is the fountain of all the factions here, and to the whole family." The worthy Secretary would not have scrupled to attribute any evil in any quarter of the globe to that centre of iniquity, "the Baal of the Louvre, which is the Idol that hath ruined our Israel"; and the virulence of his allusions to his dead master's wife goes far to justify Henrietta in her dislike.

Hatred begets hatred; bitterness, bitterness: and it is plain that in Nicholas the Queen was right in recognising and warding against an enemy. Every malcontent, so far as she was concerned, would find a sympathiser in her son's official. Writing in March to Ormond, then at Caen, the Secretary tells of those in England ready to devote themselves to the royal cause, on receiving directions from the King, "but none in Paris must know of their designs. The Louvre management of affairs had been not only unfortunate, but ever so unsecret" that all would be at once known to the rebels. "I am not wise

After the picture by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Emery Walker.

JAMES BUTLER, FIRST DUKE OF ORMOND, K.G.

enough," the Secretary wrote again about the same time, "to foresee what card shall be turned trumps, but I dare boldly say, that be it what it can be in the whole pack, the Louvre shall never have a saving game in the end." Nicholas likewise enclosed a letter from a "very discreet and right affected person of quality" in England, endorsing his views, and whose heart was almost broken considering the results should the King be ruled by the Louvre.

Ormond's attitude towards their common mistress marks the difference between the great Royalist noble and the bourgeois Secretary, no less faithful, but ready, in his envenomed animosity, to believe and retail every petty piece of gossip which might redound to Henrietta's discredit. It is not likely that, trusted and loved by Hyde and the patron and confidant of Nicholas himself, Ormond was in greater sympathy than they with the errors committed at the Louvre. Yet his comments upon the Secretary's complaints, his analysis of the evidence brought to prove them, and above all hie evident determination to act, so far as it was possible, in concert with any fellow workers, however personally distasteful, in the common cause, were marked by a dignity and a self-restraint wholly lacking in his correspondent. An extract from the *Mercurius Politicus* intended by Nicholas to prove the indiscretion, or worse than indiscretion, of those at the Louvre, did not appear to him to contain proof positive of the Secretary's assertion. Much contained in it was well known outside the walls of the palace. The Queen's interposition as a peacemaker between the Queen-Regent and the Duke of Orleans—to which Nicholas had taken exception, as conducted in a manner to give offence to the Condés —had been unavoidably put upon her, and not very

passionately undertaken or prosecuted, especially as to the Cardinal, for whom Ormond believed she had no great affection. As to the Duke of York, by this time heartily weary of the results of his escapade, anxious to return to Paris and, according to Nicholas, suffering from unkindness or neglect on the Queen's part in not summoning him thither without delay, Ormond pointed out that it was obviously fit that the Duke should wait until his mother should have obtained an invitation for him from the French court. Upon the general question, whilst hoping never to be made use of to the prejudice of honest men, Ormond frankly confessed that he would not refuse or disavow concurrence to good counsels, by whomsoever they might be offered.

In a letter to Henrietta a month or two later he no less clearly dissociated himself from the men leagued against her and determined to keep her in the dark. The question at issue in this case was a project of marriage between the Duke of York and an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Lorraine; and Ormond, deprecating any displeasure the Queen might have felt at the silence he had maintained when first the scheme was made known to him, explains it by his desire to give leisure to Lord Taaffe—the principal mover in the affair—to redeem his mistake in not having himself acquainted her with the matter.

Amongst those at present out of favour at the Queen's court, it appears that her old friend, Digby, was included. If James had so far shown no appreciation of the chance of earning laurels under the French flag, other Englishmen, and Digby amongst them, had availed themselves of the opportunity. Though offering his services to Charles after his father's execution, the late King's Secretary had written to Hyde that, though confident

of the Queen's favour and Jermyn's friendship, it would be necessary for him to be much satisfied with his new master's affection were he to be withdrawn from his inclination to retire from the affairs of an unvirtuous and unreasonable world. That satisfaction had not been afforded him ; but though removing himself from the exiled court, it had not been to a place offering facilities for undisturbed meditation upon the vanity of human ambition, but to the French camp ; and he was presently excusing himself from yielding obedience to a summons from Henrietta on the score of ruin to his fortunes and honour should he leave his command. At the end of the year he had the satisfaction of being made the bearer of tidings of a victory gained over the enemies of France, and of bringing, as an offering to the Queen Regent, a captured banner " more welcome to her than the finest diamond in the world."

Whether the services rendered to France availed to strengthen Henrietta's attachment to the man who had been her vowed liegeman may be questioned. In such matters women are jealous of their monopoly. But one would be loath to believe the assertion made by Hyde to Nicholas, some fifteen months later, to the effect that the Queen and Jermyn hated Digby more than the Secretary himself. Hatred was rife at the Louvre, and Jermyn's dislike might be regarded rather as a distinction than the reverse ; but with regard to Henrietta it may be hoped that the Chancellor was carried away by personal animus.

By April 1651 he was once more in Paris, and in a position to make his own observations upon the situation. The effects of Charles' ill success in Scotland had been quickly apparent in the diminished consideration shown to his adherents by foreign courts ; and Hyde

had become eager to be recalled from Madrid. He wanted, he told Nicholas, to find some quiet place, not crowded by English, who, with their uncharitable humours towards each other, made themselves ridiculous and contemptible to strangers. Of Paris he declared, in particular, in a subsequent letter that "that cursed place and company makes all people mad." Nevertheless, he had arrived at that city, and was there detained by the gout.

He had found the position of the Queen sensibly affected by the Royalist misfortunes ; and one alteration in especial had taken place at the Louvre, which, causing much disturbance amongst the inmates of the palace, was cited by Hyde as proof of the disrespect engendered by the King's reverses. It would nevertheless appear that another cause had had a share in contributing to it.

Not long before, a figure of no great prominence or note had slipped off the stage. This was Father Philip, for many years confessor to the Queen. Described by Carte as a quiet, pious, prudent and inoffensive man, he had pursued his way in tranquillity and peace. With his death a change was noticeable. Walter Montagu, sometime playwright at Whitehall and now a new-made priest and Abbot of Pontoise, was to fill the vacant post, and to give rise to many regrets at the removal of the gentle old priest. Whether or not he had as yet formally assumed the spiritual guidance of the Queen, she suspected him of having a hand in an order of Anne of Austria, directed towards interference with the exercise of their religion on the part of the Protestant members of Henrietta's household.

A room had hitherto been set apart at the Louvre, where Dr. Cosins, afterwards Bishop of Durham, ministered to those of his persuasion, and kept up "a constant

By permission of the Bishop of Durham.

JOHN COSIN, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

preachment of railing against the roundheads, just as the Capuchins do against the Protestants.[1]" But on the departure of Charles and his brother, the Regent had issued a prohibition against any public exercise of Protestant worship at the palace, adding that it would no longer be permitted in any royal residence. The Chancellor, on his arrival, was desired by the injured household to represent their grievance to the Queen, in virtue of a promise he had personally received from her that the chaplain should continue to exercise his office and receive his salary.

Henrietta took the protest in good part. She had herself, she declared, been troubled and surprised at the Regent's command. But she was powerless in the matter. Her sister-in-law had gone so far as to take her to task for want of zeal in the matter of religion, or care for her children's conversion. She desired that Hyde would confer with Mr. Montagu on the subject, giving the Chancellor to understand that he and his bigotry were to blame for what had occurred. She also expressed her regret for the death of Father Philip, who had never suffered her to be pressed to any "passionate undertakings," and had desired that she should live well with Protestants. She added that, though unable to assign a room at the palace for purposes of worship, she would see that her household had the opportunity of exercising their religion elsewhere, and would continue to Dr. Cosins the payment of his salary.[2]

Thus matters stood when Hyde left Paris, charged with a letter from the Queen to the Duke of York,

[1] *Verney Papers.*

[2] This account of the affair is distinctly at variance with the statement which has been made that all servants of the Queen who declined to join the Catholic Church were to be at this time dismissed.

now at Breda, containing the long-desired summons to Paris. The boy was eager to respond to it. Money was scarce, his household discontented and quarrelsome; and though he proved impenitent and determined not to own himself in the wrong, the invitation to Paris was "a very seasonable redemption," and he set out the next day. He had desired that Nicholas should attend him, but the suggestion being unendorsed by the Queen, and the Secretary having good reason to believe he would be an unwelcome guest, he prudently remained behind.

On his arrival in Paris the Duke was received with greater indulgence by the Queen than his conduct had merited. She may have been learning wisdom in the treatment of her sons; and with the eldest seeking his fortune in perilous paths, and the third still in the hands of the enemy, she may have been anxious not to alienate by overmuch severity the only one within reach. Sir George Radcliffe, too, who, as a prime instigator of the Duke's insubordination, had fallen under the Queen's displeasure, was, at Ormond's instance, admitted to an interview with her and received back into favour, the peacemaker being present, but busying himself with looking at pictures whilst the reconciliation took place. On one point Ormond probably differed with the Queen. It was his opinion that the Duke should either make fresh representations to Anne of Austria as to a place of worship in the Louvre itself, or should go "more frequently and solemnly" to Sir Richard Browne's chapel.

Meantime, there was nothing in the news from England or Scotland to afford satisfaction to the exiles. The King had felt little personal regret for the defeat of Dunbar. His position in Scotland had, before that event, come near

to being intolerable. He had bowed his neck to the yoke; had set his name to a declaration of which he himself said that, signing it, he could never again look his mother in the face. But his concessions had won him no more than a bare toleration. By the Scotch defeat he had been in a measure emancipated; but the conditions of his coronation were sufficiently humiliating. He had been compelled to repent, so to speak, to order, not only of his own transgressions, but of those of his father and grandfather, till he was reported to have observed that he thought he must also repent that ever he had been born. Yet he played his sorry part well, and subscribing to both Covenants, so acted the farce that the ministers present were impressed with his serious and devout bearing. But all was in vain. By September the present phase of the struggle had been decided at Worcester, and he was once more a fugitive from the kingdom he had failed to win back.

CHAPTER XXI

1651—1653

Charles' return to Paris—A gay winter—Hyde, Nicholas, and the Queen—Jealousy of her influence—Duke of York joins the French army—Charles and Mademoiselle—The Fronde—Charles' life in Paris—Henrietta's intervention between court and Fronde—Hostility of the populace—Withdrawal to Saint-Germain—Removal to the Palais Royal—Quarrels between Henrietta and Hyde—France and England—Release of the Duke of Gloucester—Charles' defence of Hyde.

THE story of Charles' adventurous escape after the battle of Worcester has been too often related to require re-telling here. It was six weeks before he was in France and in safety—an interval of intense anxiety at the Louvre. On October 16th he landed at Fécamp. By the 19th he was in Paris, and Mademoiselle has given a detailed account of the impression he produced there.

On the day following his arrival she repaired to the Louvre, to pay a visit of congratulation. Proceeding at once to prepare her guest for the alteration in her son's appearance, Henrietta informed her that she would find him very ridiculous. He had had to cut his hair, and was singularly dressed. Mademoiselle took a different view. In spite of his short hair and his beard Charles, upon his entrance, seemed to her greatly improved in looks. He also spoke French better, and she listened with interest to his account of his adventures. When his cousin took leave he

escorted her to the Tuileries, talking all the way of his miserable life in Scotland, where he had been so *furieusement ennuyé* that he had the less regretted defeat since it offered a hope of his return to France—a land possessing so many attractions and containing those to whom he was so deeply attached.

The visit was a promising beginning to a winter of constant intercourse. The French court had left Paris, and all who were gay or young were to be found at Mademoiselle's little dances. Charles was a constant guest, his mother not seldom present ; and other, less formal, meetings took place, as when on a certain evening Henrietta and her two sons took Mademoiselle by surprise and came unbidden to supper, their hostess's only regret being that the fare was not more worthy of the occasion.

There were lookers-on with little liking for the match that Henrietta was eager to promote ; and chief amongst them was Hyde.

The Chancellor had been at Antwerp when news reached him of the King's escape, accompanied by a summons to Paris. Before obeying it, he addressed a letter of mingled congratulation and admonition to his young master. God had instructed him by means of the dangers he had run in knowledge not otherwise to be attained. His own fate and his kingdom's now depended on his virtue. Not long after this letter was penned, satisfactory reports of Charles' amendment had reached the writer, and he was sure that, if true, all would have comfort in serving the young King. If it were not so, he was not yet ripe for deliverance. This monitor's misgivings, it is clear, had not been wholly removed.

Nicholas, also bidden to Paris, had, as before, reasons

for preferring to remain at a distance from the exiled court. It has been seen that he occupied the position of confidant to those who made it a condition that what they told him should not be communicated to the Queen. Her displeasure at his silence was the more difficult to remove, seeing that he could not engage that the offence should not be repeated; and upon the score of his inability either to express penitence or promise amendment, he declined an offer of mediation from Ormond.

When Hyde arrived in Paris, he found to his comfort not only that Ormond, "noble and excellent as ever," had already made his way thither, but that the young King's state of mind was much to his liking. He was, he reported to Nicholas, as firm in the matter of religion as his blessed father; and with regard to the Secretary himself, when Nicholas' sense of the Queen's displeasure had been broached, he had "answered at large, handsomely, kindly, passionately," and had said that his mother was in the wrong, and that, were Nicholas in Paris, he would compose all.

Whether Charles had not over-estimated his own powers of conciliation may be doubted. When Hyde himself, always anxious that his old and tried friend should be at hand, had a conference with Henrietta on the same subject in the following February, the result was not encouraging. The Queen made the unanswerable complaint that the Secretary did not love her; and when Ormond and Hyde, apparently evading a direct reply, expressed their confidence that she could not but have a good opinion of him, and that on matters of importance she herself would sooner trust him than those by whom he was maligned, she laughed and said "indeed he was very honest," but repeated again that he loved her not. As this was another respect in which Nicholas

would not have found amendment easy, he was doubtless wise in electing to continue at a distance from the Louvre.

Whilst Charles was in the satisfactory frame of mind described by Hyde, his position left much to be desired. The pleasure of reunion had been accompanied by financial complications. Henrietta's income was barely sufficient to provide for her own necessities, and when the penniless condition of the fugitive King forced the French court to bestow upon him an allowance of 6000 livres a year, it was arranged that, the Queen remaining responsible for the support of her little daughter, the Duke of York should board at his brother's expense. Everybody alike was poor, Ormond having had to put himself *en pension* at a pistole a week, and Jermyn alone having money at his command.

Jermyn had been making himself busy at this time after a fashion specially distasteful to others of the King's counsellors. An indifferentist on matters of religion, he was anxious that Charles should propitiate Presbyterian opinion by assisting at the Huguenot services held at Charenton. To this policy Henrietta gave her countenance, either, as the Chancellor suggests, as a means of disgusting her son with Protestantism in general, or from other motives. The plan was not carried into effect. By Hyde's advice, seconded, one may believe, by personal disinclination, Charles resisted Jermyn's arguments ; and the only result of the affair was an increased dislike on the part of the Queen for the man whose counsels had been followed in preference to her own.

Notwithstanding his disregard of her wishes on this occasion, there was a prevailing impression abroad that Charles had fallen under his mother's influence. So strong was this conviction that Nicholas reported from the

Haguet hat, in consequence of it, numerous Royalists were returning to England, "as having little hopes left them, seeing they hear his Majesty intends to make use of the Louvre counsels." At Paris it would appear that the same suspicions were entertained. "It seems by what you say," wrote Nicholas—always ready to believe the worst—to Lord Hatton, "that the King's secret council are the Queen, Lord Jermyn, and Wat Montagu ; for that of greatest business he consults with them only, without the knowledge of the Marquis of Ormond, or Sir Edward Hyde."

Hyde, in a better position to form a judgment, was explicit in his denial of any subjection on the part of the King to his mother. "Neither Lord Jermyn nor the Queen herself," he wrote to the Secretary, "are like to govern more than they should, and I trust they begin to believe so themselves." And again : "The King hath not, nor will, resign himself or his affairs to the Queen, nor is Lord Jermyn an image that anybody worships."

Charles was soon to corroborate the Chancellor's assertion, and to give proof that he had no intention of allowing himself to be guided by his mother. About this time envoys arrived from Scotland, charged with proffers of service from a section of the Royalist party there ; but making it a condition that nothing connected with their schemes and projects should be made known either to Buckingham, Jermyn, or Wilmot. The conviction, whether well grounded or not, was still wide-spread that secrets at the Louvre were badly kept, and that plans there discussed were apt to become known at Westminster. With reference to Scottish affairs, in particular, it was said that the Queen thought too well of Argyle, and that what she knew would infallibly reach his ears. In accordance with the demands of the envoys, it was, there-

fore, agreed that Ormond, Hyde, and Newburgh should alone be consulted in the matter.

No doubt the arrangement was wise. Yet one, at least, of the chosen counsellors would willingly have foregone a mark of confidence certain to bring him into fresh collision with the King's mother. But it was vain for the Chancellor to protest. The King, though listening to his arguments, was firm, and no alternative remained to Hyde but to submit, his forebodings of increased displeasure on Henrietta's part finding speedy realisation.

If the Queen disliked the chosen counsellors of her eldest son, she was also, with more reason, hostile to the friends and advisers of the Duke of York, and notwithstanding the reconciliation effected by Ormond between her and Sir George Radcliffe, the chief offender in the matter of the Duke's proceedings of the previous year, the pacification between his mother and his advisers was not likely to prove lasting. The lad's household, too, was full of disorder and dissension, and although opposed to the plan at first, Henrietta was probably less averse than she might otherwise have been to the accomplishment of the desire now shown by James to study the art of warfare in the French camp.

The step was, of course, not to be taken lightly by the heir-presumptive to the throne, and the matter was referred to the Council of State, now consisting of Hyde, Ormond, Jermyn and Wilmot. Upon this body Charles called to determine whether his brother should be permitted to carry out his wishes. A meeting took place, Henrietta being present but taking no part in the discussion ; and upon the Chancellor being bidden to speak, he gave his voice, though with reluctance, in favour of acquiescence in the Duke's desire. Whilst it

was impossible to advise such a step, he was of opinion that the King should not forbid it, and the lad was accordingly sent to serve his military apprenticeship under Turenne.

It would have been well if the King himself had shared his brother's ambition; but he was to remain behind in Paris and to undergo that training in a life of pleasure the effect of which was so marked in later days. His dilettante courtship of his cousin was still proceeding, and presently entered upon a more definite phase. Henrietta one day spoke plainly to her niece. The terms, she told her, upon which she and her son stood with Mademoiselle precluded an application to her father until they should have ascertained her own wishes. After this explanation, she made an explicit proposal on Charles' behalf. Mademoiselle returned an ambiguous reply, requesting time for consideration. This Henrietta granted, adding that, should the marriage take place, her niece would remain mistress of her own fortune; that she would be, moreover, a queen, and the happiest woman in the world, owing to the tenderness and attachment of her husband.

The heiress appears to have been at this time in a genuine state of indecision. "The King of England often said to me, 'The Queen is impatient to see you.' And for my part I was in no haste to give him an answer." At length Henrietta brought matters to a point. Visiting her niece, she told her that she was aware of her hopes of becoming Queen of France—an ambition cherished at this time by Mademoiselle, notwithstanding the youth of the King—and that she and her son had no desire to stand in the way of this more advantageous match. What they asked was that, should it fall through, she would bestow her hand upon Charles.

Mademoiselle having discreetly referred the Queen to her father, the Duke's reply was couched in terms so vague that Charles, inspirited by his mother's report, felt encouraged to plead his cause in person. A curious dialogue ensued, when Mademoiselle pointed out the necessity of her suitor's presence in England if his dominion were to be regained. Charles waxed reproachful. Would she have him leave her, he asked, as soon as they were wedded. His inexorable cousin answered in the affirmative. Should that come to pass she would share his interests more than before, and would, with sorrow, see him dancing the *triolet* and amusing himself when he ought to be where he would either have his head broken or would place a crown upon it. He would not be worthy, added his monitress, to wear a crown, did he not go to seek it at the peril of his life and the point of his sword.

The ardour of Charles' suit may possibly have been cooled by the frank expression of Mademoiselle's views. On the other hand, advisers were not wanting to warn her of the injury her matrimonial chances would suffer by constant intercourse with her detrimental cousin; and she expressed in consequence, through Jermyn, her desire that he should make his visits less frequent. A coolness ensued, and on her next appearance at the Louvre, a great chair was produced in which Charles ostentatiously placed himself, instead of occupying his customary humbler seat.

Affairs had reached this point when, according to Mademoiselle, "a much greater event" distracted her thoughts from her relations with the exiled court.

Into the history of the Fronde, with its successive phases and its different sections at war with one another, the factions of de Retz, the Condés, and the Duc

d'Orléans, their struggles and their coalitions, it has been out of the question to enter. Nor is it possible to follow Mademoiselle when, in March, 1652, she left Paris, to play the part of the amazon; displayed herself on horseback to the insurgent troops; forced her way into Orleans and shut its gates upon the royal army; returning to perform fresh exploits in the capital itself.

The English refugees had necessarily occupied the position of spectators of the stormy scenes around them, "not knowing whither to go, nor well able to stay" where they were, owing to the non-payment of their pensions. Paris must, at this time of tumult, have been an undesirable place of residence. Henrietta was on terms of affection with her brother, and, outwardly at least, with the Condés, the popular leaders; but her connection with the court naturally rendered her liable to suspicion, accentuated by the presence of her second son in the royal army. "Every one knows," wrote Condé's agent in London to the English Council, "that all the ministers, as well of the pretended King as of the Queen his mother, are wholly devoted to the Cardinal and wholly made his creatures." The same writer also disclaimed any connection between Charles and Condé, adding that "things were as ill between them as could be." Under these circumstances, residence in a city ruled by the Prince and his friends must have been far from agreeable; and though Mademoiselle, on her return from Orleans, received a visit from the King, it was evident to his cousin that his sympathies were not enlisted on the side of the party to which she belonged. Henrietta, for her part, referring to her niece's triumph at Orleans, observed sardonically that she had followed in the steps of Joan of Arc, beginning, like her, by driving away the English—an ironical allusion to the *quasi* dismissal that

Charles had received at her hands. Opinions and views being so opposite, Mademoiselle wisely diminished the number of her visits to the Louvre, "taking no pleasure," she herself observes, "in disputing with those to whom respect was due."

It must have been plain to Henrietta that her son's suit was not likely to prosper so long as his fortunes showed no signs of amendment. A match which had been in contemplation for the Duke of York was likewise abandoned about this time. It had been suggested before he left Paris that Mademoiselle de Longueville, stepdaughter to the Prince de Condé's sister and an heiress in her own right, might prove a suitable bride. Though she possessed few outward attractions, James had shown himself not unwilling to entertain the plan, and had visited her frequently. Hyde, however, was strongly opposed to the marriage. When asked his opinion by Henrietta, he pointed out the impropriety of the heir to the throne being wedded before the sovereign, "or that it should be in any woman's power to say that, if there were but one person dead, she would be a queen." Henrietta for once was convinced by the Chancellor's reasoning. "Loving the King with all possible tenderness, she said, with some warmth, that she would never give her consent that it should be so," and the project had almost as rapid an ending as a more presumptuous scheme mentioned in a letter from Hyde to Nicholas. The King, said the Chancellor, abhorred the wild pretence of the Duke of Buckingham to marry the Princess of Orange; and as for the Queen, she said that were it possible for her daughter to indulge so base a thought, she would tear her in pieces with her own hands.

Hyde was presently to find the strong objection

felt by Henrietta to *mésalliances* on the part of her children of more personal inconvenience than in this instance. For the present she must have been weary of marriage projects, and there was sufficient gravity in the condition of French affairs to take precedence for the moment of matters of less pressing interest.

Henrietta had not been content to be a passive spectator of the internal dissensions of France ; and in May she wrote to her sister from Chaillot that she and her son had been engaged, though with little hope of success, in an endeavour to restore peace between the belligerents. In the meantime the state of the country was such that it was scarcely possible to go outside the gates of Paris without danger, whether from soldiers or robbers or from the peasantry who, reduced to desperation, had fled to the forests and attacked unwary wayfarers. As for Henrietta herself, "You may judge," she wrote, "of my condition when I see myself on the eve of dying of hunger, and know not so much as where to seek safety. It is true that, after my misfortunes, I should fear nothing, nor should death make me afraid ; but the manner of it is to be dreaded, not coming at the time one would choose." She added that, though she was at Chaillot at the time of writing, it was not probable that either she or the nuns would remain there long, since she would be forced to return to Paris by the soldiers, who showed no respect of persons.

The Queen's letter was written on May 8th. By the 11th the King had come to fetch her back to the Louvre, upon an alarm that the royal troops were marching upon Paris. In June public feeling was further excited against the English colony by the fact that Charles had been unseasonably requested to act as

intermediary between the French court and the Duke of Lorraine, and hostility towards him and his mother ran so high that they were forced to remain shut up in the palace. They had done their best to ruin England, it was said, and were now attempting to do the same by France. Gaston d'Orléans was indignant that his sister should have ranged herself upon the opposite side to that he had adopted; whilst Condé conceived that he and his family had merited better treatment at her hands. If gratitude to the court would have prohibited her from taking part against it, she might, it was thought, have remained neutral.

By July the situation had become intolerable. Charles had been practically a prisoner in the Louvre for three weeks. The attitude of the Parisian mob was threatening; the leaders of the Fronde held aloof; and in the end the French court, at the moment at Pontoise, provided for the safety of its guests by offering them an asylum at Saint-Germain. At the end of the first week in July it had been determined to leave Paris in two days; but the journey was deferred, and when a day and hour had been actually settled upon, it was found that the passes were defective, the guards insufficient, and at eleven o'clock the night before the move was to have been made, a message was brought from Mademoiselle to advise a further postponement, on the score that the populace was in disorder and the journey would be unsafe.

When at length the departure of the Queen and her son took place, one evening towards the middle of July, a guard was supplied by the popular leaders as far as the gates of the city, where Gaston d'Orléans and Condé took leave of the travellers with courteous if perfunctory expressions of affection. Once beyond the

walls, they were met by a troop of the royal horse, who conducted them by torch-light to Saint-Germain, where they arrived, in rain and darkness, at midnight, remaining there till King Louis re-entered Paris in October.

No doubt Anne of Austria did her best for her involuntary guests; but the French court itself was in no condition of plenty, and the Chancellor was not without fears that his master might lack bread. France, however, was weary of the struggle. By the autumn Mazarin had made, for the second time, a feint of retiring from the country and from office, and the Fronde was at an end. When King Louis made his entrance into his rebellious capital on the night of October 21st, Charles assisted at the ceremony. His mother had arrived in Paris some little time earlier, a reconciliation having taken place between herself and her brother, of which the Duke's daughter claimed the merit. For the present it can have made little practical difference to Henrietta. Orléans had fled from the city on the day preceding his nephew's return, and Mademoiselle was to atone for her adventurous experiences by ejectment from her quarters at the Tuileries, and a six years' banishment from court and from Paris.

It was at this time that Henrietta's removal from the Louvre to the Palais Royal took place. It had been determined that King Louis should take up his residence for the future at the first, as offering greater security for his person than the Palais, where hitherto the French court had been held. Henrietta and her household were therefore obliged to make way, being assigned apartments in the Palais Royal, which she continued to inhabit with her son, so long as he remained in Paris. So far as Henrietta was concerned it was a quiet life that she there led. "The illustrious Queen of England,

who rarely goes abroad save to visit convents," is a phrase occurring in Loret's versified account of a visit paid by Henrietta to the Carmelites during the following year. With Charles it was a different matter, and there must have been many Royalists who anxiously desired that the period of his sojourning in the French capital should be curtailed. To the men who had been his father's faithful servants, the life led by the titular King in his place of banishment must have caused scarcely less regret than the state of his fortunes; and in the letters addressed by Hyde to Nicholas, the helpless bitterness with which he looked on is apparent. Reports had reached the Secretary of the contempt felt for the Council. The Chancellor confessed that they were too well founded. Not only the softness of the King, but the corruption and licence of the court were responsible for the condition of things. So long as Charles remained with his mother, all the counsels of the world could not reform him.

Hyde's account of the matter may have been coloured by personal antagonism. Charles was rapidly losing, in the enervating atmosphere around him, the energy and vigour he had displayed at an earlier date; and Henrietta, to say the least, did not throw the weight of her influence into the scales in support of his best and wisest counsellors. But evidence enough has been furnished of the bitter animosity of which she was the object to serve in some sort as an excuse for her own. A less prejudiced woman would have found it hard to act dispassionately towards critics so hostile, and so jealous of any favour bestowed upon her friends. "Oh, Mr. Secretary," cried the Chancellor, "this last act of the King's in making Mr. Crofts a gentleman of the bedchamber, so contrary to what he assured me,

makes me mad and weary of my life!" Nor can it be doubted that, had the promotion of a partisan of Hyde's been in question, Henrietta's protest would have been as violent.

Other influences besides his mother's were at work to counteract the effect upon the King of men like Ormond and Hyde. That of Wilmot, to be raised to the earldom of Rochester, was on the increase, and certain to work for ill; and, powerless to remedy the mischief he deplored, it was no wonder Hyde longed to be released from his post. This release was not granted him. Charles was acute enough to value his faithful service, and was firm in resisting Henrietta's desire for his removal. But the feud between Chancellor and Queen reached such a height that, though under the same roof, months passed without bringing about a meeting.

Apart from Henrietta, the Chancellor was not a popular man. Obnoxious alike to Catholics and Presbyterians, both parties were at one time engaged in drawing up petitions against the staunch Anglican official; so that Charles, making himself merry on the matter, inquired pleasantly at dinner, in the Queen's presence, when the two petitions against the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to be presented. For Hyde himself it was a more serious matter. It was not Henrietta's custom to be silent over her grievances; and the Queen-Mother was made the recipient of her complaints. Charles, however, acted with unusual vigour in defence of his old friend. Taking him to witness the performance of a court masque, he placed him in a conspicuous position near the seats of the royal spectators, anticipating perhaps that, as actually happened, he would be afforded an opportunity of removing the false

After the picture by W. Wissing in the National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Emery Walker.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

impression made by his mother's representations. As Queen Anne entered, her attention was arrested by the sight of the Chancellor, and she inquired who was the fat man seated next to Lord Ormond.

"That," Charles made answer aloud, "is the naughty man who did all the mischief and set me against my mother." "Whereat all laughed, and the Queen was not displeased."

Before the end of the year 1652, Henrietta had been furnished with a more serious grievance than the alleged predominance of the Chancellor's power over her son. This was the formal recognition by France of the present Government in England. Cromwell's successes had compelled the unwilling respect of neighbouring countries, and a minister was to be sent by Mazarin to London. In passionate terms the Queen expressed to her sister the grief and humiliation caused her by the step. It had given her, she said, her final death-blow—one she could never have believed it possible that France would have inflicted. To the Duke of York, fighting under the French banner, she wrote that since France had recognised those infamous traitors, it was the intention of the King his brother to leave the country. With regard to the Duke, no determination had yet been taken. He was to appear to be ignorant of the embassy, and if the subject were broached to declare himself unable to believe it had been sent. Meantime he was to let his mother know his views with regard to his future course of action; after which she would inform him of hers, and would do her best to render him happy. As to herself, "when I have given your affairs consideration I will think of my own, and will acquaint you with my determination. I confess that since my great sorrow, I have felt nothing so much as this."

If Charles had intended to mark his displeasure by leaving France, his departure would have constituted, in the eyes of the French authorities, a welcome result of the step which had been taken. It was becoming clear that he would not be permitted to find permanent shelter in his cousin's territory, and his mother must have anticipated a fresh parting with her eldest son. But before she was called upon to undergo it, she had the satisfaction of regaining possession of his youngest brother. In February, 1653, the Duke of Gloucester was released from captivity and permitted to join the rest of his family abroad. The event, ultimately productive of much dissension amongst his kinsfolk, was hailed by Henrietta with rejoicing. Writing in her gladness to impart the good news to her sister, she said she was daily awaiting the arrival of the little son whom the rebels had wearied of keeping, and who was to be sent in the first place to Antwerp, from whence he would join her in Paris.

It was natural that Henrietta should be impatient to see the child from whom she had been separated since his babyhood. There were many, however, who, as it afterwards appeared not without reason, were unwilling that Gloucester should visit Paris. Hyde in particular would have liked to keep him at a distance from his mother. The Catholics, he reported to Nicholas, were already endeavouring to have him sent to France, but he was satisfied with the King's promise. If Charles' promise had been to the effect that the boy should not be placed in his mother's hands, he would have found it difficult to keep. The Chancellor himself was soon constrained to admit the Queen's right to see her son, and by May the Duke, not yet quite thirteen, was at Henrietta's court, and was there winning golden opinions. Hyde

told Rochester that the sweet Duke of Gloucester was the finest youth and of the most manly understanding he had ever known, and added that the King had determined that, upon his own departure, the boy should return to his sister, the Princess of Orange, with whom he had been staying before coming to Paris, and who was exceedingly fond of him. To the Princess herself Charles gave a promise that, after a short visit to his mother, her brother should be sent back to the Hague.

Though the farewells of Mary and the boy had been attended "with great passion of sorrow in both," there must have been much, on his arrival in Paris, to distract his thoughts from the recent parting; and he there enjoyed a great success. "You know," wrote his mother to her sister in June, "how well any novelty is received in France, and how greatly it is run after. I assure you that so many visits are paid me for love of this little *cavalier*, whom every one desires to see, that I have no leisure left. Your ambassador came to visit him and will have told you what he thought of him. All the world says he is your son rather than mine. To say this is to praise him enough; I will add no more."

The court versifier, Loret, supplies a fuller description of the new-comer:

"Encor qu'il soit petit et mince,
On dit que ce très joly prince
Est agréable au dernier point
Et que c'est ne le flatter point
De publier à sa louange
Qu'il est beau comme un petit ange."

If Henrietta was gratified at the presence of her little "*cavalier*," she will the less readily have forgiven the attempts made to deprive her of that satisfaction. It would

be wearisome and unnecessary to enter at length into the ceaseless wrangles between the Queen and her party and the Chancellor and his friends; but they must have gone far to render his residence at the Palais Royal distasteful to a man as ease-loving as the King. The incessant struggle to deprive Hyde of credit with his master was terminated, so far as the present period was concerned, by a characteristic scene at the Council Board. Some of the charges preferred against the Chancellor were of so extravagant a nature as to carry their own refutation. But on this occasion an accusation less easy to refute was brought forward. He was charged with having aspersed and reviled the King by asserting that he was indisposed to business, over-fond of pleasure, and did not love to take pains. The Chancellor, by his own confession, was "a little out of countenance" at the indictment. But an unexpected ally presented himself in the King himself. Brushing aside Hyde's hesitating defence, Charles asserted his belief that the words in question had been truly reported—since the Chancellor had often said as much to himself, and more. They were true enough, he added. He was satisfied with the Chancellor's affection and took nothing ill that he had said.

When the injured party professed himself content, little more could be done. It was generally understood that further efforts to dislodge the obnoxious minister would prove equally vain; and Hyde, to use his own words, continued to serve the King for God's sake.

So long as Charles remained in Paris it must have been a painful service. A king without a throne, a sovereign without a people, the centre of the intrigues of a poverty-stricken group of courtiers, he may well have envied his brother James, winning distinction under

From the picture by Van Dyck at Windsor Castle.

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
Youngest son of Charles I.

Turenne—fighting for the present, as he once told the King, to earn his own bread, but hoping soon to be fighting to win back Charles' crown. The King was impatient to quit a country where he remained on sufferance, and where a complete understanding between the Government and his father's executioners was every day approaching nearer. Fears were even entertained that the impending treaty might include the surrender of the King's person, and English Royalists were urgent that he should convey himself elsewhere.

In July it appears by news-letters from Paris that he was expected shortly to start for Holland ; but delays, financial and other, intervened, and it was not until a year later that he at length quitted France.

CHAPTER XXII

1653—1654

Peace rumours between England and Holland—Henriette-Anne—Disputes with Charles—The Duke of Gloucester—Interview of the Queen with Hyde—Charles' departure—Anne Hyde—Attempted conversion of Gloucester—He is removed from Paris—Princess Louise a convert.

THE year closed gloomily so far as English affairs were concerned. Should a treaty be arranged between England and Holland, it would be a fresh blow to Royalist hopes; and though negotiations with this object were said to be broken off, a newsletter from Paris, despatched on Christmas Eve, stated that whilst "the Queen that was of England" had betaken herself to Chaillot, her two sons were awaiting the conclusion of such an alliance in Paris. Henrietta was haunted by a worse fear—the apprehension, namely, that ambassadors from Westminster would be received at the French court. This, she told her sister in a letter belonging to the spring of 1654, would be the crown of her misfortunes; and though the Queen-Mother led her to hope it would not be the case, she was holding herself in readiness to quit Paris, should her dread be realised, and to await the event in some neighbouring locality. "These reasons of State are terrible," she added, "and I confess I do not understand them. Perhaps it is because they are against me."

In May she was writing again, discarding on this occasion the subject of politics, to give a description

of the little daughter who was her chief pleasure and consolation. It appears that the Duchess of Savoy had written, under the impression that the child was being brought up in her father's faith, to remonstrate with the Queen and to urge upon her the duty of making a Catholic of her daughter. Henrietta hastened, with some heat, to refute the charge: "I must tell you," she wrote, "that I am quite offended at the bad opinion you have of me, that you can entertain a doubt that, having had my daughter with me since the age of two years, I should have brought her up a Catholic. She is as good and zealous as any one. I would that the beauty of her body were as great as that of her soul, for truly she is a good child. She is much indebted to those who have given her so much praise. It is permitted to praise those at a distance, since one cannot be given the lie, as I fear might be the case should you see her. I am afraid I am a bad judge in this matter. My desire that she should be beautiful makes me, perhaps, believe that she is not. On the other hand, attachment may lead me to believe her to be more so than she is. This is why I should do better to be silent."

It is possible that Henrietta was right. In spite of the admiration excited by her daughter in later years, it does not appear that she gave promise in childhood of any remarkable beauty. Yet even at this time she possessed grace and charm—a charm possibly enhanced by the retirement in which she had been bred. Henrietta's austere methods of education did not altogether approve themselves to the judgment of her sister-in-law, who cherished a special attachment for the child, and it was probably in deference to the opinion of the Queen-Mother that the Princess was

permitted this year to assist at the court entertainments. Her début was made in February, at a ball given in honour of the Prince de Conti's marriage, when verses were written, after the fashion of the day, to celebrate her first appearance in public ; in April she took her part in a royal ballet, crowned with lilies and roses, and reciting a poem by Benserade illustrative of her misfortunes ; and in June she was present with her mother at King Louis' coronation.

It may be that Henrietta had not been altogether unwilling to relax the severity of her own rule, and to display her daughter to an admiring world. The Duke of York must also have been a source of satisfaction and pride, having returned to Paris, according to a report sent by Hyde to Sir Richard Browne, full of reputation and honour. But if the Queen was finding pleasure in two of her children, it is evident from a draft of the King's reply that she had been expressing no little discontent with regard to her eldest son. Charles could not, he protested, accuse himself of having used the Queen ill, as she said he had done. He would thus affirm an untruth against himself. But he could not acknowledge as a fault the concealment of some matters of business ; nor could he promise to follow her advice. There might be particulars of which he could not inform her without a breach of trust ; and to promise to follow any advice would be to ascribe too much infallibility to any person and to give up his liberty. He would defer to her judgment more than to that of any one living, and no misconstruction should ever lessen his affection. He wished to know who were those enemies of hers who were so high in his confidence, and would dismiss any man proved to have been guilty of disrespect towards her.

Whether mother or son were in the right, the condition of things thus reflected would have been equally disturbing, and that their strained relations were matter of public gossip is proved by an intercepted letter printed amongst the Thurloe papers. The "little Queen"—Henrietta is often thus designated in documents of the kind—was said to have had hot disputes with the King, when Prince Rupert, Sir Edward Herbert, and Sir John Berkeley had been the subjects of discussion, Charles declaring that these men had so behaved themselves that they should never more have his trust nor his company. "My Lord Garrard," added the writer, "is upon as ticklish terms, and so will all those that think to use this young man as they did his father; for though in appearance he is gentle, familiar and easy, yet he will not be purmanded nor governed by violent humours such as these are. If I am told truth, the little Queen and her Jermyn had more of show than of reality in their last attempt, for these men are as uneasy to them as to Charles Stewart, and are glad to be rid of them at another's cost. Charles Stewart has taken his leave of the French court, but not of his mother, so that I conclude this month will be spent in France."

It will be observed that the tone used in alluding to the young King indicates, in an opponent, if not a certain degree of kindliness, at least an absence of personal hostility. A mention of him in an earlier news-letter conveys a similar impression. The writer of this last had assisted at a supper at which, "to avoid being understood other than a cavalier, I did as the wicked would have me, for which my head has well paid for it since. . . . That night I saw their King. He is well recovered of his fever, and he is a goodly young man.

God forgive me, I drank his health a dozen times that cursed night."

The disputes between the goodly young man and his mother may, as before, have tended to reconcile Henrietta to a separation. It was becoming plain that it could not be indefinitely postponed. The French Government was anxious to be quit of its compromising guest; and by the end of June the Queen was writing to her sister that Charles was to leave Paris the following week, going in the first place to Spa, with the intention of proceeding through Germany to Scotland. The Duke of York was to rejoin the army, where he was now to be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. "As for the little one," the Queen added, "he remains here, that I may do him some good if I can."

It was precisely the dread that his mother might be successful in the intention thus expressed that was causing apprehension to the family and friends of the Duke of Gloucester. For reasons of State, as well as for those of a more spiritual nature, it was considered in the highest degree important that the son of Charles I. and the brother of Charles II. should not be led to conform to her faith. There were observers ever on the watch, ready to make capital out of any symptoms of Romish proclivities on the part of the Stewart exiles; as when, in January of this year, news was forwarded to England that "Charles Stewart and his fraternity went to pass away the afternoon at the Jesuits of Saint Anthony's Street; and under pretence of the feast of New Year's Day he did begin to contribute to the service of idols, which discovers more and more of the baseness of their hearts."

Whatever imprudences he may have been guilty of on his own account, Charles was fully determined that his chances of restoration should not suffer through his brother; and he had originally intended that the boy should not remain in Paris after he had quitted it. The Queen, on the other hand, was urgent in demanding that her son should be left in her care. She represented with truth the singular disadvantages under which he had, so far, laboured. Until his arrival in France he had seen neither a court nor good company; and should he be removed from Paris it would argue both disrespect to herself and unkindness to the boy. She further gave the King to understand that it was neither her own intention to interfere with his religion, nor to permit others to do so.

This promise so far satisfied Charles that he was prevailed upon to consent to his brother's remaining behind. But judging by the instructions he issued, both to the boy and to the Duke of York, he was not untroubled by misgivings in so doing. On his "brother Harry" he enjoined, as his father had upon himself, obedience to the Queen in all save religion—in which she had promised to attempt no change. Should any one speak to him on that subject, he was to avoid discussion and to inform his brothers. To the Duke of York he wrote in the same strain, telling him of his mother's promise, but adding that, should any attempt be made to change the boy's religion, the Duke must take the best care he could to prevent his being wrought upon.

Before leaving Paris Charles appears to have felt that he had yet another duty to perform. Since his mother and the Chancellor had found it impossible to live together in amity, Charles desired that they should

at least part in peace ; and with that object arranged a farewell interview between them. It proved a failure. Hyde, on being introduced to the Queen's presence, instead of wisely letting bygones be bygones, begged to be acquainted with the grounds of her displeasure ; when Henrietta, " with more emotion and a louder voice than usual," told him that she had consented to see him by reason of the King's importunity ; that he had no cause to expect to be welcome to her ; that his disrespect was notorious ; that all men knew that, though lodging under her roof, he avoided her, and that the fact that she had not seen him for six months was an affront in itself.

Hyde answered at length. He had never yet been in Bedlam, he said, which he would have deserved had he published the Queen's displeasure by a voluntary avoidance of her ; adding that he had kept out of her presence only after it had been made manifest that he was unwelcome, and again begging to know his fault. Henrietta was neither softened nor convinced. She rehearsed her old grievances, Hyde's credit with the King, and his alleged endeavours to lessen her own ; added that she would be glad to see reason to change her mind, " and so, carelessly extended her hand towards him, which he kissing, her Majesty departed to her chamber."

Charles must have been sorry that he had insisted upon a scene of reconciliation corresponding so ill with his hopes ; and thus mother and son took leave of each other for an indefinite period. Relief, it may be, mingled with their regrets ; whilst the rejoicing of the Chancellor at his own escape from Paris and that of his young master will have been unmixed. If he continued to deplore the Queen's animosity, it was to

prove no bar to the advancement of his interests; and in the autumn his daughter Anne was promoted to be lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Orange—an appointment productive of consequences well calculated to justify in Henrietta's eyes her distrust of the father.

Mary had already cast a favourable eye upon the Chancellor's daughter. "I presume," Hyde had written some two years earlier to Nicholas, "you think my wife a fool for being so indulgent to her girl as to send her abroad on such a gadding journey. I am very glad she hath had the good fortune to be graciously received by her Royal Highness, but I think it would be too much vanity in me to take any notice of it."

The dislike entertained by Henrietta for the Hyde connection would have been a reason the more that her sister-in-law, the Queen of Bohemia, should espouse their cause, and in November, 1654, Elizabeth sent a gracious message, through Nicholas, to tell the Chancellor that she had seen his wife and daughter, adding that she had found her favourite grown every way to her advantage. The Princess Royal would therefore have had her aunt's approval in bestowing upon Anne a post in her household. The Chancellor, it was true, demurred. The favour shown to his daughter would, he urged, draw upon him a further access of the Queen's displeasure, which already heavily oppressed him, and of which the Princess would experience a share. Mary, however, was not disposed to give way. She had always, she said, paid her due duty to her mother, but she was mistress in her own house, receiving what servants she pleased. In the end the father's objections were overruled and his daughter, for good or ill, accepted the proffered position.

Meantime, the months following upon the departure

of her two elder sons must have been full of anxiety to Henrietta, more especially with regard to the Duke of York; and when the victory of Arras was won by Turenne, Henrietta was uncertain for two days whether he was alive or dead. In September she was once more in an agony of apprehension, lest Cromwell's ambassadors should be received at the French court. "Nothing," she repeated, "since the death of my Lord the King, has touched me as nearly as this. It seems like killing his memory, which is so dear to me."

It would seem that absence had not put an end to the questions at issue between the Queen and her eldest son. Of what nature they were is not specified; but Lord Hatton, reporting in October that she continued ill, added that it was said that she was as much vexed as sick, "by reason of the King's noble ways, which recover others." Before the end of the month she had given Charles a legitimate cause of complaint.

Less than a week after Lord Hatton's letter had been written, the English colony in Paris were startled by the announcement that the Duke of Gloucester had been sent to pay a visit to Pontoise, where Walter Montagu was Abbot. The explanation of this arrangement was given in letters from Lovell, the Duke's tutor, to Charles and Hyde—delayed for a week or two by authority—stating that he had been apprised by the Queen of her intention to endeavour by all fair means to effect her son's conversion. The tutor, placed in a difficult position, anxious alike to do his duty and avoid giving offence, a timorous man moreover and by no means of the stuff of which martyrs are made, had replied that, whilst bound, so long as he was at hand, to confirm his charge in his own faith, it was for the Queen to dispose of him as she should please. In plain words

he was ready, in case of necessity, to abandon the field to the enemy.

Before any answer could be received from Cologne, where the King then was, a concrete form had been given to the apprehensions entertained by those watching the course of events in Paris. Sir George Radcliffe, chancing to visit the Jesuit college at Clermont, found masons busy preparing an apartment destined to receive the Duke, who was, he was told, shortly to be admitted to the college. The news quickly spread, causing general consternation. Dean Cosins was in tears, begging Lovell to read the church prayers in the boy's bedroom at Pontoise—an office the cautious tutor excused himself from undertaking, lest offence should thereby be given to the Abbot. He took the step, instead, of informing his pupil of his mother's intentions of attacking him on the subject of religion, whereat the Duke was "much troubled"; whilst Lovell began to contemplate a journey to Italy and to indulge anxious misgivings with regard to emoluments.

Matters stood thus when Montagu inaugurated the siege of what some one termed "the sweet fortress of Gloucester"; basing his earlier arguments chiefly upon the mundane advantages likely to accrue to the convert. It behoved the Duke to look for a subsistence; nor was it to be expected that the Queen, out of her limited means, would provide for him unless his conduct was such as to meet her wishes. Hints were also said to be thrown out of a cardinal's hat, to be bestowed upon a royal proselyte. To Lovell Montagu suggested the discovery of a reason for absenting himself, and the pliable tutor began to turn his thoughts more and more towards a winter in Rome. It was difficult, he truly said, to serve two powers with contrary wills.

By November 5th Gloucester had been permitted to visit Paris, for the ostensible purpose of paying his respects to the King and Queen, recently returned from the country. Availing himself with promptness of the opportunity thus afforded him, he sent on his arrival to command Cosins' attendance on the following morning; when, taking the Dean aside, he "complained of the great task he had to undergo without authorised assistance," and repeated the arguments used by Montagu. The interview was interrupted by the Abbot. He desired the Duke to be in readiness to accompany him to the court, reproved him for having failed to send for his barber, and directed the length to which his hair was to be cut.

Conducted to the Louvre by Montagu and his mother, the boy was received with great civility by King and Queen. Was he yet absolutely turned? asked Anne of Henrietta, watching with interest the progress of her sister-in-law's enterprise. "Non pas encore," was the Queen's reply. Determined to lose no time in effecting the desired change, Henrietta had a second interview with Lovell on the same day, informing him that she was resolved to proceed in the matter and that it would be advisable that he should depart. To lay the affair first before the King, she said in reply to a suggestion of the tutor's to that effect, would take too much time. Upon this Montagu entered, and, being made acquainted with the subject of the discussion, took a high tone; wondered at "that person's" obstinacy in not obeying the Queen in her own house, and proceeded further to speak in slighting terms of Charles' authority. Lovell, according to his own account, had been very bold, and, informed that he had leave to quit his post, had declined to do so,

unless in obedience to a positive command. In making his report, he likewise took much credit for the advice he had given his charge. Others would have kindled the Duke to such a flame as might have burned one hour and died the next, and would have made him obstinate in a manner to cause subsequent shame. But in his interview with the Queen, Gloucester had fortunately followed Lovell's own directions; had shown humility and affection, and professed his readiness to obey her in all he could whilst remaining constant to his religion and to the commands of his father and brother. He had also added his prayers that the Queen would not make him disobey, thereby putting her to "some trouble"; and had displayed the instructions left with him by Charles. The assertion contained in this paper, to the effect that she had promised not to meddle with the boy's religion, Henrietta declared to be a mistake. She yielded, however, in the end, so far as to say that matters should proceed no further till communication had been held with the King. Lovell was to be absented from the Duke only temporarily; "and the behaviour he [Gloucester] has shown to-day has been so pretty, with such affection and concernment," that his tutor hoped that he would but be roused by solitude to understanding and spirit.

At this stage it seems to have occurred to the Queen that the Cologne mail could not be indefinitely detained; and that it would be well that her report, supplementing that of others, should represent what was going forward in as favourable a light as possible. She therefore opened communication with the King. He would no doubt have heard, she told him, much to her prejudice, of her design; proceeding further to offer her explanations. Seeing that the Duke was wasting his time and becoming very unruly, she had sent him

to Pontoise, in order thereby to put an end to his acquaintance with other little lads by whom he had been persuaded to nothing but amusement. She had also considered herself bound to make known to him the articles of her religion, though she would neither force him nor break her promise.

Gloucester wrote to his brother, with boyish succinctness. The Queen had spoken to him, and had said she would have him instructed in her religion. Thereupon he had quoted his father's and brother's commands, begging her to write to the King before he heard any disputing.

Jermyn was the next writer, his tone of indifferentism contrasting sharply with the excited partisanship of others, and carefully guarding himself from the expression of any forecast as to the result of the Queen's present action. He could wish the thing had not been undertaken, and that it might not succeed; but could add nothing to such wishes. He, in fact, did not intend interference. Lord Hatton was, on the contrary, in a condition bordering on hysteria. At the hazard of his own life and that of those nearest to him he would, he wrote, venture all to rescue the sweet Duke. "If the Duke of Gloucester be thus lost, we are lost." He could neither eat nor sleep till a remedy was applied, and had never been in such disorder before.

The bag containing these communications reached the "little melancholy court" at Cologne on November 10th. Henrietta had begged the King not to be excited at her tidings, counting perhaps upon his easy-going nature to incline him to acquiescence. If so, her reckoning was defective. Never before, said Hyde, had he seen him in so great trouble of mind, or so awakened. To his mother he promptly sent a hurried but urgent

remonstrance, reminding her of her promises and his dead father's words. For his own part, what she was doing would make all his Protestant subjects believe his own acts and words to be "nothing but a grimace."

To Jermyn he sent a sharp rebuke, adding that, did he not exert himself to prevent the Duke's conversion, he would see or hear from the King no more: the breach between Charles and his mother would be irreparable. His reply to Gloucester contained a similar menace. Should he listen to the Queen he would never see England or his brother more, and would be the ruin of his King and his country. If he did not observe the words of his dead father, it would be the last time he would hear from Charles.

But it was not upon letters alone that the King relied. Ormond was to carry his injunctions, and was forthwith despatched to Paris with orders to bring his influence to bear not only upon the Queen and Gloucester, but, if necessary, upon the French authorities by whom Henrietta was supported, and to use his best endeavours to remove the boy from his mother's vicinity and to bring him to Cologne.

On his arrival in Paris, the messenger found that the Duke had been sent back to Pontoise. The apartments destined for the boy's use at Clermont were ready; thanksgivings for his conversion had already been offered in some churches, and keen anxiety was felt as to the course likely to be pursued by the King. So far, the object of all this solicitude had shown singular determination and constancy; a controversial paper prepared by Dr. Cosins and smuggled into Pontoise by Lord Hatton having been studied by his single Protestant attendant, a mere lad named Griffin, who communicated its purport to the Duke as the two

lay awake at night and thus fortified his master against any arguments by which he might be assailed.

Though delays had occurred in executing the Queen's purpose, November 20th, the very day of Ormond's arrival, had been fixed for the initiation of the Duke's residence at Clermont; and the Duke of York, who had returned a day or two earlier from the army, was permitted to hold no communication with his brother save in the Queen's presence. It was clear that there was no time to be lost.

Ormond's first interview with Henrietta was inconclusive. Her promise to the King was declared by her to have had reference to violence alone as a means of persuasion; and she ultimately cut the envoy short with a promise to think the matter over. It was unnecessary, she added, for Charles' messenger to visit Pontoise, as the Duke was very shortly to return to Paris. Ormond, though he did not say so, differed from the Queen. He proceeded to Pontoise on the following day; obtained speech with the Duke, finding himself astonished at the pertinence and method of Gloucester's discourse; and quickly succeeded in effecting the removal of the boy to Paris. To proceed further he was, so far, powerless, the Queen having demanded a few days' delay before making her reply to the King's letters and directions.

The attitude taken up by Charles was causing, if not surprise, some indignation at the Palais Royal; and Jermyn in particular accepted his rebuke in no spirit of meekness. Had the King used desires and commands instead of threatenings, he could, he wrote, have done no more. If he were never to see and hear from Charles again—though the facility with which that resolution had been taken might afford him some con-

solation—no man would be more sensible of the misfortune. But it was strange that an event so easy to foresee should not have been prevented by those on whom it was incumbent, whilst it was expected from perhaps the only Protestant in the world with a good excuse to let it alone. Lord Percy, also fallen under the King's displeasure, expressed his regrets that Charles should have honoured him with a letter. He had never been an officious though always a dutiful servant; and having received no commands would not act without them, especially when such action would have clashed with the Queen, whom he so much honoured.

Possibly Charles felt he had been unjust. Gloucester, whether under pressure from the delinquents or not, sent a letter to say that he heard the King had written sharply to Jermyn; but that had it not been for him, Berkeley, and Crofts—all three accused of connivance in the Queen's designs—Ormond would have found him in the Jesuit college; and Charles' authority had been likewise upheld by Percy against the arguments of "that desperate casuist"—to quote Hyde—Mr. Montagu, who would have set limits to it.

Ormond, meanwhile, was growing impatient. In spite of assurances to the contrary, he was apprehensive that obstacles would be placed in the way of the Duke's rendering obedience to his brother's summons and accompanying him to Cologne. On November 28th, when the envoy had been a week in Paris, a decisive interview, however, took place between mother and son. She presumed, she told him, that he was weary of being solicited. Truly she was weary too. She would therefore shorten his trial. He was to give Montagu one more hearing, to sequester himself and to think the matter over, and to bring her his answer that night.

When his answer was made it was such as might have been expected. It is likely enough that, setting aside the boy's natural bias in favour of the faith in which he had been bred, the methods used in attempting his conversion had called into play all the sturdy combativeness inherent in the British schoolboy; nor is it improbable that by this time, and with Ormond to back him, he had entered not without enjoyment into the spirit of the fight. In any case, he was firm in his determination to resist the Queen's wishes.

For Henrietta's conduct there is no excuse to be made. It is impossible not to discern in it a very unspiritual indignation at the resistance which had been successfully offered to her will. With what must have been an uncontrolled outbreak of passion, she told the Duke that she would no longer own him as her son, and commanded him to leave her presence; forbidding him to set foot again in her lodging, and adding that she would allow him nothing but his chamber to lie in until Ormond should provide for him elsewhere. When the lad knelt to crave her blessing she refused it.

The next day or two were spent in hurried consultations. To Ormond the Queen said that she would take no more care of the Duke; and to his request for permission to take him to his brother, replied that he should have her leave for nothing, but that she would not hinder him. York made intercession in vain, and when Gloucester waylaid her on her way to mass, in order once more to crave her blessing, she rejected him "with great indignation." It would seem that the Duke's own temper here gave way; for when Montagu, finding him "much discomposed," asked what had occasioned his disorder, he turned fiercely upon the Abbot. "What I am to thank you for, sir," he said

hotly, "and it is but reason that what my mother said to me, I should now say to you—be sure I see your face no more." After which he repaired with his brother to Sir Richard Browne's chapel, there to attend the English service.

It was manifest that no relenting was to be expected from the Queen. Orders were given that the Duke was not to be supplied with provisions; his horses were turned out of the stables, the sheets removed from his bed, and when, after a day spent at Lord Hatton's, he stole back, in his mother's absence, to the Palais Royal to bid his little sister farewell, so great was the child's consternation at his obstinacy that she could do nothing but shriek aloud, crying, "Oh me, my mother! Oh me, my brother! Oh, my mother, what shall I do? I am undone for ever!" Under these circumstances, little comfort was to be had at the palace. It was therefore arranged that Lord Hatton should give him house-room for the present; and when the Queen-Mother and her younger son, the Duke of Anjou, called upon Henrietta, and Anjou was sent to Gloucester's apartments, to try the effect of his persuasions, his cousin was gone.

It is proof of the impecunious condition of the English refugees, that only by pawning his Garter and jewel could Ormond raise money to remove the boy to Cologne. Meantime Gloucester's spirits were rising at the prospect of emancipation from maternal control, and in a letter to Nicholas his host gives a message from his "little great ghest" to the effect that he knew the Secretary would be active and accompany him at all his sports; and that, though he feared the Chancellor would be lazy, he intended to put him to it. Before Christmas the Duke, with Ormond and his small

household, were on their way to Cologne, and the Queen's separation from her son was effected. To his desire that he should be allowed to take leave of her and receive a parting blessing, she had replied by rejecting the letter conveying the request; and Gloucester proceeded, unforgiven, to join his brother. The two never met again.

Thus ended an episode presenting Henrietta in the most unpleasing light of any to be recorded. That she acted in obedience to the dictates of her conscience there is no reason to doubt; but it was a conscience delivered into the keeping of Walter Montagu; and the methods employed to force her son to act against his own are suggestive of a fanaticism touched with madness. Writing to Charles in answer to his remonstrances, she told him, in reference to his reminder of his father's wishes, that, though she could say with great truth that she would willingly have given her life to save the King's, nothing that he could say, were he now alive, would have had more effect than her son's protests.

In extenuation, if not in defence, of her conduct, the spirit of the times must be borne in mind, and the fact that the Queen of Bohemia's daughter Louise, afterwards Abbess of Maubuisson, took the step of flying from her mother's court on becoming a Catholic, points to a condition of animosity as bitter in the opposite camp. Her brother Prince Edward had, earlier still, abjured his Protestantism, and when a letter was subsequently discovered in which he supplied the Princess with facilities for flight, his mother observed sardonically that she had always thought that the Devil and Prince Edward had done it. That Louise sought and found a refuge with Henrietta will not have improved the relations between the sisters-in-law.

CHAPTER XXIII

1655—1656

Court parties—The Cardinal and Henrietta—Family reconciliations—Louis XIV. and Henriette-Anne—The Princess Royal's visit—Disagreements between the Duke of York and the King—The Princess and Henry Jermyn.

TRANSACTIONS of the kind narrated in the last chapter were not calculated to increase good feeling amongst the rival factions into which the Royalists were divided; and Henrietta's defeat had doubtless its effect in embittering party spirit. She was not likely to bestow an easy forgiveness upon her opponents; Lord Hatton anticipated the necessity of quitting Paris; and Radcliffe, employed by the King to convey a letter to his brother, was in no less disfavour. It was natural, Jermyn told him when he sought access to the Queen, that she should be offended with interlopers who meddled with things that concerned them not, and thereby crossed her designs. After which Radcliffe grew very weary of Paris.

On the other hand, the party hostile to the Palais Royal was on the alert, a watchful eye being kept in particular upon the Duke of York, who remained throughout the spring with his mother. It was anxiously noted that the heir to the throne was on terms of perilous friendliness with Sir John Berkeley "and all that tribe," and James' letters tend to confirm the impression that he did not at this time share the general distrust of the Queen's confidants. It is

to Jermyn that he, like his mother, refers Charles for information, even when his own position is in question. Jermyn, he writes in one letter, will tell the King his business affairs, "so that I need not trouble you with it, or the other news of this place; only this, that it is so hot weather that I have been a-swimming this afternoon and never found the water warmer." And he sends some songs from the latest ballet. In the same letter the Duke communicated the news of a proposal made to him by certain Catholics bound by a solemn oath to kill Cromwell. It is possible that in furnishing his brother with this important piece of information, his knowledge of Charles' character may have led him to doubt whether the latest novelty in ballets might not prove a subject of greater interest than the project of murder.

If the Queen was finding more comfort than at an earlier date in the society of her second son, she needed it. Her disappointment with regard to Gloucester was said to have affected her health, and it seemed to be visibly failing. Other matters, besides the Duke's recalcitrance, may well have been wearing alike to nerves and spirits. The negotiations between the French and English governments were believed to be not unlikely to include a stipulation for the expulsion from France of all Royalists, including Henrietta, unless she should withdraw into a convent. In February Hatton told Nicholas that Jermyn had been sent by her to the Cardinal to make inquiries as to the truth of the rumours afloat; adding that the minister had been "very high and loud"; had wondered that the Queen and her son did not perceive that his conduct was designed to serve them, and declined to make any particulars known. At Charles' court it was said that his mother had given Mazarin an "heroic answer"—probably with regard to the obnoxious

treaty; but though entertaining no doubt of her own "princely spirit," Hatton, on the spot, was too confident of the strength of the influence exercised by Jermyn, who dared not offend the Cardinal's dog, to credit the report.

In one respect Henrietta's horizon was brightening. The partial estrangement between herself and the King had added a painful element to her life during the winter of 1654-5. Early in January, however, Jermyn was writing to Charles that though the Queen could not yet forget the business of the Duke of Gloucester, he hoped that a very few days would make her capable of meeting the King's advances towards a good understanding; and by the 15th he was able to enclose a letter from Henrietta. Neither could in fact afford to quarrel. To the Queen, Charles was alike her son and her King; whilst policy and affection equally made it important to Charles to maintain terms of amity with his mother. Money was scarce, and to an inquiry concerning the payment of his pension by France, the answer had been made that it would be paid "so far forth as the Queen of England desired, and no otherwise." By February a reconciliation appears to have been effected, and Jermyn was transmitting to the King a suggestion that the agent to be sent by Henrietta to the new Pope on affairs of her own should be intrusted with the King's business, since it would be difficult for Charles to deal directly with Rome. The step, Jermyn urged, would be not only advantageous to his interests, but would promote a better understanding with his mother.

Though Charles answered dubiously, the ensuing months were in fact much occupied with the attempt to induce the new Pope, Alexander VII., to supply funds to render a Royalist enterprise possible; and a draft in Hyde's hand stating Charles' readiness to repeal

the penal laws against Catholics should he be assisted in the recovery of his crown indicates the price he was willing to pay for financial support. The negotiations, like others of the same kind, produced no result. The Pope had his own informants concerning English affairs, and their reports did not tally with those furnished by Charles' agents; Cromwell's power appeared to him to be too securely established to be overthrown, and he declined to contribute funds towards the attempt.

Whilst the abortive attempt at a Royalist rising during this year was productive of fresh disappointment at the Palais Royal, it will have been in some measure counterbalanced, not only by the terms of amity established between Henrietta and the King, but by the more friendly spirit which was replacing a coldness also existing between the Queen and her elder daughter. In June the Duke of York was writing to his sister, by his mother's desire, to say that though at present too sick to do so herself, the Princess should hear from her when she was well, the Duke adding, on his own account, that a kind answer might be expected. "I hope," Mary added, communicating this intelligence to the King, "there will be a good understanding amongst us all, in spite of all hot heads, which have studied nothing but how to make the Queen angry both with you and me." Sir Henry Bennet, secretary to the Duke of York, also congratulated the King upon the fact that his mother's last letters had been "so kind and obliging," adding his hopes that the two would both talk themselves into that kindness that ought to be between them. In spite of frequent disagreements, there was no lack of love amongst the members of the royal family, and Mary, in another letter, is found assuring her eldest brother of her obedience in all respects, save

in not loving her boy (though her only child) above all things in the world, so long as the King himself was in it.

If Henrietta was now at peace with her own children, she was at more than peace with her nephew, the young King. Louis was, she wrote to Charles, so much grown and embellished that he could not be more so ; she was quite in love with him. He also conducted himself towards her like a different person, and was become as courteous as possible. It does not appear whether this unqualified eulogy was pronounced before or after an incident had occurred which may have lessened to some extent her enthusiastic appreciation of the King's merits. It was at a certain small entertainment given by Anne of Austria that the incident in question took place.

On this occasion a particularly select company, of ladies only, had been gathered together to see the King dance, Anne appearing in cap and dressing-gown in order to emphasise the private nature of the affair. When the *branle* was to begin, the King, accustomed to pay all honour to the Mancini sisters, nieces of the Cardinal, had already selected one of them as his partner, when his mother, indignant at the slight thereby offered to the Princess Henriette, rising abruptly from her seat, separated the couple, directing her son in a low voice to offer his hand to his cousin. The meaning of her interposition must have been patent to all present ; and Henrietta, watching her angry sister-in-law, followed her to beg that she would put no constraint upon Louis, adding that Henriette had hurt her foot and was unable to dance.

The excuse was transparent, and Anne put it at once aside. If Henriette could not dance, neither, she declared, should the King ; and no choice was left to her cousin but

to accept the partner thus forced upon him, although remaining impenitent, and replying sulkily at night to the rebukes addressed to him by his mother that he did not like little girls.

It is possible that the young King, as well as others, attached a deeper significance to the incident than the mere exchange of one partner for another. The question of his marriage was now becoming an important one; and it was probably not unknown to the person chiefly concerned that his aunt indulged the dream that the daughter she loved so well might one day reign as Queen in her native land. His own mother was attached to the child who had grown up under her eyes, and amongst the aspirants to the hand of the best *parti* in Europe Henriette may have seemed not the least likely to be selected. The misfortune was that whilst Louis was sixteen and looked more, the Princess, at eleven, was still a child; and that, after the fashion of boys of his age, he entertained a preference for older women. At the present time one of the Mancini sisters, afterwards married to the Comte de Soissons, altogether eclipsed in his eyes his little cousin. So far, however, his marriage was not a matter of pressing urgency; and Henrietta may reasonably have hoped that in two or three years, should his choice be delayed so long, her daughter might have reached an age when she would find favour in his eyes. That time was not to come until too late for matrimonial purposes.

Before the year 1655 had drawn to an end the blow so long dreaded by Henrietta had fallen. Peace had been formally declared between England and France, and she was looking on with bitterness at the bonfires lit to celebrate the event, and taking to herself such

comfort as could be afforded by the conviction that the treaty was unpopular with the Parisian public. She had summoned the Duke of York to Paris, not considering it fitting that he should serve in the army of a nation at peace with those who had put his father to death, and his future must have furnished additional cause of anxiety.

Early in the new year the Queen was cheered by a visit from her elder daughter, the Princess Royal. Charles had been apprehensive of damage to the interests of his little nephew, the Prince of Orange, as well as to his own, from his sister's journey to Paris, and opinion both at Cologne and the Hague had been strongly against it. The Queen and her daughter had, however, strong wills, and remonstrances failed to induce them to abandon the project. Henrietta, for her part, replied that she was unable to perceive how the visit in question could be more prejudicial than those already paid by Mary to her brother at Cologne and Spa; and the Princess herself showed no signs of an inclination to defer to his views.

There may have been other reasons, besides the natural desire to see her mother, contributing to keep Mary firm in her determination. A conversation was reported to have taken place between the two Queen-Mothers which had convinced Henrietta, "who had the art of making herself believe anything she had a mind to," that Louis might be inclined towards a marriage with her elder daughter; whereupon she was said to have summoned the Princess to Paris. It will be seen that Mademoiselle credited her cousin with designs upon the King. Whether or not this was the case, Mary is said to have spared no expense in preparing for her visit, to have run into debt, and even to have sold, besides

jewels of her own, estates she held as guardian to her son.[1]

The lack of deference to Charles' wishes shown by his mother appears to have given rise to some fears of renewed estrangement, and in a letter addressed by Jermyn to the King he did his best to explain the mother to the son. "You are not to judge," he wrote, "of the Queen's affection, no more by her style than by her words; for they are both sometimes betrayers of her thoughts, and have sharpness that in her heart she is not guilty of. And I do believe that you have not only her affection to presume on, which can never be shaken, but even all the tenderness and kindness that can be imagined, which I say not to intrude myself into that, which is very unnecessary between you, she doing this office, but because a word in your letter leads me to it."

A communication from Henrietta bearing the same date as that of Jermyn was chiefly occupied with a different matter, and one she begged her son to keep very secret. A certain gentleman and a great mathematician had written to make known to Charles what he had discovered, by means of occult art, as to the King's future fortunes. Henrietta had consented to take charge of this paper and to forward it to her son, adding that many of the prophecies of the seer had already been fulfilled. "Although one cannot place much reliance on things of the kind," added the Queen, "one nevertheless allows oneself easily to believe what one desires. I pray God he may be a true prophet."

More consoling than the forecasts of the soothsayer will have been the prospect of renewed intercourse with the daughter from whom she had been so long parted.

[1] Earl of Dartmouth's notes to *Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Times.*

On January 17th, in spite of disapproval and remonstrance, Mary set forth on her journey. "I see," wrote an adverse critic from the Hague, "that all they who dislike the King's present proceedings are much pleased with it, desiring (it seems) he may be disappointed in his counsels."

Mademoiselle, looking on with envious eyes from her place of banishment, described the magnificent equipage, dress, and jewels it had cost Mary so much to prepare. All the world, she added, said that she came with the design of dazzling the King; and it was believed that the Queen would not regret it; and that, should she find favour with them, she would soon become a Catholic.

If Mary had indulged the hopes ascribed to her—and few, especially amongst the King's cousins, were not credited with designs upon his hand—they were not destined to find fulfilment; and Mademoiselle records with satisfaction the absence of any special attentions paid by Louis to the guest. "I believe," she wrote, "he did not so much as speak to her." In all other respects Mary's reception can scarcely have fallen short of any expectations she had formed. Louis and his mother met her a league from the city. Her brother James had already joined her at Perron, accompanied by a representative of the King, who, according to her own account of the matter, would have done her that honour in person, had not her mother represented the visit as paid to herself alone. The Queen-Mother did all that was possible for the guest, giving frequent private entertainments, since the Princess was precluded by her weeds from attending those of a more public character; and balls took place every night. At one of these, given by Monsieur and of a particularly brilliant description, Henriette-Anne enjoyed a special success, being described

by the court versifier as like an angel on earth, and leading the Most Christian King—on this occasion resigning himself to accept his cousin as a partner—with so good a grace that all were as much charmed with the King as with the Mignonne.

Paris had done its best in the way of welcome ; and it is easy to detect, through her complaints of fatigue, Henrietta's satisfaction. His sister, she wrote to Charles, had been royally received, and had pleased every one, from the greatest to the least. "I believe she is very weary of visits. They are paid her from morning till night. For my part, I am nearly dead with them. But you, who are acquainted with France, know well enough that, after the beginning, one enjoys sufficient repose. That is my hope." Jermyn added his report. The Princess, he said, was well able to hold her place. She had also shown herself anxious to do what in her lay to render the confidence between her mother and brother entire. For Jermyn's part, should it fall to his lot to be of service in that matter, it would be the greatest happiness that could befall him.

Mary's own letter to the Dutch minister betrays a pardonable pride in the welcome accorded her. She had been so overwhelmed with visits that she had had no time to write. Never in her life had she received so much civility. Her mother treated her with all the friendship and care imaginable—more than she deserved ; but they had never yet been able to converse quite alone for want of time. Details of expenses followed. She bought her own wood and candles, and Jermyn desired that the servants should not eat in the house, so that an allowance had to be made them. And she was sure her money would not be sufficient—which was more than probable.

It was well that, whilst Henrietta enjoyed the diversion from the monotony of alternating hopes and fears afforded by her daughter's visit, she entertained no suspicion of one most unwelcome consequence to result from it. Amongst the ladies brought by Mary in her train was Anne Hyde, and it was during this visit that the intimacy was inaugurated between James Duke of York and his sister's lady-in-waiting, which ended, four years later, in marriage.

It was not the Chancellor's fault that his daughter had accompanied her mistress to Paris. When first the journey had been in contemplation, he had written to Lady Stanhope, wife of Heenvliet, the Dutch minister, to deprecate the intention he anticipated on the part of the Princess to take Anne to France. That the Princess Royal had received her into her service was, he wrote, said to have been a chief cause of the Queen's displeasure with her daughter, and any display of special favour towards her would only have the result of increasing the Queen's dislike for himself. The protest was reasonable, but took no effect; and when Mary reached Paris, Anne was in her train. The Duke of York was likewise in Paris, and though treated with small consideration and warned that he would shortly be compelled, in consequence of pressure from England, to go elsewhere, he lingered on. The Princess had reason four years later to regret that she had not deferred to the Chancellor's wishes and left his daughter in Holland.

Mary was in no haste to be gone. It was true that, according to Lord Hatton, the Queen's prediction had found speedy fulfilment, and when no longer a novelty she had small cause to complain of overmuch attention. She had, he said, shown her admirable good nature in remaining where she was treated with so little

respect. If report is to be believed, the Princess Royal, like her brother, may have had reasons of her own for condoning the want of consideration displayed towards her. It is said that she was carrying on a love-affair with young Harry Jermyn, nephew and heir to her mother's favourite ; and it was afterwards alleged, as an explanation of the singular favour shown him by her son in later days, that she had married him secretly. The report was certainly current at Paris, since Mademoiselle casually mentions that it was said that her cousin had wedded "le petit Germain," and it will be seen that, later on, Charles felt called upon to take steps to prevent his sister from giving colour to the scandal.

Whatever may have been the facts giving rise to this story, life in Paris must have had much to recommend it, and the guest showed no eagerness to return to her maternal duties in Holland. Amongst the relations to whom she was now introduced for the first time was her cousin, Mademoiselle. It was not until the following year that the six years' penance with which the heroine of the Fronde had expiated her misdeeds came to an end, and she was re-admitted to court. But, precluded from approaching it nearer, she was hovering round the environs of Paris, and receiving visits from such of her friends as remained faithful to her in her disgrace. It was at Corbeil that she received an intimation from Henrietta that, if she would fix a place and time for the meeting, the Princess of Orange should be brought to make her acquaintance, an attention more appreciated by Mademoiselle in her banishment than it would have been at an earlier date.

The meeting took place at Chilly, marked by much cordiality on both sides. Henrietta arrived accompanied by her two daughters, as well as by the Duke of York

and a numerous train of attendants. Mademoiselle records with pride that all the princesses and duchesses then in Paris had repaired to Chilly to do honour to the occasion, and all went well.

"I here present to you a person who has had a great desire to see you," said the Queen, as she introduced her daughter; and Mary kissed her cousin with much affection, "for some one I had never seen."

A banquet followed; after which, seated on a couch, Henrietta held a species of court, whilst the Princess Royal made up for lost time in cementing a friendship with her hostess. She had heard so much of Mademoiselle, she told her, from her brother the King, that, without knowing her, she already loved her. She expressed her liking for France, adding somewhat imprudently that such was her aversion for Holland that as soon as Charles should enjoy his own again she intended to make her home with him in England. After this, it was scarcely to be wondered at that Henrietta told her niece that she had never seen the Princess talk so much since she had come to Paris. The Queen also pointed out that her daughter was arrayed most correctly in widow's weeds, in deference to her mother's desire that her first visit should be ceremonious—*régulière*. If it had been owing to Henrietta that Mary had donned her black gown and *pommette*, she had indemnified herself for her sombre apparel by the magnificence of her ornaments. Her pearl earrings, her diamond bracelets, and her rings won Mademoiselle's admiration. The Queen adverted to the display with less approval, aware, no doubt, of all it had cost.

"My daughter is not like me," she observed. "She is magnificent; she has money and jewels; she loves spending. I tell her every day that she should be

ménagère—that I was once in her condition, and even more so, and she sees my present state."

Having done her duty by the company, the Queen made her excuses and retired to converse with her niece in greater privacy. Her visit had probably had another object besides the introduction of her daughter, and she was desirous of keeping alive her niece's interest in the King. After showing her sympathy "in the tenderest manner" for Mademoiselle's condition of banishment, she broached the subject nearer to her heart.

"And that poor King of England," she said. "You are so ungrateful that you ask no news of him?"

"It is for me to listen when your Majesty speaks," answered Mademoiselle with unusual humility, "and not to question you. Also, I was about to await an opportunity of asking for tidings."

"Alas!" replied the Queen, "he is foolish enough to love you still. When he departed he begged me to make known to you that he was in despair at quitting France without bidding you farewell. I would not send you word of it, lest I should make you too vain. When I see you, I cannot adhere to these good resolutions. Reflect that, had you wedded him, you would not now be in your present condition with regard to your father"—the Duke and his daughter had quarrelled—"that you would be your own mistress, would make use of whom it should please you to employ, and would have been perhaps settled in England. I am persuaded that the poor wretch will know no happiness apart from you. Had you married him, he and I would have been on better terms. You would have contributed to make him live at peace with me."

Mademoiselle demurred at this assumption.

"Since he does not live on good terms with your

Majesty," she asked, "why is it to be believed that he would do so with another?"

Henrietta's answer seems to have been a vague expression of the affection she cherished, in spite of his delinquencies, for the King; and, the explanation over, she shortly after took her leave, not without fresh demonstrations of cordiality on the part of the Princess Royal, who held out hopes that she might effect another meeting with her exiled cousin before her departure from Paris. In spite of disfavour at court, Mademoiselle was still a power to be reckoned with and conciliated.

Thus the months passed away, till in November Mary brought her visit to a close and left Paris for Bruges, where the King was now resident. She had been preceded to the Flemish town by the Duke of York, and the four visible hopes of England, as they are termed by Hyde, were thus gathered together, Henriette-Anne being the only one of Charles I.'s children wanting.

The reunion of the four visible hopes was not attended with peace and amity. Henrietta reported to her sister at the end of January that she was in fresh trouble, the Duke of York having taken offence and quitted his brother, to retire into Holland. She added that she was labouring to restore peace between her sons and to induce the Duke to return to Bruges.

The fact was that James had arrived at his brother's court, accompanied not only by "le petit Germain," who, as nephew to Henrietta's favourite, was unlikely to find a welcome there, but by Sir John Berkeley, also connected with Jermyn, and in bad repute with Charles and his counsellors. When it is remembered that Hyde had successfully interposed, as the friend of both, to prevent a marriage between Lady Morton, Henriette's *gouvernante*, and Berkeley, it will be seen that private grudges will

have embittered the relations of the rival parties. Sir John's reception was of the coldest; doubts were thrown upon the Duke's right to select the members of his own household, and it was finally intimated to Berkeley by Digby, now Earl of Bristol, that he would do well to depart, since the King would probably insult him if he did not take that step.

Such was the account sent to Holland by the Princess Royal, who had, on her arrival from Paris, entered with zest into the quarrel and taken part strongly with her younger brother. She herself was treated, she said, as if she had the plague, and poor Sir John Berkeley was leaving. Three days later she was writing that the Duke had departed, no one knew whither—he had, in fact, gone to join his friend on a pre-arranged plan, taking with him Harry Jermyn—and she entreated that an urgent summons, worded for her brother's eyes, might be sent to her from Holland. There was not a single person in Bruges to whom she could speak freely. After this outburst it is surprising to find that it was not until February that, in response to a genuine demand for her presence, she left Bruges. Negotiations had been set on foot between her two brothers which she was anxious to see concluded; and in the end the Duke was permitted to retain Berkeley's services—the King's dignity being saved by the delay of a month in his return to Bruges—and a peerage was further bestowed upon the object of the general distrust. The Duke of York's display of independence had taken effect.

In spite of the efforts Henrietta represented herself as making to restore peace between the brothers, she seems to have espoused her younger son's cause with as much warmth as the Princess Royal, and in as belligerent a spirit. Passing through Paris on his way

to Madrid, Sir Henry Bennet, formerly in the Duke's service and now employed by the King, called at the Palais Royal to deliver a letter from Charles, and wrote to give Hyde a description of his reception there. The Queen had said she had no commands for him; that he would do well to make the least stay in the house that he could; and that, the Duke being displeased with him, had it not been for the letter of which he was the bearer she would not have consented to see him at all. Jermyn asked him coldly to dinner, but did not dispute the point when he said that, after what the Queen had said, he did not think he could safely accept the invitation. After which discouraging interview the messenger took his leave.

It must be confessed that Charles had no easy task in regulating the affairs of his brothers and sisters, and Mary herself was causing him no slight anxiety about this time. It has been seen that Harry Jermyn had been one of the Duke of York's companions, and it may have been partly this fact that had ranged his sister so vehemently on James' side. At any rate, it was not long before the reports concerning the Princess's relations with Lord Jermyn's heir had become so injurious that the King took the step of demanding that the young man should leave her vicinity and present himself at his own court.

Mary had not reached the point of resistance to her brother's express orders, and Jermyn was promptly despatched to join him. She, however, wrote to say that she trusted that, the King having been obeyed, he would permit the Duke to recall his servant, since Jermyn's absence would be less effective than his presence in putting an end to any stories that might be afloat. The reasoning does not appear conclusive; but, having

vindicated his authority, Charles reluctantly yielded, and permitted Harry Jermyn to go. The affair was not even yet at an end. More than one interview took place between brother and sister with regard to what Charles termed "this unhappy business"; and the King was heard to exclaim that he thought Lord Jermyn and his family were destined to be his ruin.

CHAPTER XXIV

1657—1660

Treaty with Spain—Henrietta's appeal to Cromwell—Her dependent condition—Death of Cromwell—Question of Louis' marriage—Charles at Fontarabia—And at Colombes—Royalist chances—Reresby at court—Charles' improving prospects—The Restoration—Henriette-Anne and the Duc d'Orléans—The Queen and Mademoiselle.

NOTWITHSTANDING the settlement of the disputes between the King and his brother, the Duke of York was probably not sorry to leave Charles' court and to resume his own trade of soldiering, to be carried on under the Spanish instead of the French flag.

Recent negotiations with Spain had resulted in a treaty between Charles and the Spanish Government which, of small intrinsic importance, may have seemed, to Royalist eyes, a presage of better things. Although Spain was bound to scarcely more than a vague promise of future assistance should the occasion for it present itself, the alliance was dwelt upon with satisfaction. In the case of a king concerning whom, in Clarendon's words, all the princes of Europe had seemed to contend amongst themselves who should most eminently forget and neglect him, the mere recognition of his existence may have been cheering.

The new treaty must have produced complications at Paris. If the alliance between the exiled King and a power at war with themselves had the advantage, in the eyes of the French authorities, of shifting the burden

of Charles' support from France to Spain, it had other results regarded with less favour, a large number of Irish soldiers serving in the French army under Ormond's nephew, Lord Muskerry, having followed the example of their commander and transferred their services to Charles' new ally. The further fact that Henrietta's two younger sons were taking a personal part in the war in Flanders, must have been also calculated to give rise to discomfort in her relations with the court of which she was still a pensioner. On June 13th the battle of the Dunes was fought, when Englishmen were opposed to Englishmen and French to French, and Spain, reinforced by Condé and the English Royalists, was defeated by Turenne and Cromwell's Ironsides. The surrender of Dunkirk followed, and before the end of the month the town was in Cromwell's hands.

Giving an account to Charles of the fears she had entertained for his brother's safety, Henrietta touched on the difficulties of her own position. "I pass my time very ill here," she wrote, "seeing all that is taking place. You cannot fail to judge that I myself must suffer greatly. I hope that God will at last put an end to our misfortunes, and will re-establish you, and give me strength enough to witness that happy day." That they might be all together was her daily prayer.

During the summer and autumn of 1657 Henrietta seems to have been unusually suffering. Writing to her sister in June, she excused herself for silence on account of illness, adding that she had had herself carried to Chaillot, but had been no better for the change. In September Loret records that she had gone to Bourbon "with the young princess, whose beauty shone at her side like a guardian angel"; and a month later he registers her return, again accompanied by "cette princesse angélique

qui ne la quitte presque pas." On this occasion the waters had failed to produce their customary effect, and she wrote to her sister from Paris that she was wearied with the journey and still ill.

Some time before this Henrietta had taken a step to which she must have been driven by the stress of necessity alone. In the hope of securing a position of greater independence than was possible whilst she depended for subsistence upon the bounty of the French government, she had made an application through the Cardinal to his new English allies for the payment of the dower due to her as Queen of England. As might have been expected, the demand was made in vain. The money may have been hers by right; but it is scarcely to be wondered at that Cromwell should have declined to provide funds of which, as he must have been aware, every penny that could be spared would go to furnish his enemies with supplies. His refusal, however, was couched in terms of gratuitous insult. Based upon the fact that Henrietta's childish bigotry had caused her to decline to be crowned, the answer returned to the Cardinal was to the effect that, having never been recognised as Queen of England, she was not entitled to what might otherwise have been her due.

Henrietta showed not a little dignity in her reception of this message, delivered to her by the Cardinal in person. It was not, she said, so much for her to resent the outrage contained in it as for King Louis, who ought not to suffer the implied affront to be offered to a daughter of France. For her part, the recognition of her position by her lord the King and all England sufficed for her satisfaction, and the insult was shameful rather to France than to herself.

If it is matter of regret that the Queen should

have made the petition to a man she hated and despised, she was not without excuse. The bread of charity is proverbially bitter; and though her sister-in-law never failed in generosity and openhandedness, others displayed less of these qualities. "Would she not have been right if she had done so?" asked Monsieur, the King's brother, hotly, when an alleged attempt on Mademoiselle's part to take precedence of Princess Henriette-Anne was in question. "Why should these people, to whom we give bread, pass before us? Why do not they take themselves elsewhere?" When the lad's sneer was reported to Henrietta, she shed tears. It was true that his mother had sharply rebuked him. "You being what you are, and they what they are, it well becomes you to speak thus!" she had told her son. But the exiled Queen knew that her nephew had done no more than give expression to the sentiments of many who were silent.

Mademoiselle, the immediate cause of the scene, could afford to be magnanimous. She had by this time regained her old footing at court, and having relinquished her hope of obtaining the hand of the King, was not unwilling to see in her young partisan, Anjou, a possible substitute. Though admitting that under other circumstances she might have contested the point at issue—in which it appears she would have had Mazarin's support—she was disinclined to enter at the present moment upon a quarrel with her aunt. Remembering, perhaps, that Henrietta had shown herself her friend during the period of her disgrace, she went so far as to obtain permission to withdraw from court on the occasions when the ambassador from Westminster was to be received there; and when the news that Cromwell had passed away came as a prophecy of better things, she rejoiced that the

coincidence of this event with the death of an infant prince of the blood had saved the French court from the disgrace of wearing mourning for the Lord Protector, adding that she would have done so only by the King's express command.

It was on September 3rd, 1658, that Oliver Cromwell was removed from his place at the helm, and at the news Royalist hopes, as was natural, rose high. But reiterated disappointment had done its work, and discouragement is apparent in Henrietta's letter acknowledging the congratulations of Madame de Motteville. "I thought," she wrote, "that you would be glad of the death of that scoundrel. I will tell you that I know not whether it is that my heart is so wrapped about by melancholy that it is incapable of joy, or that I see no great advantage likely to result from it; but I have not rejoiced very greatly; and my chief pleasure is to perceive the joy of all my friends."

To her sister, whether from policy or because events appeared to her to promise more than she had anticipated when the news first reached her, she wrote in October in better spirits. Cromwell's death, she said, was a beginning upon which hopes for the future might be grounded. No change could take place in England without presenting opportunities for action, and she had children who would not allow occasions to slip.

If the autumn was favourable to Royalist hopes, it saw the downfall of certain others indulged by Henrietta with regard to the future of her youngest and best-loved child. The question of Louis' marriage was becoming one of increasing importance. His dangerous illness in the summer must have brought home to the Cardinal and others the fact that his life alone stood between his brother and the throne, and there can have

been few with the welfare of France at heart who would have desired to see Philippe king. The aspirants to Louis' hand were many. If Mademoiselle had withdrawn her claims, her younger half-sister was considered by some to be a fitting bride. His mother was avowedly anxious that peace should be concluded with Spain, and that the King should give her as daughter-in-law her own niece, the Infanta. Should that project prove impracticable, she would not have been averse to his marriage with Henriette-Anne. But besides the King's distaste for the match, the Cardinal displayed a marked preference for an alliance with the house of Savoy, with which he had already connected himself by the marriage of a niece. Marguerite, sister to the present Duke and the daughter of Madame Royale, was the bride backed by the ministerial interest—an interest powerful enough to outweigh that of the Queen-Mother ; whilst Louis was so eager to be married that he was not disposed to be over-critical as to the wife proposed for his acceptance. In the later autumn a journey to Lyons was accordingly to be made, when a meeting was to take place between the courts of France and of Savoy, and Louis to be given an opportunity of making acquaintance with his cousin. Should she find favour in his eyes the marriage was to be definitely arranged.

All pointed towards the realisation of the scheme, and, in spite of Henrietta's affection for her sister, it would have been a bitter mortification to see a niece, inferior both in birth and beauty, preferred to her child. This mortification she was not to suffer. The history of the collapse of the project has been detailed at length in the memoirs of the time. All had at first promised well. In spite of Marguerite's lack of beauty, Louis, on

their first meeting, had declared her much to his taste, and the Queen-Mother was reluctantly resigning herself to the inevitable, when the sudden appearance upon the scene of an envoy from Spain, charged with instructions to facilitate the realisations of Anne's dream of a Spanish alliance, changed in a moment the face of affairs. When the Infanta was to be had, it was recognised on all hands that Marguerite of Savoy must give way; and the courts separated, the discarded bride, in contrast to her mother, accepting her disappointment with a dignity commanding the respect of all the curious observers. When the farewells were over, freedom of speech was restored. The Queen-Mother, according to Mademoiselle, gave open vent to her relief. She was glad to be rid of all the Savoyard train, derided the Duchess's tears, and declared her to be the greatest comedian in the world. On the other hand, Marguerite's brother, the Duke, was reported —he denied the report—to have congratulated himself upon having seen Mademoiselle, since he had thereby been cured of the wish he had cherished of making her his wife; and King Louis himself was free to return for the present to his allegiance to Marie de Mancini.

To Henrietta the downfall of the marriage scheme will have been matter of unmixed rejoicing. If it was clear that her daughter was not destined to be Queen of France, to cede to the Infanta was very different from giving place to the sister of the Duke of Savoy, and she will have offered a special welcome to the court on its return to Paris.

The exhilaration felt by the Royalist party when it had become known that the great spirit of their most powerful opponent had passed away had, meantime, been succeeded by disappointment and discouragement. The uncontested accession of Richard Cromwell had seemed

to put an end to the expectation of any immediate amelioration of the King's fortunes; and the fact that, when Charles, through his mother, expressed an informal desire to be present at the negotiation of the treaty entered into in the course of 1659 by France and Spain, he was met with a distinct refusal from the Cardinal, augured ill of the opinion entertained of his chances.

Henrietta's relations with her son were once more in a condition leaving much to be desired. "Though you show me little confidence," she wrote to Charles in August, 1659, "I do not cease from trying to serve you in all I can." During the same month Ormond was again pursuing his old avocation of peace-maker, having apparently been sent to Paris for that purpose. On his way thither he had visited Walter Montagu at his abbey, and had represented to the Abbot, high in favour at the French court, the present need of French help. Arrived in Paris, he had a conference lasting two hours with Jermyn, when the question of the promotion of a better understanding between the Queen and King had been discussed, the terms proposed by Jermyn being general—"and so, you may be sure, reasonable," wrote Ormond to Hyde. The Queen, when she in turn received the envoy, had been reproachful. Had Charles trusted her in time, he would now, she believed, have been in England. Not having that part in his trust, she durst not venture in the dark to meddle in his business, lest she might disserve him—contradicting herself in the same breath by avowing that, such was her zeal without his order she had at tempted something with regard to which she was forced to preserve silence, but which she hoped might prove of great advantage. Ormond had been very civilly used, "and had much ado to defend myself from being, in this woful equipage, lodged in the Palais Royal." Jermyn

had seconded his efforts at pacification, seeming "much unsatisfied with the Queen's saying anything like a reproach, or the ripping up of old unkindnesses." Henrietta's servants were possibly by this time conscious that it would be for their future advantage to keep on good terms with the King and his counsellors, and when Ormond left Paris in September he carried a letter from Lord Crofts telling Charles that he would receive by the bearer an account of all, except his own behaviour, "which has been so prudent as the Queen remains entirely satisfied with your affection and fully resolved to persist in all the fair correspondence you can desire."

Before or after this declaration of goodwill, Henrietta, acting by Charles' wish, had inquired of Mazarin, "as of herself," whether it would not be fit that her son should assist at the conferences between the representatives of France and Spain at Fontarabia. Should the Cardinal's answer be favourable, passes were to be obtained permitting the King to travel to the frontier by way of France. But when Henrietta broached the subject, the minister answered "very warmly" that it was by no means fit that Charles should carry out his intention, which would only result in harm to himself. The Queen, he added, was to let her son know that his interests would be cared for by the Cardinal so soon as it should appear that the treaty would lead to a peace.

The message was duly transmitted by Henrietta, accompanied by her assurances of Mazarin's kindness and good intentions. But Charles appears to have remained unconvinced. At all events, preferring to be on the spot when negotiations were to be carried on with his new ally, Spain, he proceeded to make his way, though unauthorised, to Fontarabia. Finding the treaty already concluded and the Cardinal firm

in his refusal to admit him to an interview, he had, however, no alternative save to take the road back to Flanders, paying on his way the short visit to his mother at her country home, Colombes, which was all that the Cardinal would permit. On this occasion the meeting was fully satisfactory, and "all former mistakes" being removed, the relations of mother and son were established on a footing of amity which appears to have been at last permanent. Ormond, summoned unexpectedly to Colombes to advise upon the manner and time of the King's departure, was able to send Hyde a good report of the harmony he had found prevailing. Their master was to travel by coach—with useful horses bought, Ormond doubted not, dear enough of my Lord Crofts—leaving at soonest on December 17th; and "there is an entire satisfaction in the King and Queen with each other, which I hope will put an end to all other differences that flowed from a belief of the contrary, or render them less hurtful." In other words, when their principals were at peace, it might be hoped that subordinates would cease from quarrelling.

For the present, the Queen and her son were again to remain apart; and whilst the destinies of England hung in the balances, and the country was gradually reverting to its old forms of government, restoring its Parliament and preparing to restore its king, Henrietta carried on her old way of life at the Palais Royal. Although the Restoration was so quickly to follow, the treaty of the Pyrenees had given little indication of a suspicion on the part of the two great powers concerned in it that the errant King who had manifested an indiscreet desire to intrude himself into their counsels was to be in the near future of sufficient importance to be worth taking into account. When Charles' affairs had been in question

during the course of the negotiations, Mazarin was believed to have been "cold and reserved" in speaking of him; and he had also declined a proposal of marriage made on the King's behalf by Turenne for his niece Hortense de Mancini—a match for which, though Jermyn denied it, Henrietta is said to have been keenly anxious. Her desire for such a connection—especially when her subsequent indignation at her second son's *mésalliance* is taken into account—furnishes strong evidence of the absence upon her part of any expectation of the peaceful Restoration which was, in fact, imminent; nor was Mazarin likely to have rejected the addresses of a sovereign with a fair chance of re-instatement. It is true that, in conversation with Mademoiselle, he took credit to himself for the disinterestedness of his conduct, attributing his refusal to the impropriety of accepting a king's hand for his niece whilst cousins of his master remained unwedded; but it may be doubted whether he would have resisted the temptation, had not the alliance promised to prove a barren, if not an expensive, honour.

The neglect experienced by Charles at Fontarabia was reflected at Paris; and Sir John Reresby, a young man travelling abroad and presenting himself at the Palais Royal in the autumn of 1659, attributed the cordiality of his reception in part to the fact that the King's affairs were considered in so hopeless a condition that few English resorted to Henrietta's court. It has been suggested that Reresby's own assiduous attendance there was due to better information on his part as to Royalist chances; but the hypothesis is scarcely necessary to account for the attraction presented by the Palais Royal to a visitor of twenty-four. He was a good dancer, was also a master of the French language, and, in consideration of these advantages, was welcomed as a companion

by the fifteen-year-old Henriette. The two danced together, and played on the harpsichord ; and Sir John was permitted to walk with the Princess in the garden, had the occasional privilege of tossing her in a swing hung between two trees, and was treated by her with all "civil freedom." When it is remembered that his playmate was shortly to take her place as one of the most charming women of her day, it is scarcely necessary to seek ulterior motives to explain young Reresby's constant attendance at her mother's court ; nor would he altogether regret the absence of the forms and ceremonies which, in more fortunate days, would have set him at a greater distance from a princess of the blood royal.

The Queen, according to his own account, had a liking for the young man, and encouraged him to present himself frequently at the Palais. Loyal to her married traditions, his nationality may have inclined her to view him with favour, since he has left it upon record that she was accustomed to display an attachment to her husband's country scarcely warranted by the treatment she had there experienced. To Frenchmen especially she had much to say in favour of England, qualifying the late occurrences as the work of certain "desperate enthusiasts," rather than due to the temper of the nation at large. It had never been Henrietta's habit to be indifferent to trivialities, and Reresby mentions, as an instance of her jealousy on behalf of her adopted country, an occasion when, "to be very fine," a companion brought by Sir John to the palace had added to his dress a rich trimming of yellow and red ribbon. Calling Reresby apart, the Queen bade him counsel his friend to "mend his fancy a little," the two colours combined being ridiculous in French eyes and affording matter for derision.

Reresby had other acquaintances in Paris besides those at the palace, and in especial a trio of cousins in an English convent to which Henrietta was accustomed at times to retire. One of these,—"an antient lady" addicted to gossip,—entertained the young man with the current reports of the Queen's relations with Jermyn—reports which, though they did not find credit with him at that moment, he afterwards believed to have been well founded.

Events were succeeding one another rapidly, and it was not many months before the same observer noticed a marked change in the aspect of the Palais Royal, the good-humour and wit of the Queen, and the beauty of her daughter—supplemented, it is understood, by the brightening of the Royalist fortunes—proving more attractive than the formal etiquette observed at the French court, and drawing numbers of guests thither. It can only, however, have been gradually that Paris became aware that the mother of a king in name alone, a pensioner upon the bounty of her French kinsfolk, was soon to occupy a position making it worth while to pay her attentions.

During the spring of 1660 the French court was, perhaps, too much occupied with the arrangements for the King's marriage, and the journey to be undertaken to the frontier to meet and bring home his bride, to have overmuch attention to spare for English politics. But the change in Charles' fortunes must have been regarded with interest; and by the time that he was receiving at Breda the loyal messages of Parliament, army, and people, Spain and France were vying with each other in offering civilities to the wanderer to whom they had hitherto shown such scant courtesy. He was urgently pressed by Spain to return

to his former quarters at Brussels; whilst Mazarin was sending him by Jermyn—now created Earl of St. Albans—a cordial invitation to Paris contrasting sharply with the grudging permission he had received to pass through it during the preceding autumn. A treaty might in that case be concluded, the Cardinal urged, which would prove for his mother's advantage; whilst an opportunity would be afforded King Louis of performing those offices towards his cousin which he had always desired, but had hitherto been incapable of accomplishing. Should it prove impossible for the King to repair to Paris, preparations would be made for his reception at Calais, or at whatever other place he might appoint, where his mother might attend him.

Charles did not accept the Cardinal's invitation, declining it civilly on the grounds that, having refused to return to Brussels, it would be impossible for him decently to pass through Flanders on his way to Paris.[1] On April 24th he sailed for England, and five days later had made his entry into the expectant capital.

It seems strange that neither his mother, nor the little sister to whom he was devotedly attached, assisted at the King's triumphant return to his dominions; and it is possible that the Princess, at least, looked wistfully across the Channel. Part of that anxious spring had been passed by the mother and daughter at Chaillot; and writing to his sister in February, before he had left Brussels, Charles had expressed a desire to learn how her days were passed—"for if you have been for some

[1] The assertion made on the authority of a manuscript in the *Archives Secrètes de France* at the Hôtel de Soubise, that a visit was paid by Charles incognito to his mother at Chaillot is uncorroborated by any evidence, either in Clarendon's account of his master's movements or by any allusion to the meeting in Henrietta's letters.

length of time at Chaillot in this bad weather," he added, "you will have been *un peu beaucoup ennuyée.*"

It was not, however, from the conventual retreat, but from Colombes, that Henrietta wrote on the eve of the great event to pour out her thankfulness and gladness to her sister. "At length the good God has looked upon us in His mercy, and has performed, as one may say, a miracle in this Restoration, having changed in a moment the hearts of a people. . . . I know not as yet what I shall do. It is not that the King, my son, does not already begin to urge my return . . . and I hope before I die to see all my family, no longer vagabonds, once more together."

A little later, news had been brought of Charles' reception in his capital, and Henrietta's cup of happiness was filled to overflowing. Trouble and sorrow were soon to cloud her joy, but for the moment it was complete; she had seen the desire of her heart accomplished. Writing to her son at five o'clock in the morning on June 9th, she gave expression to her rejoicing at the tidings his messenger had brought. "I am starting this moment for Chaillot to have the Te Deum sung there; going from thence to Paris to cause our bonfires to be lighted. . . . I believe I shall have all Paris with me. In truth, you cannot conceive the joy felt there. We must praise God; all this is His hand. You can see it. . . . May God bless you."

A letter addressed to the Duchess of Savoy, some weeks earlier, may supply a reason for a preference upon Henrietta's part for remaining for the present in France. The King's change of fortune had produced other results besides the more obvious ones, and these were in especial tending to make the realisation of one of his mother's

favourite schemes not only possible, but probable. This was the marriage of her younger daughter with King Louis' brother. Although in her letter to her sister she disclaimed any certainty on the subject, it was evidently under discussion. Monsieur was known to desire the match, and there can have been little practical doubt that it would be arranged. Rumours relating to the matter had reached Turin, and it was in reference to them that Henrietta wrote. It was true, she said, that the report the Duchess had heard was current in Paris; but for her part, until those had spoken who should do so, she put small faith in rumours.

From a worldly point of view the match was all that could be desired. Henrietta had always wished that her daughter should become the wife of one of her French nephews; and since the King was out of the question, she was ready to welcome Monsieur, become by his uncle's death Duc d'Orléans, as a son-in-law. Had it been the fashion to take personal considerations into account, she might well have hesitated; and it is a strange and melancholy proof of the subordinate part they played in the matrimonial arrangements of the day, that the Queen should have been anxious and eager to hand over the child who had absorbed the largest measure of her love to a man of Philippe's stamp and character—one who, to quote M. Anatole France, "fut toute sa vie un enfant vicieux, une fausse femme, quelque chose de faible, d'inquiétant et de nuisible." It was true he was not altogether without merits; his love for his mother may have appealed with special force to a woman who was herself a mother; and so far as he was capable of it, he was at present in love with his cousin. But, with the exception of his position as first prince of the blood, there was

nothing to cause Henrietta's mother to look favourably upon his suit. That, however, was enough.

By the time of the wedding journey to Fontarabia the matter was one of common talk, and Louis was ridiculing his brother's eagerness to obtain a wife. The King had no liking for the match. He owned frankly that he was not free from the traditional prejudice against the English nation, nor had he yet overcome his distaste for his future sister-in-law. Even when the engagement had been formally entered upon, he was accustomed, in allusion to Henrietta's unusual thinness, to deride his brother's haste to wed the bones of the Holy Innocents; and as they travelled together to meet his bride, he told Monsieur that he would certainly marry the Princess, since nobody else wanted her and she had been refused by the Duke of Savoy, to whom it was said that Henrietta had made overtures. It was easy to see, adds Mademoiselle, describing the scene, that, in spite of his mother's affection for the Queen and her daughter, Louis felt none. Yet the days were not far off when fears would be entertained that he might love his cousin not too little, but too much.

In the early spring, when the court was at Toulon, on the way to the frontier, the death of the Duc d'Orléans had deprived Henrietta of her last brother, Mademoiselle, who was accompanying the royal party, finding consolation for the loss of her father in the reflection that her mourning and that of her train was *le plus régulier* that had ever been seen, and in the commendations called forth by her elaborate arrangements. In private, the small amount of regret felt may be gathered from her account of the perfunctory visit of condolence paid her by the King and his brother.

"You will see my brother to-morrow with a trained mantle," said Louis, reverting, after the necessary compliments, to his habit of ridiculing the Duke. "I believe he is enchanted at your father's death, since it gives him an opportunity of wearing one. I am delighted that he was older than I—otherwise my brother would have desired my own death, so that he might put it on." The King proved right, Monsieur, who had more than a woman's love of dress, appearing on the following day in a cloak of a *furieuse longueur*. Louis' forecast of the success of his brother's suit was likewise justified. By the time that the King and his bride returned to Paris, the Duke's desire to obtain his cousin's hand was considered likely enough to prove successful to have raised her position to one of importance. Hitherto treated as a child of no special account, Mademoiselle now paid her the compliment of jealousy on matters of etiquette, claiming at least equal rights. Henrietta, on the other hand, was no less anxious to maintain that the order observed when the Stuart fortunes had been at a low ebb was not to be allowed to serve as a precedent in times of greater prosperity, and in August the contention was at its height. The Queen and her daughter looked down from the windows of the Hôtel de Beauvais upon the procession when Louis and his bride made their entry into Paris, Monsieur, magnificently arrayed and riding a white charger, forming part of the show; and a momentary halt was made in order to pay the mother and daughter the honour of a salute. Such marks of distinction will have been watched with a jealous eye by one who, like Mademoiselle, had been accustomed to extend her patronage to the English refugees; and sending Charles an account of the disputes to which the

great state function had given rise, his mother frankly confessed that she had taken her share in them. The Queen-Mother had sided with her sister-in-law against her niece and a coldness had ensued. All were, in fact, eager to do honour to the sister of a reigning sovereign as well as to Monsieur's future wife. The King and Queen, coming shortly after their arrival in Paris to pay their respects at the Palais Royal, took the Princess out driving with them ; whilst, later on, a great entertainment given by the Cardinal was understood to be in celebration of the engagement.

By August 25th the Queen had received a formal and definite proposal, on the part of the Queen-Mother of France, for the hand of her youngest child. Of Henrietta's consent there can have been no question ; and in transmitting Monsieur's offer to Charles, pending the despatch of the ambassador who was to be sent to London, his mother added that she made no doubt he would charge her with the expression of his approval. "I assure you," she wrote, "that your sister is in no way sorry ; and as for Monsieur, he is altogether in love and very impatient for your answer."

A visit to England, in spite of Monsieur's impatience, was found to be necessary before the marriage could be actually carried into effect, since not only had a portion to be obtained for the bride, but it was desirable that Henrietta's own pecuniary affairs should be placed without delay upon a satisfactory footing. Before the journey could be undertaken it would appear that the quarrel between the Queen and Mademoiselle had been settled, since she made a final attempt to carry out her old scheme of a marriage between her eldest son and his cousin. According to Mademoiselle, Madame de Motteville was instructed to approach her on the

Queen's behalf, to say that she was more desirous than before of this match, that the King had charged her to open negotiations, and had written to her afresh upon the subject.

Whether Mademoiselle's version of the interview is to be credited remains a question. That Henrietta would have welcomed the marriage was probably true; but that the King by no means shared her wishes seems clear, since, writing from England in March, 1661, Lady Derby mentions his aversion to the plan on account of his cousin's former contempt, and observes that it was not considered likely he would be induced to fall into the arrangement. On the other hand, Henrietta and her emissary may have coloured his views by their hopes, and have deluded Mademoiselle into a belief that the throne of England was still within her grasp. At first she affected to treat the question with levity.

"The marriage with Hortense has, then, come to an end?" she inquired. "So long as the Queen of England had hopes of that, she gave no thoughts to me."

In spite of her scoff she must have known it was a serious matter, and she listened with attention to the arguments in favour of the plan. But when she answered, it was—again according to her own account—to decline the proffered honour. She had refused the King in the days of his adversity, and would therefore not accept a proposal made in prosperity and thereby place it in his power to reproach her with her former rejection. With this reply the envoy was dismissed, ill content, leaving Mademoiselle, on her own confession, in the same condition. Whether the final end was put to the project by herself or the King must remain undetermined. Henrietta was presently to have her thoughts directed to another marriage in her family.

CHAPTER XXV

1660

The Duke of York and Anne Hyde—Arrival of the Princess of Orange in London—Gloucester's death—The Queen's coming—Henrietta in London—The Duke of York and his marriage—Henrietta's melancholy—The Princess Royal's death—The Queen and the Chancellor reconciled—The Duke's marriage recognised—Henrietta's departure.

WHILST all had gone well in Paris, new developments had taken place in England causing anger and consternation on either side of the Channel. The startling discovery of the Duke of York's relations with the Chancellor's daughter, Anne Hyde, had come to trouble the restoration festivities, and to fill his mother with indignation and grief.

The mention of the affair in a letter from Henrietta to her sister sufficiently indicates her attitude with regard to her son's entanglement. The Duke, she said, had married in England, and without her knowledge or the King's, a *damozelle* already with child. God grant, she added, that the child was his; but a woman who would yield to a prince would yield to another man.

The facts were as the Queen described them. Her inference was groundless.[1] It has been seen that, as early as 1656, James had conceived an attachment for his sister's maid-of-honour. Three or four years later he had entered, at Breda, into a secret contract of marriage.

[1] The accounts of the marriage given in James' memoirs are difficult to reconcile with each other.

As to the exact nature of this ceremony opinions have differed, some regarding it as in itself an irregular marriage, others as a mere promise of future wedlock. On September 3rd, 1660, he redeemed his pledge by marrying her privately, at dead of night, at her father's house in London, Dr. Crowther, the Duke's chaplain, performing the ceremony, and Lord Ossory giving away the bride. So much seems certain. But in Clarendon's account of the matter no dates are given, and it is difficult to trace the exact sequence of events. It appears, however, that shortly after the marriage and before the birth of her child—on October 22nd—Anne insisted upon the facts being made public. She was, she said, the Duke's wife, and would have it known that she was so, let him use her afterwards as he pleased.

James, yielding to her pressure, went to his brother and made confession.[1] There was trouble and dismay at court. Charles, in spite of his easy good nature and affection for the Chancellor, at first refused his sanction to the connection ; and Hyde himself, according to his own account utterly taken by surprise, was "struck to the heart." He was an honest man, yet it is difficult to believe that he had been as ignorant as he chose to appear of all that was going forward in his house. At any rate, he averred that he would consider it the lesser evil should his daughter prove in truth not to be the Duke's wife. In the case of her account of the matter being true, he would be ready to give judgment for her committal to the Tower and execution by Act of Parliament.

Of all concerning themselves in the matter, Charles

[1] From one entry in James' memoirs it would seem that the marriage took place only after the King's consent had been obtained; but this is contradicted by another passage.

From the picture by Sir Peter Lely.

ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK.

appears alone to have been disposed to weigh Anne's claims with impartiality and justice, appointing a committee of judges and bishops to inquire into the proofs of her marriage and to determine upon its validity. Meantime, the enemies of the Chancellor were busily at work. Rumours were afloat that facts had been brought to the Duke's knowledge fully justifying him in repudiating his wife; and the Princess of Orange, especially indignant at the exaltation of her own dependant, had arrived in London, eager and anxious to bring her influence to bear against the recognition of the culprit.

Her coming had been hastened by letters from Charles, anxious that she should proceed to England direct, instead of first joining her mother in France as had been intended. Though Mary had deferred to her brother's wishes, she had not done so without fears of possible offence to her mother. "For God's sake," she wrote to the King, "agree between you what I have to do, for I know what it is to displease both of you. God keep me from it again." Before the end of September she was in London; nor was it to be long before the Queen was to arrive, with the avowed purpose of preventing "so great a stain and dishonour to the Crown,"[1] and, to quote a letter written to her sister, "to get her son the King married and to endeavour to unmarry the other."

With regard to the first of these two objects, it has been seen that she had, according to Madame de Motteville, now reverted to her project of a match between Hortense de Mancini and the King, Jermyn and Montagu being said to be in favour of the plan, on the grounds that Charles' seat upon his throne was still so insecure

[1] *Life of Clarendon.*

as to render the support of the Cardinal desirable, if not indispensable. But Henrietta must have become aware, before she had been long in England, that her son's affairs were in too prosperous a condition to make it necessary for him to marry the minister's low-born niece, nor was the King himself in any wise disposed to accept her as a wife.

With regard to the second motive she had alleged for her journey to England, it at first appeared that she was more likely to meet with success. Many were ready and eager to lend a hand to the "unmarrying" of the Duke of York. The Princess of Orange maintained her attitude of violent hostility; and the Duke of Gloucester is said to have declined to show his sister-in-law any civility, replying to the Earl of Dartmouth, who remonstrated with him on the grounds of the damage to his prospects should the King die childless, by the admission of his imprudence, but adding that the lady smelt so strong of her father's green bag that he could not get the better of himself, whenever he had the misfortune to be in her presence.[1]

By September 22nd, less than three weeks after the marriage was an accomplished fact, Gloucester was gone to a place where questions of birth and blood were of less account than at the court of St. James, and whither his sister was soon to follow him. The mirth and entertainment following upon the Restoration had, according to Burnet, so raised his blood that he caught small-pox and died, to the great grief of the King, who had never been seen equally troubled as by this loss. Henrietta

[1] See 3rd Earl of Dartmouth's notes to *Burnet's History of His Own Times*. Clarendon places the discovery of the Duke of York's marriage after the death of his brother. Suspicions, however, may have been entertained earlier. Henrietta mentions the two facts in the same letter to the Duchess of Savoy.

was not again to see the son from whom she had parted in bitterness.

Meantime, Anne Hyde's fate was hanging in the balance. Sir Charles Berkeley—nephew to Sir John, now Lord, Berkeley, and, like his uncle, high in James' favour—had succeeded in convincing the Duke of his wife's infidelity, coupling the charge with an obliging offer to marry her himself; and though the King remained loyal to his old friend and expressed his opinion that his brother was deceived, the future of the victim of the slander remained uncertain. Under these circumstances the arrival of the Queen and the effect it would produce upon the situation will have been anxiously awaited.

The announcement that she was to be shortly expected had taken the uninitiated by surprise; and writing to her sister-in-law in October, Lady Derby expressed the general astonishment. Visiting the Princess of Orange—a connection by marriage of her own—she had been informed by her that the Queen, her mother, was to come to England as soon as possible. "Every one," she added, "tries to guess the reason of this sudden change; for two days before it was said she would not come till spring, and that she was afraid of the winter air of this country, which is injurious to delicate lungs." A passage at the conclusion of the letter might have furnished a key to the mystery. It was reported, Lady Derby said, repeating the current gossip, that the Chancellor's daughter was with child, and that she alleged a contract absolutely denied by the Duke. "The Queen, who does not like the Chancellor, is coming to work his downfall," Lady Derby added, expressing, no doubt, the common conviction. "Every one hates him."

The most important person at court should have been excepted from this sweeping assertion. But though the King had, so far, been proof against all endeavours to turn him against Hyde, he nevertheless appears to have concurred in the general agreement to postpone any decisive step until his mother should be on the spot. The girl—once more to quote Lady Derby—was called Duchess in her father's house; but everything was said to be put off till the coming of the Queen. Henrietta's point of view can scarcely have been matter of doubt; and it was probably with the object of avoiding discussion that, before setting out for Dover to meet his mother, Charles placed in the hands of the Attorney-General a warrant creating Hyde a peer. He must have been well aware of the opposition the mark of favour would meet with from Henrietta, and may have preferred that it should be bestowed before she had been afforded an opportunity of remonstrance.

It was between James and the Queen that the first interview took place. In his character of Lord High Admiral the Duke had crossed to Calais to escort his mother and sister across the Channel, and he met Henrietta's angry reproaches without the support of his brother's presence. His reply was calculated to disarm her displeasure. He craved her pardon for having placed his affection unequally, and was sure there was now an end of it. He was not married, so he declared, and had such evidence of Anne's unworthiness that he should think no more of her. Cheered by this unconditional surrender, the Queen set sail for England, so singular a calm prevailing that, if her attendant Capuchin, Father Cyprian, is to be believed, the passage to Dover took no less than two days. James had furnished his vessel with the means of entertaining the

passengers sumptuously, and showed a kindly interest in the Capuchins, for whom it chanced to be a day of abstinence, by supplying them with sturgeon, an attention recorded with special gratitude by Father Cyprian.

At Dover the King, the Princess of Orange, and Prince Rupert were all awaiting the travellers, and dinner was served and the night spent at the castle at which Henrietta had arrived as a bride thirty-five years earlier. That time and adversity, and all that had intervened since the June day when she had first set her foot on English soil, had not taught her caution, was shown by the fact that high mass was celebrated in the great hall on the following morning, and the day after at Canterbury, where she rested on her way to London. It may be that these facts, with others of like nature, were partly responsible for the lack of warmth in her reception noticed by Pepys. It was believed, he said, that her coming pleased nobody. That the Queen, remembering, it may be, former joyous entries into London, had preferred to make her present one privately and by way of Lambeth, so that the general public were scarcely aware of her arrival, may be a truer explanation of the absence of demonstrative welcome. Lady Derby, at all events, gives a different account from that of the surly diarist.

"I have to beg you a thousand pardons," she wrote to her constant correspondent and sister-in-law, "for not having told you before of the arrival of the Queen, which took place last Friday to everybody's delight, with the acclamations of the whole nation. I saw her on her arrival and kissed her hand. She met me with much emotion, and received me with tears and great kindness. You may imagine what I felt. Her Majesty charms all who see her, and her courtesy cannot be enough

praised. She has constantly received visitors since she came, without having kept her room."

Henrietta was clearly doing her best to make herself popular at her son's court. An early biographer[1] notices that she had that essential qualification for royalty —a good memory. In the case of Lady Derby there were special reasons forbidding her to forget the woman whose husband had been so loyal and faithful a servant of her own, and had lost his life in her son's cause. If in older days there had been little affinity between the Queen, with her hot Catholicism, and the daughter of the great Huguenot house of La Trémoille, a common loss will have drawn the two together at this meeting, and it has been seen that Lady Derby had promptly forgotten her old grudges and fallen under the Queen's charm. But it was not only in an instance when forgetfulness would have been difficult that Henrietta showed a retentive memory. In spite of her long absence, she overlooked none of the several degrees of rank and position possessed by those with whom she was again brought into contact, was ready to show interest in what each had to tell of their fortunes in the past, and to display the due amount of sympathy.

Broken in health as she was—"a generous spirit," says Father Cyprian, "and a delicate body"—she spared herself no fatigue. On the very day after her arrival, when the Princess Henriette was too much wearied by her journey to appear, her mother held a reception. Nor was her daughter permitted to remain undisturbed. Although obliged to keep her room, "the Queen-Mother," wrote the secretary of Soissons, the envoy charged with the marriage negotiations, to Mazarin, "wished that M. le Comte should see her as she was,

[1] Carlo Cotolendi.

From a miniature.

CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOUILLE, COUNTESS OF DERBY.

and the King conducted him to her himself." Charles' tired sister had been found playing *hombre*, in a *cornette* and a many-coloured muslin wrapper, with the Duke of York and the Princess Royal ; and the secretary added a message to Monsieur to the effect that, not even when her lover had been leading her, "as lovely as his little guardian angel," in the Cardinal's gallery, had she been seen to greater advantage than in this *déshabille*.

Charles' complaisance denoted his readiness to accede to the proposal of marriage. His mother eagerly desired the match ; Henriette herself wished it ; and under the circumstances he was not to be deterred from giving his consent by the offers for Henriette's hand tentatively made not only by the Duke of Savoy but by the Emperor Leopold. Parliament was showing itself ready to do its duty in the way of providing a fitting portion for the King's sister ; the matter was practically settled and all was going well.

The Princess was winning golden opinions in the land of her birth. In a letter to the Speaker acknowledging the gift of her dower, whilst apologising for her lack of conversancy with the English tongue, she asserted her possession of an English heart, and the whole nation was ready to believe her. Lady Derby termed her "our adorable Princess" ; General Monk entertained mother and daughter at a supper, followed by a comedy ; and whilst all London was eager to minister to her enjoyment, Henriette's pleasure in the round of festivities will not have been seriously impaired by the news that Monsieur was becoming thin and melancholy and was suffering from insomnia. Her sympathy took the practical form of the preparation of some milk of almonds as a remedy for sleeplessness, and

in the meantime she had won at Whitehall a bracelet worth two hundred Jacobuses.

But if all was prospering in the matter of Henriette's marriage, the Queen must have been quickly aware that the realisation of her hopes of carrying out one of the principal objects of her visit to England—that of putting an end to what she considered her second son's entanglement—was more than doubtful. Though she had probably augured well from the Duke's attitude on their first meeting, her anticipations of success must have been sensibly diminished by the fact that, on the very morning after her arrival in London, her old enemy, the Chancellor, took his seat in the House of Lords. It was plain that, in spite of the affection he now lavished on her, Charles was no more inclined than in earlier days to defer to her prejudices; and those who had hoped that recent events might have turned him against his tried friend and counsellor were to be disappointed. The Chancellor's elevation to the peerage was Charles' reply to the attacks and intrigues of his opponents.

The step was the more significant owing to new developments which had occurred in relation to the Duke of York's affairs. The proofs of the marriage had by this time been examined by those to whom they had been submitted, with the result that it had been declared valid and good. Under these circumstances Charles had acted with unusual decision. He told his brother that as he had brewed so he must drink; and when the birth of Anne's child was imminent, he caused Lady Ormond, Lady Sunderland, and other women of like position to be present in her chamber, as at the birth of a possible heir to the throne. The Bishop of Winchester, too, assisted there, availing himself of the opportunity to address singularly ill-timed

questions to the sick woman as to her life, her conduct, and the proofs of her marriage. Anne's replies, even under circumstances when she can scarcely have been in a condition to make the best case out for herself, were such as to convince those present of the truth of her story; and Lady Ormond in particular, the wife of her father's faithful friend, did not fail to report what had passed to the Duke, perceiving in him symptoms of relenting upon which she based hopes for the future.

More, however, was to be required before, in the face of the circumstantial story to her disadvantage told by his friend and comrade, Berkeley, James was to be convinced that his wife was the victim of a malicious slander, and for the present Anne remained under her father's roof in an uncertain and ambiguous position.

Apart from the anger and disappointment connected with this affair, Henrietta was not without causes of grief more personal; and there is something not a little pitiful in the description of her condition at this juncture. A natural reaction had followed upon the exultation with which she had hailed the Restoration; and the past, at times at least reasserting its power, was pressing upon her and turning her joy into the bitterness of regret. In the first flush of glad excitement it may be that she had half unconsciously dreamed that in the land where her happiest years had been spent she might once more become the Henrietta of those sunny days, and meet again, so to speak, her vanished self. Had she cherished the delusion she was to be quickly undeceived. All had indeed gone well; her utmost expectations had been fulfilled; she might have sung her Nunc Dimittis; the long years of toil and repeated disappointment were over. But fulfilment is apt to give its deathblow to hope; and it is when the remedy has

been applied in vain that the patient realises his condition as being beyond cure. In the familiar precincts to which Henrietta had returned, a woman aged and broken by grief and by years, she encountered the ghost of a dead youth, of a happy past, and she was often found alone in the rooms where she and Charles had lived together, her eyes full of tears. The man who should have occupied the central place; who had loved her so faithfully and so passionately; to whom her lightest wish had been law, if it were to his own undoing, was gone. It was no wonder if, instead of a throne, it was by a scaffold that the wife of Charles Stuart was confronted as she looked on at the festivities of the re-established court. Her son might wear his father's crown, she herself receive all honour; her children might be around her, "no longer vagabonds"; and at scarcely more than fifty she might look onward to an old age of peace and prosperity: but with Charles lying in his grave it may well have seemed that victory had come too late, and that, in the midst of rejoicing, she remained "la reine malheureuse."

Whilst she was in this condition of profound dejection a new sorrow was awaiting her. Christmas was at hand—the first since the reign of Puritanism had been abolished—and was to be observed with unusual festivities. But on December 18th the Princess Royal was attacked by small-pox, and by Christmas Eve she was dead. Like her brother Gloucester, she had only come to England to find a grave.

Henrietta was not with her daughter during her short illness, yielding to those who feared her exposure to the infection. Henriette-Anne was removed from Whitehall to St. James'. But the King kept his place at his sister's side, watching in tears whilst Mary met death

without fear or emotion, and with a spirit worthy of her race. Confronted with the end, she is said to have repented of her harshness towards her former maid-of-honour, and of the share she had taken in the attempts to influence her brother against her; and, so far as she was able, she set herself to undo her own work. When, almost simultaneously, Berkeley, Anne's principal accuser, sought the Duke and confessed that his charges had had no foundation in fact, the case against her could no longer be maintained. The Duchess's position and character were vindicated, and James, who had played so sorry a part in the affair, apparently well pleased to find his suspicions groundless, sent his injured wife a gracious message, promised her a speedy visit, and enjoined upon her to have a care of his son.

Henrietta, it is to be feared, was less rejoiced at the evidence that her son's affections had not been as unworthily bestowed as she had believed than displeased at the consequent necessity of acknowledging the Chancellor's daughter to be the Duke's legal wife; and when it further transpired that he had paid his promised visit to Anne and to his heir her indignation burst into open flame. Whenever that woman should be brought to Whitehall by one door, she declared, she would go out of it by another, nor ever enter it again. As an additional reason why the King should give his consent to Henriette's marriage, she urged the danger of her being insulted by her low-born sister-in-law.

It was, however, becoming obvious that the opposition could not be carried on. In spite of all that could be urged, Anne was indisputably the wife of the heir-presumptive to the throne, her child his lawful son. All were beginning to be weary of the strife, and even Henrietta's adherents were ready to counsel submission

to the inevitable. But the Queen remained implacable, her estimate of Anne's offence matched by that of the Chancellor; who, when it was suggested that he should make overtures to Henrietta, replied that she had too great reason for her passion, and that he himself had to complain of a transgression exceeding the limits of all justice, human and divine. In this condition things remained when the date fixed for Henrietta's return to France was approaching. There was probably little desire on her part to linger. Her financial affairs had been put by Parliament on a secure and satisfactory footing, Charles' consent given to his sister's marriage, and on the other side of the Channel Monsieur was awaiting his bride. It seemed likely that the Queen would leave England unreconciled with her son and his wife. But suddenly her bearing and demeanour underwent an entire change, bewildering to all until it became known that she had received a letter from the Cardinal, warning her that, in the event of her parting on bad terms with her sons and the ministers of State enjoying the King's confidence, the welcome she would receive in France would be but a cold one. Mazarin succeeded where others had failed. It may be that Henrietta was glad of an excuse for relenting; and since peace was to be made she determined to do it handsomely. Before she left the country she made a treaty of amity with the Chancellor, and openly accepted his daughter as her son's wife.

This last ceremony took place on New Year's Day, as observed in England. It must have been a melancholy festival. Only two days earlier the Princess Royal had been carried to her grave; and at the table to which Anne was to be admitted, the place of Gloucester, the King's favourite brother, was vacant.

The unwelcome addition to the family circle was brought by her husband in state to Whitehall ; then—it is Père Cyprian who describes the scene—as Henrietta passed in to dinner, the Duchess fell on her knees. Raising her daughter-in-law, the Queen kissed and placed her at the table. The distasteful duty was performed.

The day before she left London Henrietta had an interview with the Chancellor, when she evinced a real disposition to make peace. She spoke of Clarendon's services to her dead husband, as well as to her son ; acquitted him of all complicity in the York marriage ; described herself as determined to receive his daughter as her own, and to show a mother's affection to both Duke and Duchess. Lastly, she declared her desire of cementing a friendship with the Chancellor.

Hyde made answer in fitting terms of humility and gratitude. He anathematised the marriage ; assured the Queen that, had she been less offended by it, her honour and dignity would have suffered ; and promised for his part all obedience for the future. The Queen responded by expressing her confidence in his affection, and the solemn farce was at an end. He kissed her hand ; the two sworn enemies parted ; "and from that time," adds the Chancellor bitterly, "there did never appear any want of kindness in the Queen towards him, whilst he stood in no need of it, nor until it might have done him good."

Henrietta must have rejoiced to bring her visit to England to an end. "The King says she will return soon," wrote Lady Derby, "but I doubt it." It had, in truth, been a time when much of sorrow and disillusion had mingled with the joy of seeing her son seated upon his father's throne ; and had nothing else urged her to hasten her departure, terror lest the malady that had

proved fatal to two of her children might attack her remaining daughter may have rendered her anxious to remove Henriette from the infected city. It would be necessary that she should ultimately make her home in England, and there expend the income assured to her by Parliament; but there was nothing to detain her for the moment, and her presence was essential in Paris until such time as Henriette should have been safely, or unsafely, consigned to the keeping of her future husband.

There may have been yet another reason making Henrietta consider it inexpedient to delay her departure. Like father, like son. The Villiers were prone to sudden and violent passions, especially, it would seem, for princesses of royal blood. According to the account given by Madame de la Fayette, Henriette's friend, the Duke of Buckingham, having arrived in England in love with the Princess of Orange, had lost no time in transferring his affections to the younger sister; and, as his father before him, had come near to losing his head. Under these circumstances, and with Monsieur's urgent messengers enjoining haste, Henrietta may have thought it well to comply with his wishes.

She was not, however, at once to be quit of her daughter's lover. The King and court escorted the travellers to Portsmouth, and with them came Buckingham, who, asking permission at the last moment of the King, declared his intention of accompanying the travellers to France; and, though destitute of luggage or necessaries, embarked on the same vessel as the Queen and Princess.

His presence must have been a cause of some anxiety to Henrietta; but worse followed. A curious fatality pursued the Queen whenever she undertook a voyage, and the ill-fortune she had often encountered again

overtook her. Before the vessel had been a day at sea, the Princess developed symptoms of such a nature that it was feared that she had contracted the disease that had proved fatal to her brother and sister. The ship, by her mother's orders, put back to shore, where, by a further disaster, it ran aground near Portsmouth, the Queen and her train being believed to be in peril of their lives, and Buckingham in especial in a condition of desperation at the danger threatening the Princess. Even after it had been ascertained that the latter was suffering from nothing more serious than a severe attack of measles, the illness was serious enough to render it necessary to delay over a fortnight at Portsmouth. When sail was once more set, Buckingham was again on board the vessel which bore the Queen and her daughter; and having made himself unwisely conspicuous by his conduct during the Princess's sickness, he displayed such a degree of jealousy at the attentions bestowed by the Admiral upon his charge, that on arriving at Havre the Queen took the precaution of sending him on to Paris at once, whilst she and Henrietta remained behind to perform their journey in more leisurely fashion.

CHAPTER XXVI

1661—1665

Henrietta's return to France—The Princess's marriage—And character—Her mother's anxieties—Charles' marriage—Henrietta in London—The King's affection—Changes in the Queen—Bristol and Clarendon—Deaths in the royal family—Henrietta's household—The French ambassadors—War with Holland—Failing health—Returns to France.

HENRIETTA cannot have failed to contrast her present arrival in France with her landing on the rocky coast sixteen years earlier. A different welcome is accorded to a fugitive escaping from misfortune and death, to that which awaits the mother of a reigning and prosperous sovereign. For on this occasion the Duc de Longueville, governor of Normandy, met and entertained her; and when Pontoise was reached, as a further stage on the road to Paris, Walter Montagu, its abbot, had made great preparations; and it presently appeared that other guests besides Henrietta and her daughter were expected; and that the young King and Queen, with Monsieur, were coming thither to welcome the travellers.

Henrietta must have congratulated herself upon her timely dismissal of Buckingham. Monsieur had had his own anxieties whilst his bride-elect had been delayed at Portsmouth, and "by his grief, had shown that it was at least his intention to be afflicted."[1] Père Cyprian gives a less equivocal description of the lover's

[1] Madame de Motteville.

condition. According to him, the Duke had passed sleepless nights and had suffered "angoisses effroyables." Coming into the Princess's presence at Pontoise, he stood with his eyes fixed upon her, scarcely able to believe that his bride was in truth before him. Then, recovering himself, he kissed her, begged to learn all her adventures from her own lips, and listened to her account of them with rapt attention.

Monsieur was assiduous in his attendance on the Princess during the short interval intervening between the meeting at Pontoise and the wedding day. Nothing, according to Madame de la Fayette, was wanting to his attentions—save love. The miracle of setting the heart of the Prince on fire was one, she adds, that no woman was to perform. If he was incapable of love he was capable of jealousy, and the Duke of Buckingham's presence in Paris threatened to produce complications. Henriette, however, being fortunately indifferent to the Duke, reported the state of things to her mother, who set herself, not altogether without success, to represent the matter to Monsieur in a less serious light than that in which he had been inclined to view it. He nevertheless carried his grievances to his own mother; and though, remembering old times and another George Villiers, she was not disposed to be unduly hard upon the Duke, she was wise enough to see that an end must be put to the situation. When Buckingham's visit to Paris had lasted a reasonable time, he therefore received an intimation that his presence was required in England, and Monsieur remained in possession of the field.

The marriage was not long deferred. Scarcely more than a month after Henrietta's arrival the Cardinal, who might have interposed delays, had passed away at Vincennes, and three weeks later Henriette-Anne had

been given into the keeping of Philippe d'Orléans. The formal betrothal took place on March 30th, and on the following day the wedding ceremony was performed in the Queen's chapel at the Palais Royal, only the French royal family, Condé, the daughters of the late Duc d'Orléans, and some few other guests, being present.

One wonders whether Henrietta, remembering the beginning of her own married life and the difficulties which had beset her, felt no misgivings as she delivered over her sixteen-year-old daughter into hands so unfitted as those of Philippe for the trust. If she had succeeded in blinding herself to the possibility of danger, her eyes must quickly have been opened. The character of the new Madame did not lessen the perils of the situation; nor was she adapted to steer her course with wisdom and discretion. Her figure stands out with singular clearness in the memoirs of the day, and with a charm no less singular. There were women more beautiful, but none who possessed in an equal degree that gift for which every other might be freely bartered, *le don de plaire*. On this point all witnesses are agreed. Of the portraits left of her, that sketched by Daniel de Cosnac, her husband's almoner and Bishop of Valence, is perhaps the most distinct and impartial. He tells of her solid and delicate intelligence, of her good sense, her spirit of fairness and justice; he notes her knowledge of what was right even when—whether from sloth or from a certain *hauteur*, making her look on a duty as a degradation—she failed to perform it. He describes her gentleness in conversation, her wonderful charm—"one would have said that she appropriated hearts instead of leaving them common property." Above all, she was the most human person in the world. It was, perhaps, this last quality

From the picture by Sir Peter Lely.

HENRIETTE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

which best explains her attraction, and caused this "terrible étourdie," to quote M. Anatole France, to be so well loved. If she was a princess of the blood royal she won hearts, not because of the glamour of her position, but because she was pre-eminently a woman and claimed a woman's rights. "When she speaks to you," said some one, "she seems to ask for your heart at once." It was not often that she asked in vain. Never, according to Madame de la Fayette, was a princess so much loved by men and adored by women. Such was the girl who, before she had completed her seventeenth year, was launched, with none but Monsieur to pilot her frail little pleasure-boat, into the perilous currents of life at the court of the Roi Soleil.

It seems that Henrietta had cherished the hope that her daughter might be allowed for a time to make her home under her own roof. It could not have been expected that the new-made bridegroom would fall in with her views, and the marriage was not many days old before he asserted his rights by removing his wife to his apartments at the Tuileries. The thing was just, admits Madame's tender old teacher, the Père Cyprian, and according to the will of God, but was accompanied by difficulties and *ennuis*. There had been perfect love between mother and daughter, and the parting was not effected without lamentation and tears. It is plain that the Capuchin, too, was anxious over his pupil. Often, he tells us, did he visit her in her new home, warn her of the perils of court life, of the necessity of grace, of the great love, the perfect submission, and the absolute fidelity due from wife to husband. All he said was true, and Henriette, gentle and affectionate, will have listened patiently to the sermons of her former teacher. But, when Monsieur was the husband to be

loved, honoured, and obeyed, his precepts were not easy to follow.

Meantime, she was taking the world of Paris by storm. It was true that she had grown up in its midst; but her mother had kept her closely at her side. She had not often been seen out of the Queen's presence, and in it was rarely heard to speak. She was, therefore, in a sense, a new discovery and a surprise. The King led the way, making open recantation of his former prejudice by constant attendance at the Tuileries; and when, before April was over, the French court left Paris for Fontainebleau, Madame, staying behind for the moment, carried all before her. No rival attraction remaining to compete with her own, by the time the newly married couple followed the court her position was assured.

It is not necessary to trace the sequel in detail. The story has been well told elsewhere.[1] But if a true conception is to be obtained of Henrietta's latter years, the constant grief and disappointment with which she must have watched the result of the match she had laboured to bring about must be borne in mind. Nor can it have been long before anxiety came to trouble her satisfaction. Whilst Madame had followed the court to Fontainebleau, Henrietta had retired to her country home at Colombes; but in the quiet of that retreat she must have listened with growing uneasiness to reports of the wild gaiety of those summer days,—of entertainments of all kinds; of nightly wanderings in the forest, sometimes protracted until two or three in the morning; of ballets danced in the open air by Louis and his cousin. There would likewise be whispers of the fears entertained of dangerous developments due

[1] *Madame*, by Julia Cartwright.

to the King's new-born affection for his brother's wife ; of the growing displeasure of the Queen-Mother, her disregarded admonitions, the rivalry of the courts gathered round Madame and round the two Queens, the sorrow and anger of Louis' Spanish wife, and Monsieur's awakening jealousy.

A letter written by Henrietta to Madame de Motteville, then at Fontainebleau, gives some indication of her disquiet. She had been visited on the previous day by guests newly returned from Fontainebleau, from whom she understood that her correspondent was in such close attendance on the Queens that access to her was difficult. But one imagines that her visitors had made other reports to Henrietta besides those touching Madame de Motteville's favour at court, and that she had received full accounts of the round of pleasure and excitement in which Madame was playing a leading part. "If you have much noise where you are," Henrietta wrote, "I have much silence here—a better condition for the remembrance of friends. I believe you are assured that you are numbered amongst mine ; and you may be certain that you will remain so." And then comes the end, in which one discerns the true motive of the mother's letter: "You have with you another little self of mine (*un autre petit moi-même*) who is much your friend, I assure you. Remain hers. That is enough to say."

It was enough. Madame de Motteville, reading between the lines, did what she could. She had, indeed, been commanded by her own mistress, the Queen-Mother, to counsel more moderation in her amusements to her daughter-in-law. To her admonitions Madame, after her fashion, listened with gentleness, receiving the advice bestowed upon her in such

wise as to lead her monitress to indulge hopes that it would not be without effect, and that at least the nocturnal promenades which had been the chief cause of offence might be discontinued. But all was in vain, and the whirl of gaiety went on as before. Père Cyprian, left behind with the Queen at Colombes, was occasionally summoned to hear the confessions of his pupil; but could only speak to her on these occasions of matters spiritual, "et encore assez brièvement," since he found her so much engrossed in the affairs and *tracasseries* of the court that no leisure could be spared him to discourse to her after his usual fashion. In the short visits she paid from time to time at Colombes it may be doubted whether the old priest found much more opportunity for prolonging his exhortations.

Matters presently reached a point when Queen Anne thought it necessary to lodge a serious complaint with Montagu and St. Albans. Madame, she told them, paid her no attention, nor did she show consideration for her in any of her actions. She further directed the Englishmen to report her causes of displeasure to the culprit's mother.

Henrietta was probably helpless in the matter, nor was she at this time really uneasy. Confident that her child was innocent of any evil intentions, she was not disposed to indulge in undue anxiety. St. Albans, when he interposed, did more harm than good by his tactless suggestion that the Queen-Mother should permit Madame to pursue her course of harmless amusement unhindered, Madame in return engaging to stand the Queen's friend with Louis and to seek to promote a good understanding between the two. Anne was not unnaturally roused to bitter indignation by the assumption that the interposition of a third person was necessary between herself and the

son who loved her. When she should feel the need of anything of the kind, she replied, she would withdraw herself altogether from the King.

Thus summer and autumn passed away. With them passed away one cause of jealousy on Monsieur's part and of anxiety on Henrietta's; for the King had transferred his affections from Madame to her maid-of-honour. Louise de la Vallière's reign had begun in his heart, his place, so far as his sister-in-law was concerned, being filled by the less conspicuous figure of de Guiche. Madame did not, however, regain what she had forfeited in the good graces of the two Queens of France, devotedly attached to one another. Having, before the court left Fontainebleau, given a son to the King and an heir to the throne, Marie Thérèse might have afforded to forgive her sister-in-law. But when there is as little liking as existed between the two, reconciliation is difficult. Madame's real offence, in the eyes of a woman "qu'on pouvait appeler belle, quoiqu'elle ne fût pas agréable,"[1] was perhaps the charm which men and women alike found it impossible to resist.

In the latter part of the year mother and daughter were again, for a time, together. Madame had been sick and suffering, and was brought back to Paris in a litter, to pass sleepless nights, shaken by a choking cough. It was considered necessary that she should keep her bed, and Henrietta came to watch over her. But the sick-room was filled with guests, and the invalid was accustomed to make her toilette and receive those who presented themselves from the morning onwards till nine at night, when she would dismiss them and take the opiates ordered by the doctors to give the necessary amount of sleep.

[1] Madame de la Fayette.

Henrietta, thus brought once more into close relationship with her child, must have seen enough to cause her to doubt the wisdom of the marriage from which so much had been hoped. The name of de Guiche was by this time constantly coupled with that of Madame, and if Mademoiselle is to be trusted, the Queen-Mother of France had begun to lament her error in having bestowed upon her son a wife far less satisfactory than one possessing the maturer years and sager principles of Mademoiselle herself.

It was at the Palais Royal, in March, 1662, that Madame's baby was born, proving, to her anger and disappointment, a daughter. It had been the wish of her mother, expressed before the birth of the child, that her tried friend, Madame de Motteville, should be appointed *gouvernante*; and Anne of Austria would have cordially seconded her choice. But upon this point Henriette was firm in her opposition to both Queen-Mothers. She may have borne Henrietta's friend malice for her attempt at interference in the summer; at all events, she was determined that no one closely connected with her mother-in-law should be entrusted with the care of her child, and she had her way.

The time was approaching when, so far as Henrietta was concerned, Madame would be left to her own guidance. Charles was urging the Queen's promised return to England; and though Gui Patin, recording the arrival of the mother and daughter at Havre, mentions that it was believed that, unable to trust herself to the English nation, Henrietta was come to make a permanent home in the country of her birth, there can have been at the time no such intention on her part. She must have been aware that she could do but little for Madame by remaining on the spot. The Comte de

Guiche, owing, it was said, to the concerted influence of the two Queen-Mothers—had been sent out of France, and it remained to hope the best for the future. Nor, loath as was Henrietta to part with her daughter, were reasons wanting to cause her to look forward to a return to England; and she must, in especial, have been anxious to form an opinion of Catharine of Braganza, Charles' Portuguese wife. The marriage promised more success than was actually to result from it, and the religion of the bride was in itself a recommendation to Henrietta. Jermyn had been to England, and had brought back a favourable report.

"The Earl of St. Albans," Henrietta wrote to her sister in June, "who arrived last night from England, tells me that [the Queen] is very beautiful and more agreeable. She is dark, not very tall, with an ordinary enough figure, very well made, a great deal of intelligence, and very gentle. The King my son tells me he is well satisfied with her. I am preparing to start this month or the beginning of next. The King my son presses me greatly, which will cause me to hasten as much as I can."

By July she was accordingly starting for England. A long visit had previously been paid by her daughter and son-in-law to Colombes, and the two accompanied her on her journey as far as Beauvais, where the parting took place with many tears. To Mademoiselle, before leaving for England, Henrietta paid the compliment of expressing an ultimate regret that she was not destined to occupy the English throne, reiterating her old assurance that in that position she would have been the happiest woman in the world.

The Queen must soon have learnt that unalloyed felicity was not to be her lot as the wife of Charles.

Hitherto, she had probably heard little of the condition of the English court. Charles had at first found a certain attraction in a bride, fresh, confiding, innocent, and fond of himself. But such a woman was not likely to fix his affections. Lady Castlemaine had before long reasserted her sway; and upon Catharine displaying unexpected determination in withstanding the King's endeavours to force his mistress upon her, the good understanding which had existed between husband and wife was replaced by scarcely disguised hostility.

It was when matters had reached this point that Henrietta appeared upon the scene. The necessary additions and repairs at Somerset House not being completed, she went first to Greenwich, and it was at the old palace there that she was visited by Charles and his bride, when Henrietta's welcome to the stranger was well calculated to assure her of a friend in her husband's mother. Kissing her again and again, she told her to lay aside all ceremony, since she had come to England for the express purpose of seeing her, to love her as her daughter and serve her as her Queen. It may be that, remembering the time when she too had been brought a foreign bride to an unknown husband, and calling to mind her forlorn condition, Henrietta felt compassion for the Queen, in a position so much more difficult than her own. In any case, her presence produced for the time more amicable relations between husband and wife.

On the occasion of Catharine's visit to Greenwich, one member of Henrietta's train will have been kept in the background. A handsome child of twelve or thirteen—called by Pepys "a most pretty spark"—who, hitherto known by the name of Crofts, was shortly to be created Duke of Monmouth and recognised by Charles

as his son, had accompanied the Queen from Paris. Consigned to the care of Lord Crofts when taken from his mother, Lucy Walters, Henrietta had heard of his presence in France, and causing him to be frequently brought to her, had used him, according to Clarendon, with much grace. By Charles' desire he had accompanied her to England, being received by the King "with extraordinary fondness." As an earnest of his affection Charles set himself forthwith to secure the boy's fortunes by marrying him to the heiress of the Duke of Buccleugh ; and the wedding took place in the following April.

There can have been little mystery about a parentage causing the Duke to accept a nameless son-in-law. Yet a discussion between Clarendon and his master on the question whether, by bestowing a title upon the boy, he should practically give him open recognition, points to the distinction drawn between what was known and what was avowed. The course proposed by the King was, in the Chancellor's opinion, injudicious and likely to offend public opinion, and he gave his voice strongly against it. Charles listened to the arguments Clarendon advanced, asking when he had finished if he had conferred with his mother on the subject ; and adding, when the Chancellor answered in the negative, that much of what he had urged had been already said by the Queen, "who was entirely of his opinion—which she used not to be."

After this comforting assurance, coupled with the promise to confer with both his counsellors together, Clarendon may have hoped that prudence would prevail. But no more was said on the subject by the King. Like his sister, he displayed more deference to advice in word than in action ; and, consulting neither his mother nor his Chancellor, he created the boy Duke of Monmouth.

Meantime, Henrietta had assisted at the grand entrance into London made by the new Queen, and though incapable of holding converse with each other without an interpreter, a thoroughly good understanding had been arrived at between them. At court, too, there was at least the appearance of peace. Whether or not the Queen-Mother had advised her daughter-in-law to accept the inevitable, Lady Castlemaine was received by both; and on September 7th Pepys records that at Somerset House he had witnessed a motley assemblage, including both Queens, Lady Castlemaine, and young Crofts, "who I perceive do hang much on my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear the Queens are both mightily kind to him." The King, with the Duke and Duchess of York, afterwards joined the party, until, evening coming on, Charles and his wife, with Lady Castlemaine and the boy, all went away in one coach. There had been laughter and merriment, and the Queen had achieved one English sentence, which, being "You lie," had caused the King much mirth, and he would have made her say in English, "Confess, and be hanged."

Although Henrietta may have restored peace at court, she must, one would think, have considered it but a sorry one, built as it was upon condonation. Her own relations with her son could scarcely have been bettered. Now that Charles was a reigning sovereign, his mother had probably given up the attempt to direct his counsels and rule his conduct, productive of dissension in the past; and he was unfeignedly glad of her presence in England and anxious to keep her there.

"The Queen," he wrote to Madame a few weeks after her arrival, "has told you, I hope, that she is not displeased with her being here. I am sure that I have done all in my power to let her see the duty and kindness

I have for her. The truth is never any children had so good a mother as we have, and you and I shall never have any disputes but only who loves her best, and in that I will never yield to you."

The marked change in the relations of mother and son may have been due to something more than outward circumstances. It is not often, perhaps, that wisdom is learnt with years, or that character is sensibly modified; but the thing is not impossible, and, as one reads of Henrietta in these latter days, the impression is conveyed of a greater softness and gentleness than of old. She had also realised the sovereign virtues of silence. "I heard her say," wrote Madame de Motteville, "that kings should be like confessors, knowing all and saying nothing—that those who approach them tell of their needs and often display their passions, their hate, their malice, and their injustice. . . . Of all this, as much out of charity as to avoid making mischief, nothing should be repeated." "There was no good quality," says Cotolendi, "that she valued as much as secrecy. She kept all secrets confided to her." Even more than by her discretion, she was perhaps commended to Charles by the brightness and keenness of her wit. In conversation she was free and gay, jesting with easy grace. It was true that in her laughter, innocent of the intention of wounding as it might be, there was sometimes a sting to which those at whom it was directed were not insensible. But it was observed that gradually she learnt to restrain her speech and to examine her words. Religion was more and more with her a motive power, and laid its seal upon her lips.

It has been observed that she had the qualities necessary to a good friend. In London she was not forgetful of those she had left behind in France;

and her letter to the nuns at Chaillot upon the death of the Mère de la Fayette indicates a real and personal regret. "I cannot explain my grief to you," she wrote; "it is too great"—a grief based not only upon esteem, but upon gratitude for all she had learnt from the dead.

In spite of grief and loss—in spite, too, of haunting memories—her present return to England had been a happy one. It is true that, to a woman distinguished, according to Madame de Motteville, judging by her conversation and her *honnêteté naturelle*, by special purity of heart, the condition of her son's court must have been saddening and disturbing. But she may have possessed the faculty of resigning herself to ills she was incapable of mending. At first, too, she appears to have shut her eyes to what would have caused her most pain; since, writing to her sister that no one was more contented than herself, and the King was showing her so much attachment and confidence that she could not wish for more, she added that she had the joy of seeing that he and his wife loved each other exceedingly.

This cause of rejoicing must have been short-lived. But letter after letter, during these months, show that the storm-tossed Queen felt at last in port. "I am altogether satisfied with my son," she repeated in November, "and I think that God wishes to give me some happiness again in this world, finding myself with my family, who do what they can to give it to me." And once more, at Christmas time, "I am the most satisfied person in the world with regard to my daughter-in-law. She is a saint—she is altogether *dévote*. I am very happy with her." That she was also at peace with her second son may be inferred from her mention of "ma fille, la Duchesse de York"; and

Lady Derby, writing of the court during the autumn, describes the Queen as never having been gayer or more happy. Henrietta tells of ballets to be given, and of Charles' desire that she should be present. "Je crois," she says, "que j' auray aller."

Giving an account to his sister of his efforts to organise the masque in which he desired that his mother should take a part, the King confessed that they had resulted in failure, owing to the impossibility of finding a man capable of making a proper *entrée*. Catharine was, however, taking kindly to the pastime. "My wife," he added, "has made a good beginning in this way, for the other day she had *contre-danses* performed in her bedchamber by my Lord Aubigny,' her grand almoner, "and two others of her chaplains."

Altogether, the impression is left upon the mind that, for the present, the "reine malheureuse" had lost her right to the name. It is true that, by Père Cyprian's account, her health had suffered from the first from the climate of England, of which the Capuchin had but a bad opinion; but her letters during the year following her return give no sign of permanent illness, and writing in November, 1663, to her sister, who had heard a report that she was to pay one of her accustomed visits to the Bourbon springs, she altogether disclaimed any such intention. She had, she declared, never thought of doing so, and hoped to stand in no need of the cure.

She seems to have established herself, as if for a permanency, in her son's kingdom. Her income was settled, and her household arranged on a footing corresponding to her position, with all its officers, ecclesiastical and secular, St. Albans as before occupying the chief place. The report of the Queen's marriage to her principal servant had gained currency, and is more than

once mentioned by Pepys—"how true God knows," adds, however, the gossip.

As was inevitable, Henrietta was not without her unfavourable critics. The magnificence of her court was viewed with jealousy, and it was observed that it was more frequented than that of her daughter-in-law, where there was "no allowance of laughing and mirth that is at the other's." She was reported to have exceeded her income and run into debt. That she was lavish and open-handed is undoubtedly true; but her carefulness in regulating her expenditure does not bear out the charge, and her principles as to payment of debts are said to have been exceptionally strong. Thus, when a guest was once extolling the practice of sending alms to distant lands, the Queen, wishing to read a lesson to the speaker, whilst concurring in praise of the charities in question, added that debts must first be paid; otherwise God rejects and curses the gift. An English memoir published shortly after her death also states that, settled at Somerset House, "she had a large reputation for her justice to all people, paying exactly well for whatsoever her occasions required, weekly discharging all accounts, and withal bestowing good sums of money quarterly to charitable uses."

A curious story belonging to this time finds a place in the same pamphlet, worth quoting as an example of the reports current even amongst those favourably disposed towards the Queen. "She desired," says the writer, "to live with the least offence imaginable to any sort of men, and therefore was very much troubled to hear that of Dr. Dumoulin, prebend of Canterbury . . . her confessor was seen on horseback, brandishing his sword, and to fling his hat by the scaffold where the late King was beheaded; and being asked why he of

all men should do so, replied, That that was the most glorious day that ever came, and that that act was the greatest thing that ever was done to advance the Catholic religion, whose greatest enemy was that day cut off."

Whether the Queen's confessor had been overtaken by a sudden access of madness, or Dr. Dumoulin of Canterbury had dreamt a dream, or the tale was merely invented to increase the odium attaching to Catholics, must remain undetermined. The hostility of Parliament towards their religion needed no strengthening; and however reluctant Charles may have been to proceed against those belonging to the unpopular faith, he found himself unable to resist the demand for an act of uniformity bearing equally hard upon Catholics and Presbyterians. In April, 1663, it was further necessary to satisfy public sentiment by the issue of a proclamation ordering all priests and Jesuits, save those permitted by the marriage contracts of the two Queens, to leave the kingdom. It does not appear that Henrietta took any active part in opposition to measures so distasteful. She had probably learnt the unwisdom of interference, and the knowledge that Charles was no willing agent in the matter may have helped her to resignation. His efforts to mitigate the severity of religious tests had, indeed, raised so bitter an opposition that he had no choice but to give way.

For the ecclesiastical posts attached to Henrietta's household there had been at first a spirited competition between the Oratorians, supported by St. Albans and Montagu, her almoner, and the Capuchins, who, originally entrusted with the charge of her chapel, had returned to claim their rights. But the Queen had succeeded in composing their differences, and the Capuchins remained in peaceful possession.

In opposition to any relaxation of the bills directed

against the Catholics, Henrietta's old antagonist, Clarendon, had taken, as might have been expected, a leading part—one which, it is said, was never forgiven by his master. At the same time, when an attempt was made in the summer by his old friend the Earl of Bristol, now reconciled to the Catholic Church, to oust the Chancellor from place and power, Charles was roused to unusual activity on his behalf; whilst the French ambassador, de Comminges, expressing his amazement at the attack made upon a man in Clarendon's position, mentions twice over, amongst the defences which safeguarded him, the support and goodwill of the Queen-Mother. So far, it is therefore evident, Henrietta had remained faithful to the pledge of friendship she had given him.

Meantime, affairs in the royal household were on no better a footing. In the autumn of 1663 it had appeared likely that the neglected Queen was about to escape from her difficulties by betaking herself elsewhere, and a dangerous illness had threatened her life. In her delirium, her preoccupying anxiety found vent, and she raved of the little son she believed herself to have borne, lamenting that her boy was but an ugly boy, but taking comfort when the King, standing by, assured her that he was a very pretty one. "Nay," she said, "if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it." Few in England, save the Queen-Mother, would have grieved had the childless Queen gone to her rest. Charles was soft-hearted, and his tears, according to Waller, contributed to his wife's recovery. But speculation was already rife as to whether the new object of his devotion, Frances Stewart, would occupy the place the Queen would leave vacant.

Human nature is many-sided, and there is no reason to doubt that Charles' tears when he thought his wife was upon her death-bed, mingled as they must have been with remorse and shame, were sincere. Even when she had done him so ill a turn as to recover, the effects of his compunction were visible, and in December he was not only concerning himself with her amusement, reporting to his sister that she had been well enough to be present at a little ball given in the private apartments, but was also begging Madame to send him from France a gift to her liking in the shape of religious prints to place between the leaves of her prayer-book. "She will look at them often enough," he added, enumerating the offices his wife daily said. It was well that Catharine found comfort in her religion, for she must have had little of other kinds. But so long as Henrietta was at hand, her unfortunate daughter-in-law will at least have been sure of one firm friend.

A fresh sorrow was to overtake the Queen-Mother before the close of the year. Her attachment for her sister, the Duchess of Savoy, had continued strong and faithful through the long years of separation; but the tie was now to be broken. With the last days of the year Madame Royale, as she was called in the land of her birth, passed away. The children of Henri of Navarre and Marie de Medicis were a short-lived race, and by the Duchess's death Henrietta was left the sole survivor of the group.

Links with the past were becoming ominously few; but the future lay hopefully before the Queen's sanguine eyes. The little Duke of Cambridge, whose approaching birth had caused the Duke of York to avow his marriage in 1660, was dead, but other children had supplied his place; and writing to her sister at a time when

she indulged hopes of a direct heir to the throne, the Queen-Mother had boasted that the house of Stuart was not likely to become extinct. It was fortunate that its future destinies were hidden from her sight, and that none of the soothsayers in whom she had displayed a lingering faith had power to withdraw the veil that covered the future, and to show her the lawful heirs driven from their heritage, and become again, to use her own words, vagabonds; whilst strangers and foreigners, with scarcely a drop of the old royal blood running in their veins, sat on the throne of their fathers. With James' children coming fast, with Madame's nursery filling, and with her daughter Mary's little son growing up, there may have seemed—leaving the chance of possible direct heirs to the King out of the reckoning—little fear of the race dying out.

During the year 1664 war with Holland was becoming more and more imminent, whilst relations with France were strained. The sale of Dunkirk had been too bitterly resented by the nation to be easily forgotten, and in allusion to the share he had had in the transaction the Chancellor's new house was nicknamed by the mob the New Dunkirk. When the Houses met in March, Bristol was back in England, and was believed to be again attempting to compass Clarendon's downfall. The King, however, still showed himself the friend of the unpopular minister, and "ran up and down to and from the Chancellor's like a boy." Clarendon's ruin was postponed.

One would imagine that Henrietta, in the course of her present visit to England, must more than once have regretted her choice of those she had brought in her train from Paris. The beautiful Frances Stewart, daughter of Lord Blantyre, who, resisting Louis' efforts to detain her in France, had followed the Queen to England, was

contesting with Lady Castlemaine her place in the King's affections; and if the responsibility of having introduced Monmouth into the country rested with her, she must also have doubted her wisdom in assuming it. Charles' "extraordinary fondness" for the boy had produced whispers of possible complications in the future; and the scene at Windsor when the King, entering the ballroom and finding the little Duke dancing bareheaded with the Queen, had kissed him and bidden him put on his hat, would have gone far to give colour to such misgivings. In the autumn of 1664 two members of Henrietta's own household, Madame de Fiennes, a lady of mature years and much indiscretion, and her husband, the Comte de Chapelles, were the chief actors in a scene causing no small disturbance. The Count was the son of Henrietta's nurse; and in bestowing her hand upon him his wife had been guilty of a *mésalliance* turned by Mademoiselle into bitter ridicule in days before she contemplated a like sacrifice of sense to sentiment. Her condemnation of the woman who, at forty, and the daughter of an old house, had made herself the daughter-in-law of Madame la Nourrice, sister-in-law of all the maid-servants, and the wife of a young man of two-and-twenty, was not unjustified; and that Mademoiselle's opinion was in some degree shared by the lady herself is to be assumed from the fact that she never consented to bear her husband's name.

Occupying the post of lady-in-waiting to Henrietta in Paris, and gifted with a sharp tongue, a caustic wit, and an arrogant temper, she had made an embittered enemy of Anne of Austria, and was probably glad to accompany Henrietta to England, where her husband obtained a post in the Queen's Guards at Somerset House, of which St. Albans was captain.

It was between the Count and his superior officer that a quarrel took place in the very ante-chamber of the Queen. Having by some show of insubordination given offence to St. Albans, the latter addressed him after an abusive fashion, adding that, had he not been restrained by respect for the royal precincts, he would have run the Count through the body. Chapelles resented the menace with his hand on his sword, and those present were obliged to throw themselves between the disputants to part them.

Henrietta, informed of the quarrel, interposed at this point in person, pardoned the outrage to herself, and directed Chapelles to make proper apology to the earl. All might have been thus composed, had not a new element been introduced by the arrival upon the scene of Madame de Fiennes, who, apparently beside herself with anger, reproached the Queen with services done her by Chapelles, and went so far as to tell her mistress that it was to his mother that she owed her life. The very extravagance of her passion probably prevented Henrietta from taking the matter seriously, and though the laugh with which she received the attack only kindled the angry woman's wrath the more, the affair ended without serious consequences, and is chiefly worth notice as corroborating other accounts of the Queen's indulgence towards her servants. Chapelles was reported by the King to his sister to have been "as much in the wrong as a man could well be to his superior officer"; but even when that officer was St. Albans, Henrietta was ready to forgive the offence. De Comminges, it is true, noted that, though "bonne jusqu'à l'excès," she was not pleased, and that this last outbreak of her lady-in-waiting had revived the memory of numberless small offences in the past; whilst her vexation had been increased by the fact that

the King—suspected of anti-French proclivities—had been delighted at the incident. It might, de Comminges thought, end in Madame de Fiennes' and her husband's return to France. Such was not, however, the result. The extreme kindness of the Queen had, the envoy reported, imposed silence upon all with regard to what had passed, and it was not until Henrietta left England that Madame de Fiennes likewise crossed the Channel.

The tendency shared by King and nation to rejoice at whatever might redound to the discredit of France must have been a serious cause of trouble to the French Queen. For her part, she had done what she could to atone, by special courtesy, for the lack of cordiality displayed towards the representatives of the Roi Soleil, come to England with a view to promote a good understanding between the two countries, and to keep peace, if possible, between England and Louis' own ally, Holland. "I had an audience of the Queen-Mother," wrote de Comminges on his first arrival, "who, to oblige the King [Louis], wished that my coaches might be allowed in the yard; and I must confess that I was received by all the officers with so much honour and such a show of satisfaction that nothing could be added to it." When the ambassadors had been treated with deliberate incivility by Clarendon and others at a banquet of the Lord Mayor's, and the affair had been too serious to be passed lightly over, St. Albans and Montagu were amongst the first to repair to the embassy with the object of preserving peace. It was, however, difficult, when the whole nation was hostile, to avoid collisions; and de Comminges, later on, mentions, as an example of the absurdity of the reports which gained easy credence, that when he had presented Henrietta with a *calèche* sent her by King

Louis, half the town had run to inspect it, saying that it represented the tribute paid by France to England; and that, to conceal the obligation, the King had permitted that it should be offered to his mother.

England was soon to realise that Louis was not paying tribute to Charles. In the meantime, negotiations proceeded slowly; and Henrietta will have looked on anxiously at the efforts of the envoys—with whom a half-brother of her own, the Duc de Verneuil, was associated—to place matters on a satisfactory footing. A scene is described when, in the middle of an inconclusive interview between the ambassadors and the King, a door was thrown open and the Queen-Mother, in retiring, passed through the room, saying, as she went by, the words, "Dieu vous bénisse," understood by the Frenchmen to contain an expression of her hopes for their success. By the spring of 1665 it was plain that those hopes would not be fulfilled, and in April war was formally declared with Holland. At first victory lay with the English, and James was the hero of the hour. But by the time that news of his successes reached London it was in a condition making it difficult to rejoice. The plague was come.

Whether the epidemic had a share in deciding Henrietta to pay a visit to France does not appear. Independently of it, there was no lack of cause for her to leave England for a time. Long before she had contemplated the step, the French ambassador, in a letter to his master, had predicted that she would be forced to take it. She had, de Comminges said, grown very thin, and had a consumptive cough. Her doctor told her that he could not answer for her life if she remained in England, and all her household were of the same opinion. The envoy's letter had been written

before she had been in London six months. It was now close upon three years since she had left France. Her health was failing more and more, and her thoughts were turning towards the waters of Bourbon, always efficacious in the past. One consideration alone deterred her from trying the cure. This was the fear lest, her presence removed, the interests of the Catholics who had gathered round her chapel should suffer. If it were to be closed for a single day in consequence of her absence, she would, she told Charles, renounce the idea of seeking a remedy abroad, and would stay in London, live as long as it pleased God, and then die. It was only when the King gave her the required assurance that her chapel should remain open, and the Capuchins at liberty to continue their ministrations, that she determined to seek relief from her ailments in her native air.

By the end of June her preparations for departure had been made, and Pepys, calling at Somerset House on the 29th, found all packing up, and heard that the Queen was to start for France that day, "she being in a consumption, and intended not to come home till winter come twelve-months."

Before leaving London she called together the monks in charge of the chapel, and gave them their directions. By God's grace, she said, she hoped her absence would not be long. The chapel was to remain open, and she charged them to do their duty by those who resorted to it. After which she quitted London for the last time, and started on her journey, accompanied by the King, Queen, and court as far as the Nore, and by the Duke of York to Calais. When she separated from him there and proceeded on her way, she had taken final leave of her two remaining sons.

CHAPTER XXVII

1665—1669

Latter years—Detachment from life—Madame's health—Influence on politics—Louis at Colombes—Henrietta remains in France—England and France—Henrietta's intervention—Clarendon's disgrace—Monmouth—Last days—Death and burial.

FOUR years of life remained to the Queen. They were years of which comparatively little is to be related. As a factor of importance in politics she had long ceased to exist; and if she had hitherto retained her place as a social figure in the public view, this modified form of notoriety was in great part to end. At times, it is true, she emerges from the obscurity, and shows herself once again exercising an influence upon the relations between the country of her adoption and that of her birth; but such occasions only break in, as it were, upon a life of seclusion. For the most part she remained behind the scenes. The memoir-writers of the day had little attention to spare for a queen whose life was in large measure that of a recluse; and the glimpses of her which it is possible to obtain are chiefly supplied by the records of men and women who knew and loved her, and were in some sort associated with her *vie intime*: the faithful old Capuchin who had accompanied her in her wanderings; Madame de Motteville, her friend; and the biographer who drew his materials from the nuns who had been the companions of her solitude at Chaillot.

Taking a general survey of these latter years, the impression conveyed is that, in spite of failing health and physical suffering—in spite, too, of the anxiety and sorrow which must have been caused by the troubled course of the domestic affairs of her "other little self," Madame—they were not unhappy. If the world was becoming forgetful of the Queen, she for her part was leaving the world behind her. The inner and religious life which, in spite of mundane ambitions, vanities, and trivialities, had always maintained a genuine existence, was gradually asserting its supremacy. Nor is there any record of quarrels, rivalries, or intrigues belonging to this period. If hers had been a day of storm and tempest, partly the result of circumstances, partly of her own unwisdom, the evening was closing in serenely, and the sun, setting in tranquillity and peace, was illuminating the darkness of past days. Looking backward, she had learnt to be grateful for her sorrows; and in the seclusion of Chaillot, where much of her time was passed, she was often heard to say that for two things she gave thanks to God daily—that He had made her a Christian, and that she had been "la reine malheureuse." The title she had claimed in the bitterness of her sorrow she now accepted as a grace. "Her griefs," said Bossuet, in his funeral oration, "had made her learned in the science of salvation and the efficacy of the cross."

Of any other learning, even connected with religion, she had probably little. It was her daily custom to read part of the *Imitation of Christ*, beginning the book afresh when the end was reached; and so constant had been her study of it that she had much of the text by heart. But on theological problems or the controversies of the day her interest had never been great. It is related that when two bishops were on one occasion

discussing in her presence the new doctrines concerning grace then agitating men's minds, she listened for a time to their arguments, whilst each strove to instruct her in the views to which he inclined; then asked, with a simplicity one imagines to have been partly assumed, whether the new tenets taught easier methods of acquiring holiness, adding—the answer being manifestedly drawn from À Kempis—that she loved better to labour at acquiring it than to know how it should be defined. When not prelates, but a feminine theologian, discussed the same controverted theme, the Queen heard her with courteous attention, praised the "vivacité de son esprit," and passed on to other subjects of conversation.

As time went by, those who watched her noted a detachment from life the more remarkable in a nature that, apart from the motive power of religion, would have seemed made to cling to things material. When the end was near at hand, she observed to a nun charged with the duty of attending upon her that it was true that for some time she had felt altogether God's. So, in peace and tranquillity, she awaited what was to come.

It had been gradually and by degrees that, with increasing infirmities, she had let go, as it were, the cords that, on her first arrival in France, bound her to life. There was much in it to interest her, both pleasurably and painfully; nor was she likely, with her warm heart and strong affections, to seek to withdraw from participation in the sorrows and joys of those she loved. She had been met at once by trouble and anxiety. A false report of the death or disappearance of the Duke of York, after the late naval battle, had given so severe a shock to the Duchess of Orleans

that her baby was born dead; and Henrietta reached Versailles in time to nurse her and watch over her recovery. When this was assured the Queen returned to Colombes until it should be the season to proceed to Bourbon.

Other work besides that of nursing had awaited her in France. It was possibly not on account of her health alone that Charles had been ready to facilitate his mother's visit to her native country. The relations between the two Governments were in a critical condition; and he may have looked to the Queen, with her credit with the Queen-Mother, to act as mediatrix.

At the French court there was every desire to avoid, if possible, a breach with England; but taking into account the "antipathie passionée"[1] existing at the moment between the two nations, it scarcely required the engagement pledging France to render assistance to Holland to make war almost inevitable. Under these circumstances, if peace was to be maintained, no means of promoting it could be neglected, and Madame had been rapidly becoming an important channel of communication between the two Kings. On Henrietta's arrival she was associated with her daughter in conducting these informal negotiations; and a scene which took place on the very day preceding her departure for Bourbon indicates the importance which attached to the position she occupied.

On that day Henrietta, in her retreat at Colombes, received many visitors. Hollis, the English ambassador at Paris, had come to pay his respects to King Charles' mother. Upon Hollis followed Louis himself; whilst a third guest was the Prince de Condé. Whether or not the young King was displeased at finding Charles'

[1] C. Rousset, *Histoire de Louvois*.

ambassador in possession of the field, his bearing towards Hollis was distinguished by scant courtesy. The envoy, however, was equal to the occasion, and according to his own report, having received nothing but "a little salute with his head" from Louis, maintained the ambassadorial dignity by replying with "just such another." After which he employed himself, during the remainder of the royal visit, by conversing with Condé, who showed himself very affectionate in all that concerned Charles. "Soon after," pursues the ambassador, "the King of France and the Queen-Mother went alone into her bedchamber; and our Princess, Madame, went in after they had been there at least an hour."

It was hard upon the professional diplomatist to be set aside at his own business; nor was he to be informed what had taken place at the conference. When Louis had brought his visit to an end and had taken leave of his aunt, Hollis ventured to ask the Queen "how she found things?" Henrietta, who appears to have become versed in the art of speaking without conveying information, answered vaguely that all the talk had been of the Dutch affairs, and that the King had told her that he had made Charles some very fair propositions, and that if they were refused he would have to take part with Holland. When the ambassador further inquired whether she knew what these propositions were, Henrietta answered in the negative; which Hollis considered, though possible, singular. Perhaps, he added, she had not thought fit to acquaint him with them—a not improbable explanation.

Henrietta's hopes of obtaining relief from the Bourbon waters were but imperfectly realised; and though she derived a certain amount of benefit from them, her health continued unsatisfactory, and she suffered

From the picture by Sir Peter Lely at Buckingham Palace.

HENRIETTE, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

in especial from sleeplessness. The question of a return to England does not appear to have been mooted. Clarendon suggests that she had all along contemplated a longer absence than her avowed intentions had indicated. She may, on the other hand, have insensibly drifted into making her home in France. At all events, the matter never seems to have so much as come under discussion. Her failing strength would have been reason enough to cause a return to the more northern climate to be indefinitely postponed; and had she seriously taken the matter into consideration, it may be that her presence appeared more necessary to Madame than to her sons on the other side of the Channel. Her three years' residence in London will have taught her the precise amount of influence which, notwithstanding his affection for her, she was able to exert with regard to Charles' domestic arrangements; whilst the genuine liking for his mother-in-law's society displayed by Monsieur and his confidence in her judgment may have led her to hope that she might prove of use in averting the accentuation of the differences between her favourite child and her husband. She remained in France, passing the winters in Paris at the Hôtel de la Bazinière, assigned to her by the King, and retiring in summer to Colombes, with frequent intervals spent at the home of her predilection, Chaillot.

Death was busy in the royal house during the year 1666. Anne of Austria, after a protracted agony, borne with something approaching to heroism, went in January to her rest, a tie which had lasted for Henrietta over some fifty years being thus severed. And before the close of the year Madame's little son, the Duc de Valois, was dead; at which, says the Capuchin chronicler, the Queen grieved very greatly, the more because she knew that his mother could not be comforted.

To personal and domestic sorrows was added, for Henrietta, the formal and reluctant declaration of war, forced from Louis by the terms of his treaty with Holland. Even when this had taken place there was no undue haste in the initiation of active hostilities, and Louis was manifestly ready to renew negotiations with Charles. Henrietta was once more at work upon the endeavour to promote peace, and Clarendon recorded, in 1667, that she had found "another style" at the French court "than the one it had been used to converse in," and that the King showed a desire for pacific relations. St. Albans was sent to London to obtain a commission to treat with Louis; and though Charles at first demurred at the intermediary, who, according to the Chancellor, "he used always to say was more a French than an English man," a limited authority to carry on negotiations in Paris was at length conferred upon him.

Notwithstanding the position he filled, Madame and her mother remained the chief channels of communication between the two courts; and secrecy was considered so essential that the letters of each King were sent under cover to Henrietta at Colombes, to be forwarded by her, in envelopes addressed in her handwriting, to their respective destinations. That the secret is said to have been well kept corroborates the assertion that Henrietta had learnt the value of silence, and the confidence placed in her by both Kings bears witness to a discretion she had acquired in later years. It was in her hands that the written pledge embodying the terms of the agreement, signed by both Louis and Charles, was placed for greater security when the private negotiations had terminated successfully.

The furthering of these negotiations must have been

the last public work of importance in which the Queen engaged. Their issue was of the greater moment since, at the very time that they were in progress, England was watching with humiliation the blaze of her own vessels, set on fire by the victorious enemy in the Thames. By the end of July, peace had been concluded between the three belligerents. The disastrous war was at an end.

If Henrietta had a right to rejoice in what was in part the result of her labours, she can have had little attention at this time to spare for the affairs of nations. With women private interests commonly take precedence of public ones ; and anxiety with regard to Madame was pressing upon the Queen. Always delicate, she had been prematurely confined, and her condition had been so serious that for a quarter of an hour she had been believed to be dead. Her mother remained at Saint-Cloud to superintend her slow recovery, and to induce her to forego for a time her habitual amusements. It was, however, no unmitigated form of quiet that the invalid could be brought to tolerate, and as she lay upon her couch the stream of visitors succeeded one another from morning till late at night.

Two events had taken place in London during the course of this year which will have been regarded with special interest by Henrietta. These were the marriage of Frances Stewart with the Duke of Richmond, and the disgrace and dismissal of Clarendon. The rumour that the new-made Duchess, who had by her marriage incurred the hot indignation of the King, was contemplating the application for a post in Henrietta's household, as well as the fact that she kept a "great court" at Somerset House, makes it probable that the Queen had not shrunk from braving her son's displeasure by lending her support

to the woman who had, for the time, severed her connection with him and pursued a line of conduct characterised by Charles in a letter to his sister, as being "as bad as a breach of faith and friendship could make it." There is also negative proof that Henrietta took no part in precipitating the fall of her old enemy, Clarendon. What evidence is forthcoming points, indeed, in an opposite direction. In a letter replying to remonstrances addressed to him by Madame Charles added that he had written at length to the Queen on the subject of Lord Clarendon, and that he had no doubt that upon this as upon other matters his sister had been greatly misinformed. The inference to be drawn is that his mother, no less than Madame, had taken the Chancellor's part, and we are justified in hoping that she had no pleasure in his undoing, and that old grudges were forgotten.

France was still the school of manners, and in the winter of 1666-7 Charles sent his son, young Monmouth, to make his *début* there under his sister's auspices. By her care, the lad, at nineteen, was initiated into life as carried on at the court of the Roi Soleil; and, according to Mademoiselle, was singled out for special favour by Louis. Between Madame and the Duke a fast friendship was formed, which, innocent as it was, gave a fresh impulse to Monsieur's jealousy, and resulted in the removal of his wife, in his company and that of his favourite, the Chevalier de Lorraine, to the country retreat of Villers Cotterets, where Henrietta had taken her daughter for change of air during the preceding year. If Madame had then testified no liking for its enforced quiet, she found it yet more unendurable when her retirement was shared by her present companions; and she must have felt she was paying dearly for the lessons in

After the picture in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch.

JAMES SCOTT, DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

the *contre-danse* received from her nephew in exchange for her instructions in other arts.

Meantime Henrietta's strength was visibly failing. If she had not refused to take her part in political affairs when it seemed that her interposition might prove of use ; if she was ever ready, in sickness or health, to be at Madame's side when circumstances called for her presence there,—she was gradually learning to realise that the sands of her life were running out.

More and more she withdrew from the world, the habits of the recluse encroaching upon those of the Queen. Whether at Chaillot or without its walls, she was wont to follow, so far as health and the necessary demands upon her time permitted, the rules of the order there established, her attention concentrated to a greater and greater degree upon another world from that in which her part was nearly played out.

If, however, the end was approaching, it was probably by imperceptible degrees. Madame and her mother were too often together for the declining strength of the one to have come with a shock to her daughter, and in Charles' letters to his sister, still employed as intermediary in matters political and the repository of secrets of which his ministers were ignorant, there is no evidence that the Queen's health was matter of serious anxiety. In March, 1669, after dealing with public affairs, he goes on to jest at his mother's proverbial ill luck at sea. A messenger sent by Madame had suffered, it was supposed, shipwreck. "I hear," added the King, "Mam sent me a present by him, which I believe brought him the ill luck, so as she ought in conscience to be at the charges of praying for his soul, for 'tis her fortune has made the man miscarry."

Nevertheless, when in April another little daughter

was added to the Orleans nursery, the fact that her mother was not strong enough to be with the Duchess points to a step downwards. She had been seriously ill in the winter, and, though she had recovered, she would tell those about her that she saw well that she must think of her departure. If she feared death, as Madame de Motteville says was the case, she did not shrink from facing it; and during her last visit to Chaillot she had, as if with a presentiment of the coming end, written out a species of will.

Her headquarters continued to be at Colombes, and it was there that the summer and autumn of 1669 were to be spent. But she intended to pass the Feast of All Saints at Chaillot, and, as one biographer states, to make her home there permanently for the future.

It was at her country home, however, that the end came. Built near the river, some two leagues from Paris, with nothing of grandeur or pretension about the house or gardens, Colombes was a pleasant and quiet place wherein to pass the summer days; but, as they went by, Henrietta's strength was failing. Her old trouble of sleeplessness was gaining upon her, nor does it seem that she contemplated further trial of the Bourbon waters. There is a point where it is tacitly agreed that remedies are vain. "The last time that I had the honour of seeing her," wrote Madame de Motteville, "she told Mademoiselle Testu and myself that she was going to establish herself at Chaillot, to die there; that she would think no more of doctors or physic, but only of her salvation."

The presentiment of coming death did not cloud or sadden her mind. Up to the last Père Cyprian records that her conversation kept its gaiety and wit, brightening

all around her. She retained the gift of charming those with whom she was brought into contact. In earlier days it is said that the nuns at Chaillot found so much pleasure in talking to her that 'their simplicity was suffering,' and the Mother begged her to permit them to take their recreation apart. Madame de Motteville also dwells upon the familiarity she used, though without losing her royal air, with her friends. "She loved truth, loved to speak it and to hear it." Such qualities are specially winning in a queen, and if Henrietta had had her fair share of hate, she had been well loved. But in spite of her courage, those belonging to the inner circle surrounding her must have had their unquiet suspicions that the days of that pleasant intercourse were numbered. In August her symptoms had become serious enough to cause the Duke and Duchess of Orleans to urge a consultation of physicians, King Louis sending his doctor, M. Valot, to take part in it, when the Queen explained her malady so clearly as to leave her own medical attendant nothing to add save the nature of the remedies he had used. M. Valot then gave his opinion. The illness, he told the patient, was painful but not dangerous—proceeding to prescribe a remedy for the sleeplessness with which she was troubled. He would add, for this purpose, three grains to the medicine already administered by her domestic physician.

The mention of "grains" appears at once to have suggested opium to the Queen's mind, and she protested energetically. Her experience was opposed to anything of the kind, and she further quoted a warning she had received in earlier days from Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had cautioned her against the use of any such drug—citing also, with a laugh, a prophecy hazarded long ago in England that she would die of

a "grain." She feared, she told the doctors lightly, it would be one of those now to be given her.

M. Valot, though with much respect, declined to be convinced either by the authority of the Queen's old physician, by her conviction, or by the prophecy she had adduced in support of it. The grain to be administered, she was assured, did not contain opium; it was a medicine of special composition, of which he begged she would make trial.

In the end the Queen gave way. Of the four doctors present, three were in full agreement, and she yielded to their representations.

At supper she was in good spirits, and Père Cyprian notes, with loving minuteness, that she laughed as if she were feeling well. Going early to bed she fell asleep, and remained sleeping, until the over-conscientious lady-in-waiting, somewhat strangely, roused her at eleven o'clock to administer the prescribed opiate. After this she was never heard to speak again. Mayerne and her own presentiments were justified. The "grain" had killed her.

At daybreak the lady-in-waiting, who had left her for the night, came to awaken her once more to take a draught prescribed by Valot. Speaking to the Queen and receiving no answer, she became alarmed, and, when all efforts to rouse her mistress had failed, she hastened to summon priests and physicians. "We came first," says Père Cyprian; "the doctors soon followed." Doctors and priests questioned her, each after their kind, the first as to her physical condition, the others of sin, of penitence, of the love of God. "We entreated her to make some sign that she heard us." But there was no reply. The doctors believed her to be not only living, but sensible. A dull vapour, mounting to the

brain, they said, prevented speech. This would dissipate and she would show consciousness. They were wrong. The sacrament of extreme unction was administered, and in silence, "with a great sweetness and serenity of countenance," she passed away.

Accounts of the same event are apt, with no apparent motive, to differ. Père Cyprian, who must have been intimately acquainted with the facts, and from whose narrative the description of the Queen's last hours has been drawn, should be a good authority. On the other hand, there is no reason to believe that St. Albans, in his report to the King, would have deliberately departed from the truth. Yet his story varies in several particulars from that of the Capuchin. According to his statement, the condition of the Queen, at the hour when the laudanum should have been taken, caused the physicians to decide, at the last moment, against administering it; and only when, unable to sleep, Henrietta demanded the opiate, did her domestic doctor suffer himself to be overruled, and, against his judgment, yield to her desire. St. Albans goes on to say that, remaining at her side to watch the effects of the drug and becoming alarmed by the profoundness of her slumber, Dr. Duquesne used all endeavours to rouse her, but in vain; and that between three and four in the morning the end had come.

It is possible that the discrepancy between the two accounts is due to an attempt upon the part of the doctor to shift the responsibility of the fatal measure as far as might be upon the dead, and also to shield himself from the charge of negligence in having failed to watch the effects of the drug. In any case, the matter is of small importance, and is only worth noticing as an instance of the difficulty of reconciling contemporaneous

reports of the same occurrence. The blame for the disaster was very generally laid upon King Louis' doctor, and an epigram of the day pointed out that, whilst both her father and her husband had been murdered, Henrietta had not escaped a similar fate :

> Et maintenant meurt Henriette,
> Par l'ignorance de Vallot.

Thus died Henrietta Maria de Bourbon, the last surviving child of the great Henri, in the sixty-first year of her age. On the following day her heart was carried by Walter Montagu and the whole of the household to Chaillot. Her body lay at the convent in state until, on September 12th, it was placed at Saint-Denis amongst the kings of France, there to remain until, at the time of the Revolution, it was ejected from its resting-place.

All honour was paid to her memory. In England, little as she had there been loved living, the mourning at her death was deep and prolonged ; and in France her funeral, as well as the subsequent memorial ceremonies, were conducted with due splendour and magnificence. It was at a great service, caused by Henriette-Anne to be performed at Chaillot in the following November, that, in the presence of the daughter who loved her so well, and with the waxen effigy of the dead Queen lying before the altar, Bossuet pronounced his celebrated panegyric upon the Queen, the wife, and the mother.

Such panegyrics, true or false, must necessarily partake more or less of the character of a perfunctory tribute ; and Bossuet's great oration is remembered rather as a triumph of eloquence than as an eulogy of the dead. But Henrietta is not of those who need a showman to exhibit their merits and apologise for their defects. Such

as she was, she displayed herself to the world, natural, spontaneous, with a total absence of pose or pretence, and—like her daughter—very human. On the background of a past of shadows her figure, painted by her own actions and words, stands out, vivid and life-like.

In spite of her descent, and notwithstanding the blood of Henri of Navarre, she was cast in no heroic mould. Had a happier destiny been hers she might have passed through life leaving little mark, loving God and man, gay, thoughtless, self-willed, and winning. Grief and disaster printed another stamp upon her, and misfortune called forth a power of resistance, a courage, and a buoyancy which might under other circumstances have rested unsuspected. But the same circumstances caused her blunders to take on the complexion of crimes. Unfitted by nature and training to cope with a crisis of almost unexampled difficulty, she was forced into a position she was unqualified to fill ; and her errors of judgment, whilst almost inevitable, invited the condemnation not only of her enemies, but of those of the King's adherents who suffered for them. The measure dealt out to her by contemporaries was hard ; but perhaps posterity has been even more unrelenting. Living, if the meddler in affairs of State, the blundering politician, was hated and reviled, the woman was loved. Dead, the woman has not seldom been forgotten, and the politician alone, with the disastrous consequences of her mistaken statecraft, remembered.

The apologist who should endeavour to justify her public actions would have a difficult task. But in order to apportion with fairness the degree of blame attaching to her unwise endeavours to arrest the tide of revolution, it must be borne in mind that, unlike many who, sharing her responsibility, have incurred a less amount or blame,

she was a foreigner whose period of naturalisation had been wholly passed in the artificial atmosphere of a court; that any true and serviceable appreciation of the forces arrayed against the English monarchy would, on her part, have come near to a miracle; and, finally, that she was a woman, spirited and fearless, but with a woman's inaptness for a grasp of the broader issues at stake and the general trend of events.

For the rest, a revolution inevitably appears to kings something so out of the common, so abnormal, that they find a difficulty in realising the conditions of the struggle sufficiently to meet it with wisdom. "Hélas," says Amiel of the ultimate catastrophe of death, "il n'y a pas d'antécédent pour cela. Il faut improviser—c'est donc si difficile." It is indeed difficult to meet a crisis having no fellow in experience, and the actors called upon to face it may fairly claim the indulgence accorded to an unrehearsed effect. That measure of indulgence should be granted, not only to Charles in his weakness and vacillation, but to Henrietta, striving rashly and with unpractised hands to build a dyke against a deluge.

APPENDIX I

HENRIETTA MARIA AND JERMYN

It was asserted at the time, and has constantly been repeated since, that a secret marriage bond existed between the Queen and the man who filled so many posts in her household. It was a time when such reports, true or false, were apt to gain currency. Anne of Austria has been believed to have been Mazarin's wife, and it was said that the widowed Princess of Orange, Charles I.'s eldest daughter, was married to the younger Henry Jermyn, nephew and heir to her mother's favourite.

With regard to the alleged marriage of Henrietta Maria, the evidence is scanty. The affair was plainly matter of contemporary gossip. It was mentioned to Sir John Reresby by a cousin of his in a convent at Paris, and he adds that, though he was incredulous at the time, it was certainly true. Pepys twice alludes to the report. "This day Mr. Moore told me," he writes, November 22nd, 1662, "that for certain the Queen-Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans;" and again at the end of the same year, "Her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France, how true, God knows." The matter is also mentioned in the Comte de Gramont's *Memoirs*. But the most circumstantial evidence that has been brought in support of a fact which, so far, rests upon mere rumour, is contained in a footnote added to an early biography in a reprint belonging to the year 1820. It is here stated as "undoubtedly true" that Henrietta Maria was married to the Earl of St. Albans shortly after the King's death. In proof of this assertion it is related that "the late Mr. Coram, the print-seller, purchased of Yardly

(a dealer in waste paper and parchment) a deed of settlement of an estate from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, to Henrietta Maria, as a marriage dower; which, besides the signature of the Earl, was subscribed by Cowley, the poet, and other persons as witnesses. Mr. Coram sold the deed to the Rev. Mr. Brand for five guineas, who cut off many of the names on the deed to enrich his collection of autographs. At the sale of this gentleman's effects they passed into the hands of the late Mr. Bindley."

If the tale is circumstantial, it is unsupported by any evidence now available; and there are one or two details which tend to discredit it. The statement, in particular, that the King's widow married her favourite shortly after Charles' death, and that the deed in question bore his signature as Earl of St. Albans, is disproved by the fact that only immediately before the Restoration and ten years after Charles' execution was Jermyn raised to that rank. The explanation of the mutilation of so valuable a document is also improbable.

It is likewise to be noted that, neither in the letters sent by Lord Hatton from Paris, nor in any of those of Hyde, Nicholas, Ormond, or other persons of weight, adverse as many of them were to the Queen, is any allusion to the marriage to be found. Their silence, it is true, might result from one of two causes. They might have been ignorant of so important a fact, although it was matter of common talk, or respect for their dead master's memory might have kept them silent. In the case of men such as Ormond or Hyde, the latter theory is not untenable. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that, had the marriage report been supported, if not by actual proof, by a respectable amount of evidence, Hatton, with his inveterate love of gossip, or Nicholas, in his personal dislike and rancour, would have altogether avoided the subject and forborne from allusions to a fact redounding to the Queen's discredit.

One more point should be taken into account in weighing the evidence—evidence of a somewhat negative nature—telling against the probability of the marriage having taken

place. Henrietta's violent repudiation of the possibility of a marriage between her elder daughter and the Duke of Buckingham, together with her indignation at the Duke of York's union with Anne Hyde, cannot be accepted as disproving a *mésalliance* of her own. But the consciousness of a secret of the kind, with the likelihood of its coming to light, would surely have tended to moderate her language on these occasions.

It must, however, be admitted that the perpetual coupling by her contemporaries of the Queen's name with that of Jermyn, in all matters of conduct, policy, or opinion, has a cumulative weight which cannot be disregarded ; whilst the letter from Jermyn to Charles II., with reference to the Queen's attempt to convert the Duke of Gloucester, quoted in Chapter XXII., appears to point to some special relationship between himself and Henrietta.

On the whole, it must be repeated that this question is one of those hitherto undetermined by history.

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